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COLLEGE BASKETBALL
A SPECIAL ISSUE



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by Gerald Holland

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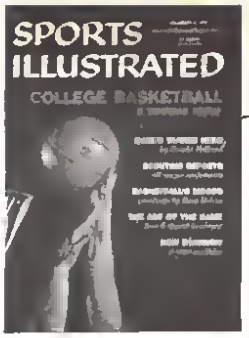


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BY RUDOFKER

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DECEMBER 9, 1957
Volume 7, Number 24

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SKI LESSON II—AND HORSES

Willy Schaeffler takes you into the snow with the shortswing, and Whitney Tower presents the Horses of the Yeor in words and in color





Photographed at Heavenly Valley, California by Tom Kelley

Stein Eriksen wears the Jantzen "Olympiad" sweater

Stein Eriksen is a blur of colors as he races down a slalom course in this new Jantzen all-sports sweater. He's an Olympics Gold Medal winner . . . a champion among today's champion skiers.

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See *all* the new Jantzen winter sweaters at your favorite man's store, soon. "The Olympiad" in s-m-l-xl, $15.95.

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MEMO

from the publisher

ONE MORNING last month, after absorbing with my coffee some fairly bleak front-page stories, it was a pleasure to find inside the New York *Herald Tribune* these words from John K. Hutchens' review of our recent book, *The Spectacle of Sport:*



"While great photographers in black and white, from Mathew Brady to Nat Fein, have done pretty well through the years, nobody is apt seriously to dispute Sidney L. James, [SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's] managing editor, when he says in a foreword that color brings 'something that is the very essence of sport.' What it does in added detail and immediacy for the green grass of Yankee Stadium, the blue water dripping off a fighting marlin, the red of a matador's muleta, the black eye of a lineman for Ole Miss, is wonderful to behold.

"When it's a sport of which you have some experience, as spectator or participant, the color takes you back to the scene as nothing else quite can: Stan Musial, in four pictures, uncoiling and lashing at that ball; Carmen Basilio dripping sweat and blood as he carries the fight to Johnny Saxton; the dust and clamor of a rodeo. And when it's a sport you never tried and may never care to, at least this will give you a better idea of it than you ever had before. Observe the Englishman, no doubt mad, as he stands atop a needlelike rock in the Alps and adjusts a rope for his descent down its bare, forbidding side. Note the adrenalin cases roaring down the Arkansas River in kayaks, and feel the white water splashing in your face.

"With these superb pictures go a good many of the words of which a picture is supposed to be worth at least ten thousand. The old axiom doesn't necessarily hold when the words are as well assembled as they are in Paul O'Neil's study of John Landy, Gerald Holland's recording of a Branch Rickey monologue, Miss Patty Berg on how she taught Bud Wilkinson to play football, Alec Waugh on Rugby, A. J. Liebling on Stillman's gymnasium."

Mr. Hutchens went on with a reservation about whether spotting a polar bear from an airplane and killing it with a 375 Magnum — one episode in the book—meets the true definition of sport. In a perfect world, he felt, the bear would have its chance at retribution. "Pending which happy event," Mr. Hutchens concluded, "you have only to enjoy this splendid compendium of happy days and nights afield and in the smoke-filled arenas where the race is to the swift or maybe just the lucky."

Harry Phillips



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PRO PARADE

The Browns are back in a remarkable resurgence after last season's dismal record. Several new stars have been added, but it is still the old Brown magic of Coach Paul Brown which is key to victory

Paul Brown, pro football's master manipulator, sat in his suburban Cleveland home last week counting his blessings as he digested a Thanksgiving dinner. A bird in the stomach may be worth two in the bush leagues, but Brown, whose buoyant Clevelanders once again are knocking on the NFL's throne-room door after a unique year in exile, knows that heavy rests the crown on a champion's head in this explosive circuit. He was feeling expansive but not speculative.

This balding little genius, who has brought the Ohioans back from the dead in less than a year to within one victory of their 11th divisional championship in 12 years under his astute leadership, still faces road dates at Detroit and New York.

But resurgence from a dismal 5–7 season in 1956 to top dog this year smacks of more than luck-of-the-draw, even if his first pick in last year's draft was the incomparable rookie Jimmy Brown.

Coach Brown takes exception to being hailed a defensive genius. "I like to think we coach more than defense," he says.

Seasoned Linebacker Walt Michaels is given major credit by his coach, who gives Michaels rein in calling defensive shots in contrast to the messenger service that directs the offense from the bench.

"I suppose you could say we used a basic 4-3-4 defense," said Brown reluctantly, "but it's constantly changing. We don't call many defensive signals from the bench because to a certain extent we're guessing. And we feel the boys on the field can guess as good as we do."

Brown insists personnel and not his strategy tells the real story this year, but that's where his deft touch is golden. Big Bob Gain was switched from end to tackle; Preston Carpenter from halfback to end, where he's become "A humdinger of a receiver"; Rookie Vince Costello has proved a remarkable middle linebacker; Galen Fiss has filled in spectacularly for injured Chuck Noll, and service returnees Bill Quinlan at end and Tom Catlin (only back two weeks) have been remarkably sharp.

"We got rid of the people who no longer were willing to pay the price," Brown explained unflinchingly. "Why, we've got 13 or 14 new men this year and their youth and exuberance more than make up for their mistakes from inexperience." Gain, in Brown's own words, "was a big change for the better over [John] Kissell."



PASSING of unheralded Tommy O'Connell has helped Cleveland back to top.

But the key man in the stingy Cleveland defense is Costello, a 225-pound "free agent," signed by Brown on the hunch he'd pad his 195-pound playing figure at little Ohio University.

"He's an exceptional tackler with a great and innate ability to diagnose plays. We knew about him because we have an insight

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pass Comp.		Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pass Comp.
Browns	31	167	167	6-17	Cardinals	0	157	16	5-21
49ers	27	193	120	11-16	Giants	17	70	195	18-26
Colts	31	164	261	18-31	Rams	14	125	132	10-25
Redskins	14	212	87	7-15	Bears	3	135	27	6-20
Eagles	7	153	67	5-8	Steelers	6	171	87	10-17
Lions	18	215	134	7-15	Packers	6	58	228	21-38

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	8	1	1	.889
New York	7	3	0	.700
Pittsburgh	4	5	0	.444
Philadelphia	4	6	0	.400
Washington	3	6	1	.333
Chicago Cards	2	7	0	.222

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Baltimore	7	3	0	.700
Detroit	6	4	0	.600
San Francisco	6	4	0	.600
Chicago Bears	4	6	0	.400
Los Angeles	4	6	0	.400
Green Bay	3	7	0	.300

to Ohio U players. Howard Brinker, our defensive backfield coach, was his coach at Ohio U under Carroll Widdoes, who once was on our staff."

As for stubby Tommy O'Connell's sudden emergence as a field general de luxe, Brown bristles at the thought the former Illinois passing star was a "sow's ear."

"Sure, Tommy was the Bears' bench quarterback once, but some teams let Bobby Layne get away, too," he challenged.

O'Connell, nonetheless, has developed tremendously under Brown's patient and understanding guidance, working feverishly with special running-pass techniques to improve his footwork.



RUNNING of Rookie Back Jim Brown gives Browns new Marion Motley look

Brown speaks no more ecstatically of prize Jimmy Brown than of his others. But his pride shows through. For instance, would he like to switch the amazing Syracuse comet to halfback as has been suggested? "I'm satisfied with him the way he is and where he is," said Brown emphatically. "He's bigger than most people think at 6 feet 2 and 228." At fullback he's the most devastating force in the league.

Brown shied away from a comparison of his newest fullback sensation and Marion Motley, the human battering-ram who along with Otto Graham first opened the throne-room doors for Cleveland.

"Jimmy and Marion are a little different types," he said. "Maybe Marion was stronger, but Jimmy has enough power. Maybe Jimmy is faster, but Marion wasn't slow. They're both great, but Marion was such a good old war horse I'd rather not compare them."

After last week's impressive 31-0 victory over the Chicago Cardinals, Brown has every right to feel pleased with his latest edition. Yet nothing is as uncertain as next Sunday's game in the NFL. Next week, for instance, the Browns and Colts could sew up their respective divisions if they beat the Lions and 49ers—or throw them into a Donnybrook if they lose.

—KAYE KESSLER



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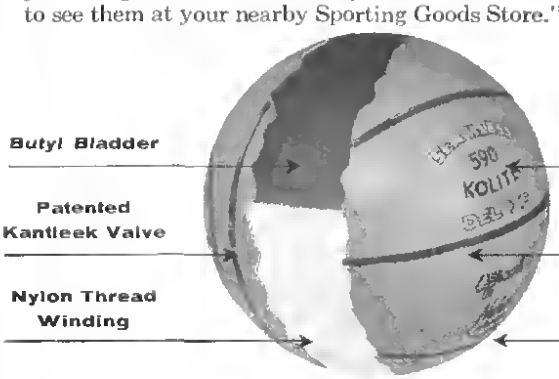
Says famous **BOB COUSY,** *All-Professional, Boston Celtics*

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PIGSKIN PANORAMA

The bowls now are settled: Rose—Ohio State and Oregon; Cotton—Navy and Rice; Sugar—Mississippi and Texas; Orange—Duke and Oklahoma; Gator—Tennessee and Texas A&M

THE EAST

With cold rain slanting down on Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, **Navy** greeted **Army** with a deceptive offense and an alert and varied defense, soundly hounced the Cadets 14–0. Captain and Halfback Ned Oldham, voted hy newsmen the game's hest back, scored both touchdowns (a six-yard burst and a 44-yard punt return) and kicked both conversions. All afternoon, the Middy line contained Army's explosive halfbacks; Pete Dawkins was allowed but 63 ground yards and the celehrated Bob Anderson a niggardly 18 (*see page 20*).

Two days earlier, in mild Philadelphia rain, **Pennsylvania** put on the brisker ground show, moved through **Cornell** 14–6 in the 64th renewal of their fine old series. The victory, Coach Steve Sebo's first in four against the Cornellians, sadly pointed up the importance of Quarterback-Tailhack Fran Riepl to his Quaker team. Scholarly Riepl, injured in the opener against Penn State and out through Penn's five ensuing losses, returned in November to guide Seho's multiple offense. Penn then defeated Yale, Columhia and the Big Red

In still another rain bath, **Holy Cross** washed away the last of any **Boston College** bowl hopes, clipping the Eagles 14–0. It was a gooey fumble derby in which the Crusaders lost five fumbles hut recovered eight of Boston College's

Providence fans, starved all fall for that big day of **Brown** football, got it with all the trimmings on Thanksgiving Day as the Bruins plastered **Colgate** 33–7.

THE SOUTH

Auburn put the finishing touches on a Southeast Conference title, a national championship and **Alabama's** Coach J. B. (Ears) Whitworth by creaming the Crimson Tide 40–0. Rumors began even before the game tbat Whitworth was to be replaced by current Texas A&M coach and ex-'Bama boy Bear Bryant.

Unimpressive **Mississippi** stumbled through the last hoop in its way to the Sugar Bowl by squeezing past **Mississippi State** 7–7.

Cowed by Coach Bowden Wyatt's halftime tongue lashing, **Tennessee** shaped up, roared for two touchdowns in the first couple minutes of the second half and defeated **Venderbilt** 20–6. Vol hero Bobhy Gordon, playing his last game in Knoxville, rushed for 91 yards, scored once and finally left the game borne high on deafening cheers.

On Turkey Day, **VMI**, aiming for its first undefeated season in over three decades, feasted off the Gohblers of **VPI** 14–6, took the Southern Conference crown from West Virginia and promptly voted to decline any postseason bowl invitation.

THE MIDWEST

USC, acclimated to the heaches of Santa Monica, froze up solid in South Bend's 22° weather, lost its ninth and last game of a dreadful season, bowing to **Notre Dome** 40-12. For the Irish it was Sopbomore Day: Rookies Monty Stickles, Jim Crotty and Pat Doyle scored touchdowns, Doyle's coming on a 92-yard kickoff return.

THE SOUTHWEST

Rice, climaxing a brilliant late-season rush toward the Southwest Conference title and a Cotton Bowl hid, erupted for two touchdowns at the outset of the third period, tossed in another about 20 minutes later and hounced poor old **Baylor** 20–0. The Bears won the statistics battle but unfortunately lost their key quarterback with a back injury. Fragile Doyle Traylor (SI, Oct. 7) came unmendahly apart for the first time this season and was carted off in the first period.

Texas, another late surprise, picked up a SWC red ribhon and a shot at the Sugar Bowl by nudging **Texas A&M** 9–7. John Crow, the Aggies' All-America halfhack, played another hreathtaking game—sad proof to Aggie fans that one Crow does not a season make. Afterwards, A&M released Coach Bear Bryant from his contract.

Oklahoma won its second straight hy manhandling **Oklahoma State** 53–6. Halfhack Clendon Thomas scored twice, finished his career as alltime top Sooner scorer (216 points) and rusher (2,120 yards).

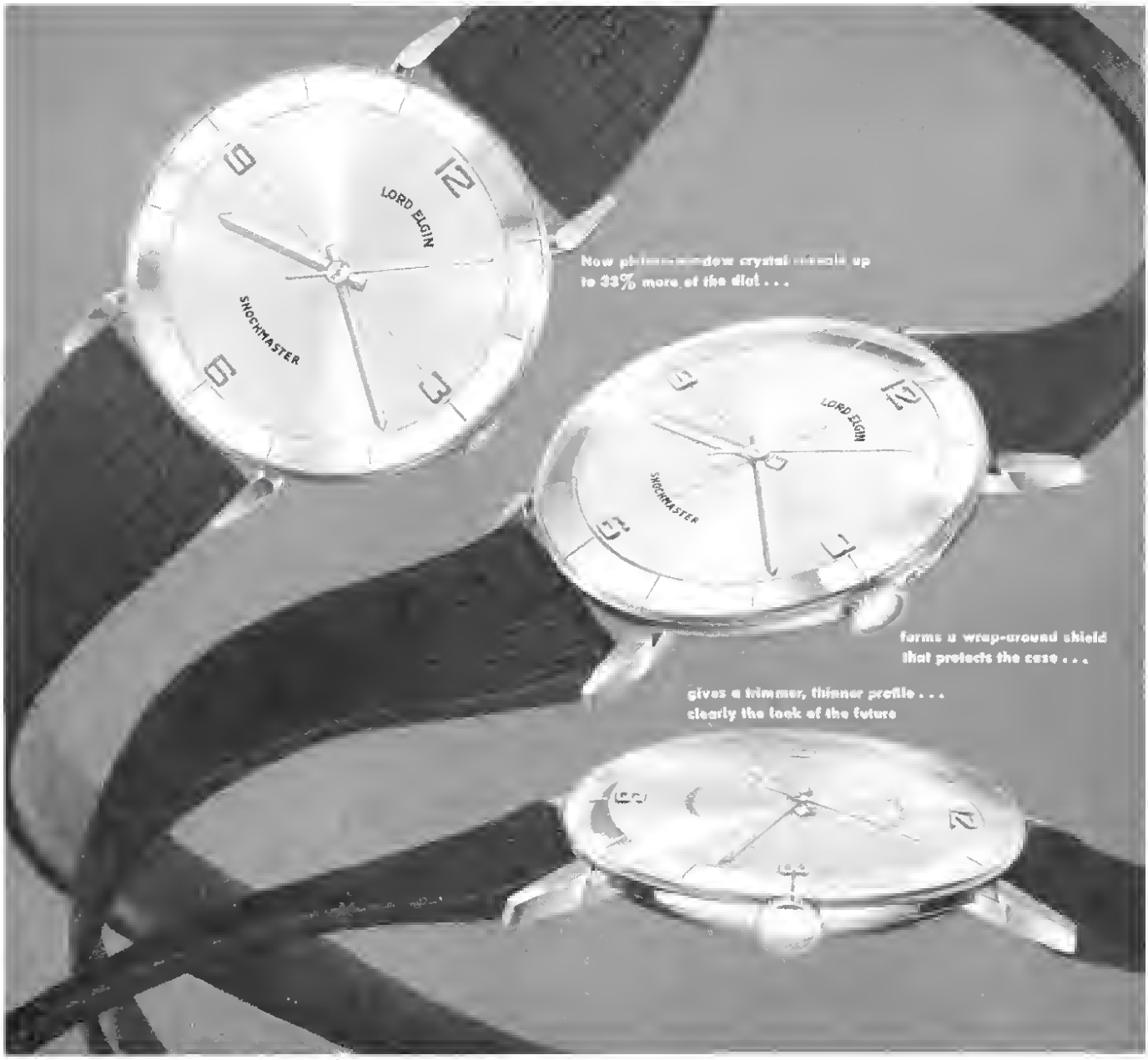
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Lee Grosscup, accidentally kneed in the face, saw spot service as **Utah** wrapped up the Skyline Conference title hy racing past **Utah State** 21–6. Only 17,000 fans forsook turkey for foothall as Quarterhack Grosscup completed eight of 13 passes on his way to a new national completion record of 68.2%.

Wyoming coaches and players dropped a 13–14 decision to **Denver U.** and $10 suspended fines to a Denver judge for disturhing the peace of a hotel after the game.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover—John G. Zimmerman
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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Jack Mitchell, 33, native Kansan whose wandering football trail has taken him to Oklahoma as player, Texas and Arkansas as coach, has decided to head for home and $15,000 per year contract as head man at U. of Kansas, succeeding Chuck Mather.



Warren Spahn, at 36, fast-balling elder statesman of world champion Milwaukee Braves, won 21 games, lost only 11 last season, has been voted baseball's pitcher of year and winner of Cy Young Memorial Award by committee of writers.



Sylvia Ruuska, perky 15-year-old Berkeley, Calif. distance swimmer whose record-breaking feats have raised U.S. hopes for 1960 Olympics, was only girl among nine nominated by AAU for Sullivan Award given to nation's outstanding athlete.

RECORD BREAKERS

Jack Regas, hard-driving little dynamo, used heavy foot skillfully and without fear, skip-roaring his coral-colored *Hawaii Kai III* *(see below)* through semidarkness over Seattle's lightly ruffled Lake Washington to break pair of world speed records for propeller-driven hydroplanes. Regas, getting most out of big boat, averaged 194.649 for kilometer to better mark set earlier in month by Canada's *Miss Supertest*, clocked slightly slower 183.350 for measured mile to haul down standard held by *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* (Nov. 29). Next day, Regas went record-hunting again, thunderboard mile at even faster 187.627 mph.

Roger Murphy of Oakland, Calif. was another who took dead aim at water speed mark, bouncing his ugly named *Galloping Gael* at 140.351 mph for measured mile, fastest ever for seven-liter craft (Nov. 29).

Bus Eaton, 35-year-old truck driver who started latest cruise of marathon bowling when he rolled 480 games in 49 hours 45 minutes last Oct. 20, took to alleys again, slurped beef broth and orange juice for 67 hours 17 minutes until "I gave out all at once all over," *hoped he had put an end to pretenders by clicking off* 425 consecutive lines at Portland, Ore. (Nov. 25).

FOOTBALL

Navy found dampish weather to its liking, scuttled Army's big guns while triggering one of its own. Captain Ned Oldham) to win 14–0 before 101,000 soaked fans at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium *(see page 20)*, moved into Cotton Bowl berth against Rice, 20-0 winner over Baylor for Southwest Conference title. Mississippi, held to 7-7 tie by Mississippi State, and Southeastern Conference runner-up to unbeaten and untied (for first time in 44 years) although bowl-ineligible Auburn, which ran over Alabama 40–0, was picked for Sugar Bowl, where New Year's Day opponent will be Texas, 9-7 winner over Texas A&M *(see below)*. But Aggies, who later learned that Coach Bear Bryant would soon be headed for Alabama, were tapped for Gator Bowl date with Tennessee's Vols, who warmed up by beating Vanderbilt 20-6. In other big games, Notre Dame had no trouble with LSU, winning 40–12; Oklahoma, rumbling again, raised its latest winning streak to two by routing Oklahoma State 58-6; Virginia surprised North Carolina 20–13; Georgia upset Georgia Tech 7–0.

Cleveland Browns, jacking up favorite scent of familiar playoff dollars, inched ever closer to NFL Eastern Division title, bearing Chicago Cards 31–0 on pitching of Quarterback Tommy O'Connell while San Francisco 49ers were wrecking New York Giant hopes with 27-17 victory. In West, Baltimore Colts held on to one game lead when Halfback Lenny Moore and Quarterback John Unitas teamed up to beat Los Angeles Rams 31-14. Detroit Lions, who got in their licks in 18-6 Thanksgiving Day triumph over Green Bay, and San Francisco were still in running but had to catch Colts. Other results: Philadelphia 7-Pittsburgh 6, Washington 14-Chicago Bears 3.

Hamilton Tiger-Cats, with U.S. imports scoring all but two points, turned Toronto spectacle into joy ride, overpowering Winnipeg Blue Bombers 32-7 in East-West Grey Cup game *(see page 18)*.

HORSE RACING

Promised Land, spunky 3-year-old, showed little respect for his elders, responding willingly to Willie Hartack's hand-ride urging in stretch to outrun trio of 4-year-olds (Tick Tock, Third Brother, Swoon's Son) over sloppy 1 3/16 miles in $50,000 Pimlico Special.

Oh Johnny, Mrs. William Gilroy's sturdy 4-year-old colt, broke fast and smartly under Bob Ussery, who held him firmly in front for full 2 1-16 miles while rivals took mud in their eyes, to win $57,600 Display Handicap on closing day at Jamaica.

Jockey Robert L. Martin, 29, in and out of trouble most of his riding life and once (in 1941) suspended for 10 years (he was reinstated after four years) on charges of touting, was set down again, this time for 12 years, by Maryland Racing Commission on similar count after hearing testimony from Calvin Grier Jr., Elkridge, Md. businessman, who revealed Martin and ex-bookie friend Bernie Daily approached him with scheme for betting on horses.

BOATING

Sam Griffith, onetime dirt-track auto racer who turned his love for speed and danger to boats, daringly hurtled his hand-fashioned 35-footer *Doodle III* through heavy seas rolled up and torn by winds up to 30 mph while Oilman-Owner James F. Breuil grimly held on for dear life, covered rough 798.2 miles from Miami to Nassau in 10 hours 42 minutes to win second annual powerboat race.

BOXING

Willie Pastrano, quick-stepping young New Orleans heavyweight who knows to few in losing skill but rarely punches hard enough to hurt, held off Germany's crowding Willi Besmanoff with flicking left jabs, danced and bounced to 10-round decision at Miami Beach.

Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, bulging all over at 199 pounds (although his weight was announced as 195), found another reluctant dragon in Portland, Ore., stalking one Roger Rischer for three rounds until he dropped him with left hook to jaw in fourth to win by kayo.

Jimmy Slade, light heavyweight ruffle, had too much savvy for 1 of Wisconsin's NCAA Champion Orville Pitts, who had previously disposed of three opponents by one-round knockouts, shrewdly moving in and out of range to take 10-round split decision at Milwaukee.

Willie Vaughn, busy California middleweight, had trouble getting away from mauling Ralph (Tiger) Jones, who has been seen on TV almost as often as some current motion pictures, in first two rounds but used his greater speed to outjab, outpunch, and outpoint lackluster rival in 10-rounder in New York.

NBA became latest to "urge" onetime No. 1 heavyweight contender Hurricane Jackson, bruised and battered in his last two fights, to retire. Said newly elected President Gilbert H. Jackson: "It is the strong feeling of the NBA that to permit Jackson to continue to box is to make a mockery of the word sport. The boxer has demonstrated his deterioration, beyond which it would be inhuman to permit him to continue."

TENNIS

Mal Anderson, rising young Queensland racket artist, took Australian Davis Cup selectors off hook, methodically cutting down his doubles partner, hot-tempered Mervyn Rose, 7-5, 6-8, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4 for South Australian title at Adelaide, appeared to be sure bet for singles berth, along with Ashley Cooper, now that second-ranked Neale Fraser is suffering from back injury. Meanwhile, U.S. Captain Bill Talbert, blessed with no such talent problem *(see page 16)*, concentrated on getting past Philippines, named 34-year-old Vic Seixas and 29-year-old Herbie Flam for singles, Seixas and aging (44) Gardnar Mulloy for doubles.

TRACK

AAU, meeting in annual convention in Washington, D.C., gave green light to dual meets between U.S. and Russia in 1958 and 1959. "If satisfactory arrangements [payment of expenses] can be worked out," waved fond farewell to retiring (after 30 years)

focus on the deed . . .



BUILT FOR SPEED, *Hawaii Kai III*, with hot-footed Driver Jack Regas tromping down hard on the throttle, kicks up a white-water spray on the way to new world records of 194.649 mph for a kilometer and 183.350 for a mensured mile over Seattle's Lake Washington.



BUILT FOR POWER, Texas Quarterback Bobby Lackey (22) goes up and over for a first-period touchdown when he finds the ground route too crowded for comfort at College Station. Lackey also kicked a 28-yard field goal to help the Longhorns upset Texas A&M 9–7.



Henri Richard, deft shooting forward known affectionately to Montreal fans as Pocket Rocket has taken over for injured brother Maurice, helping to push Canadiens back into first place while personally assuming NHL scoring lead with 30 points.



Elmer Ward, robust, affable 50-year-old men's clothing manufacturer and sponsor of famed Palm Beach round-robin tournaments since 1938, was named for special award of the Metropolitan Golf Writers Association for "his contributions to golf."



Lowell North, 28-year-old aerodynamics engineer from San Diego Bay, Calif., ably assisted by Crewman James Hill, skippered his *North Star III* to first, 10th, third, fourth and second in five races to win World Star Class championship at Havana.

Secretary-Treasurer Dan Ferris, who will be replaced by longtime assistant Jimmy Simms, by naming him honorary secretary, elected Kellum Johnson, 53-year-old Dallas insurance executive, president to succeed Carl H. Hansen of Oakland, Calif. Delegates, acting on recommendation by Ferris, also voted to restore suspended Olympian Lee Calhoun, 110-meter high-hurdle champion at Melbourne, lost his amateur eligibility last summer when he disregarded AAU warnings, was married on TV's gift-packed *Bride and Groom* show.

Max Truex, stubby little USC distance runner, had record breaking week, bringing to NCAA cross-country championship at East Lansing, Mich. in 19:12.3 and dashing over UCLA course at Los Angeles to take Pacific Coast Conference title in 20:32.6.

HOCKEY

Montreal regained fourth, and with it NHL lead as New York Rangers, unused to rarefied atmosphere of top rung, slumped badly, ran losing streak to four before turning on Detroit 5-1. Canadiens, with Jean Beliveau, Henri (Pocket Rocket) Richard and Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion playing merry scoring tune, skated past Chicago 2-0, 6-1, Boston 4-1, enjoyed three-point lead over Rangers at week's end. Toronto became latest to assert itself, moving to within two points of third-place Boston after tying Detroit 3-3 and beating Bruins 3-2. Chicago 7-2. Red Wings and Black Hawks were hooked up in battle for cellar.

SOCCER

England bulldozed France 4-0, sent 60,000 midweek fans at London's Wembley Stadium into gleeful hopefulness about team's chances in World Cup play next June. Reason: sturdy 23-year-old Bryan Douglas, who looked for all the world to be adequate replacement for aging 42½ master footman Stanley Matthews as he bedeviled French with foot-fluttering artistry—bewildering body swerves and all-round skill.

BASKETBALL

New York Knicks, although still bumbling around in Eastern Division basement, became first to beat Boston 97-80, ending Celtic streak at 14, just one short of NBA record. Syracuse was next in turn trick, winning 118-109, but Celtics, marking time until magic-handed Bill Cuss's injury heals, hardly found cause to worry with 6½-game bulge over second place Philadelphia. St. Louis, with sure-eyed Bob Pettit at his very best, began to move away from pack in West, knocking pace New York 120-110, Detroit 121-110, Cincinnati 112-96, until Minneapolis, of all teams, halted parade with 118-113 victory. Cincinnati, however, was within reach of top after winning three, losing two in busy week.

AUTO RACING

Jerry Unser, free wheeling pedal pusher from Speedway, zipped his 1957 Ford to front when Jim Bryan's Mercury blew distributor 10 laps from finish, roared home first in 3:08:20 to win 250-miler at Riverside, Calif. and USAC stock car championship. Indianapolis Winner Sam Hanks honored by 18,000 in his last race before retirement, was third, behind Billy Garrett of Burbank, Calif.

BOWLING

St. Louis Falstaffs, faced with 522-point deficit at end of first 12 games, sunk in nine alleys for last 12 of series, sent pins flattering in all directions to beat Chicago Reserves 24,801 to 23,941 for national match game championship at St. Louis.

MILEPOSTS

BORN—To **Parry O'Brien,** two-time Olympic shotput champion, first to crack 60-foot barrier, world record holder at 63 feet 1¾ inches, and wife Sundra, a daughter, (their first child) at Santa Monica, Calif. Named Shauna Wright, 8 pounds 13 ounces.

HONORED—**Sam Snead,** easy-swinging golf pro who won his first title in 1936, has since scooped up every major championship but U.S. Open, named to receive Metropolitan Golf Writers' Association's Gold Tee, given annually to person "who has done the most for the sport during the year," in New York.

DIED—**Charlie Sidwell,** 25, fancy-stepping William and Mary All-Southern Conference halfback who was voted "best back in play against Navy in 1956," rushing and punting star of this year's team until he quit after seventh game because he had "lost incentive," in auto crash, near Richmond, Va.

DIED—**Oliver Parker McComas,** 62, philanthropist, civic leader, president of Philip Morris Inc. since 1949, a judge in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1957 Silver Anniversary All-America awards survey, after operation, in New York.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING
MASTEN GREGORY Kansas City 102-m Nassau Tourist Trophy Race in 3:01:39 with 99.27 mph average in 4,700-cc Maserati Nassau
JUAN MANUEL FANGIO Argentina 115-m Grand Premio Sao Paulo (Brazil), in 1:40:37.3 in Maserati

BOATING
BROWN U. *dinghy competition for Timme Angsten* Trophy with 241 pts. Chicago

BOXING
ALEX MITEFF 3-round TKO over Tony Gagliardo, heavyweights New York
RALPH DUPAS 10-round decision over Mickey Crawford welterweights New Orleans

FIELD HOCKEY
WALES over U.S. All-Stars 3-1 Poughkeepsie N.Y.

FIELD TRIAL
CH. BEROL LOOGE GLEN GARRY nail cocker spaniel championship Ringoes N.J.

FOOTBALL
GROSSE POINTE LITTLE LEAGUERS over Vineland (N.J.) All-Stars 20-7 Auto Bowl Detroit
NORTHWEST BAPTIST Oklahoma City over Boise Optimist All Stars 13-12 nail midget title (13 and under) Pop Warner Papoose Bowl Boise Idaho

GOLF
AL BESSELINK Crosslegar N.Y. over Bob Rosburg in sudden death playoff Venezuela Open Caracas

SQUASH RACQUETS
HENRI SALAUN Boston Tucknor Glidden round robin with 3-1 record Englewood N.J.

TABLE TENNIS
NEW YORK U.S. men's team title with 7-0 record Columbus Ohio
CALIFORNIA U.S. woman's team title with 7-0 record Chicago

TENNIS
CHUCK McKINLEY St. Louis over Rod Susman, 8-6 8-6 6-4 U.S. indoor title
FRANCISCO CASTILLO Hamtramck Mich. over Frank Froehling 8-6 6-1 boys title St. Louis

TRACK
DON BROKSIEK S. Dakota State NAIA cross-country title in 21:08 for 4 m. Omaha Team champion Howard Payne College



HIGH JUMP by Red China's Cheng Feng-yung, who uses Russian-style built-up shoe on right foot but bares her left foot, clears the bar at world record 5 feet 9¼ inches at Peiping.

HIGH FASHION in the tennis world is demonstrated in London by two pretty models who show off famed Designer Teddy Tinling's latest dreamboat, the cocoon look (*see page 23*).





HIGH LEAP by the acrobatic Russian Goalie Puchkov comes too late to stop shot by Sudbury (Ont.) Wolves but visiting Moscow Selects won 7-4 for first victory on Canadian ice.

FROM THE FLYWAYS

S—*snow* **R**—*rain* **F** *freeze-up* **T**—*temperature* **SF**—*spotty flight* **FF**—*fair flight* **GF**—*good flight* **EF**—*excellent flight* **GDW**—*good duck weather* **SC**—*season closes (or closed)* **BW**—*bluebird weather* **PG**—*poor gunning* **FG**—*fair gunning* **GG**—*good gunning* **EG**—*excellent gunning* **OP**—*outlook poor* **OF**—*outlook fair* **OG**—*outlook good* **OVG**—*outlook very good* **SO**—*season opens (or opened)*

MAINE **GG/OG** as **EF** of **blacks** have pitched into Maine marshes. Current week should be best of season in Merrymeeting Bay and throughout Penobscot, Kennebec and Androscoggin watersheds. **OG** also offshore in Casco and Penobscot bays.

CONNECTICUT **FG** as stiff wind last week broke up raft of 15,000 **bluebills** off Savin Rock and drove them inshore to sheltered waters near Guilford. **FF** of **buffleheads** and **whistlers** also reported, and **OG**.

DELAWARE **FG/GG** for **pintails, mallards** and **blacks** on Thousand Acre Marsh near Delaware City, but rest of state reports **PG**, as birds are lolling on open water in bland weather and not moving until sunset. **SF** of **canvasbacks** in Rehoboth Bay and Indian River Bay, some **hunkers** being downed around Bombay Hook National Wildlife Refuge, but over-all **OP/F**.

VIRGINIA "Pitiful," says Federal Game Agent Ernest R. Atkinson about Virginia season. 'We just haven't got it."

NORTH CAROLINA **GG/OVG** in Nags Head marshes, Pamlico Sound and Currituck Sound. **Blacks, pintails** and **baldpates** predominate. Last week 14-year-old Johnny Booth of Norfolk, using 20-gauge automatic from Nags Head blind, bagged four hunkers and seven ducks in two days' shooting.

SOUTH CAROLINA Floodwaters have led to temporary closing of swamp areas in some counties along Pee Dee, Santee, Congaree and Wateree rivers. Coastal areas not affected, and **GG** reported. Lower Edisto-Combahee area enjoying **FF** of **mallards** and **pintails; OF**.

LOUISIANA State Wildlife and Fisheries Commission inventory shows 2,027,000 ducks, 405,500 geese and 246,000 coot in state, but gunners lamenting as statewide waters near flood level and birds are widely scattered. In some areas water so high that hunters are bass fishing from blinds while they wait for ducks to decoy; **OP/F** for ducks, quite good for bass.

IOWA **EG/OVG** as Iowa season is generally described as phenomenal. **EF** of **mallards** statewide, with 100,000 in one group south of Council Bluffs. Mallards decoying with such abandon that sportsmen claim they are shooting left-handed, putting only one shell in gun and using any other handicap to prolong shooting.

UTAH **F** on Great Salt Lake has almost sounded death knell of duck season although a few birds remain and can be found by the hardy.

IDAHO Northern state **F**, but elsewhere **EG/OVG**. Ducky spots include islands on Strike Reservoir near Mountain Home, Hagerman Valley, American Falls and in Boise and Payette river area where unexpected **EF** of **widgeon** has joined **mallard** influx. On Snake River last week Dr. John Lundy of Boise, President of the American Chesapeake Club, and five friends had such fast and furious shooting that they killed limits before noon. It was probably just as well. One splendid overhead shot dropped mallard into lunch box where it shattered bottle of Johnnie Walker. Crane Creek Reservoir **GG**, but **EG** in adjacent grainfields. Paddock Reservoir **FG G. Honkers** congregating on west shore of Cascade Reservoir and hunters need white sheets for cover with snow on ground.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—*season opens* **SC**—*season closes* **I**—*water unfishable* **D**—*water dirty, muddy* **N**—*water normal height* **SH**—*slightly high* **H**—*high* **VH**—*very high* **M**—*water muddy* **L**—*low* **R**—*rising* **WT50**—*water 50°* **FG**—*fishing good* **FVG**—*fishing very good* **FF**—*fishing fair* **FP**—*fishing poor* **OG**—*outlook good* **OVG**—*outlook very good* **OF**—*outlook fair* **OP**—*outlook poor*

Channel bass: NORTH CAROLINA **OG/FG**, with record season (*see pictures below*) holding up thanks to mild weather. Surf anglers still garnering 40 pounders from Avon on Hatteras to Ocracoke Inlet. Hatteras Inlet also in fishy humor. There last week 8-year-old, 55-pound Edgar Hooper Jr. beached a 46½-pound bass.

Bonefish: BAHAMAS, *Much rejoicing at the* Bang Bang Club on Andros Island last week as Commander C. E. Daniels, USN (ret.) of Washington, D.C. weighed in 15-pound bonefish and requested it be recognized as new world record in 20-pound test line classification. Current record is 14-pounder taken at Bermuda in 1950. Out Islands **OVG**.

FLORIDA Keys guides report satisfying early-season catches and **OVG**.

Steelhead: IDAHO Warm weather causing flurry of activity on Snake River below Brownlee Dam, and anglers claiming fish to 19 pounds. **OP**, however, as expected low temperatures will freeze out fishing.

WASHINGTON **SO** December 1, but general low water clouding outlook. Most hopeful areas lower reaches of big rivers like Skagit, Puyallup, Cowlitz and Quillayute. **OVG** nevertheless, *for season as whole 1,400,000 hatchery* steelhead planted in spring 1956 are expected back this winter, plump and in fine fighting fettle.

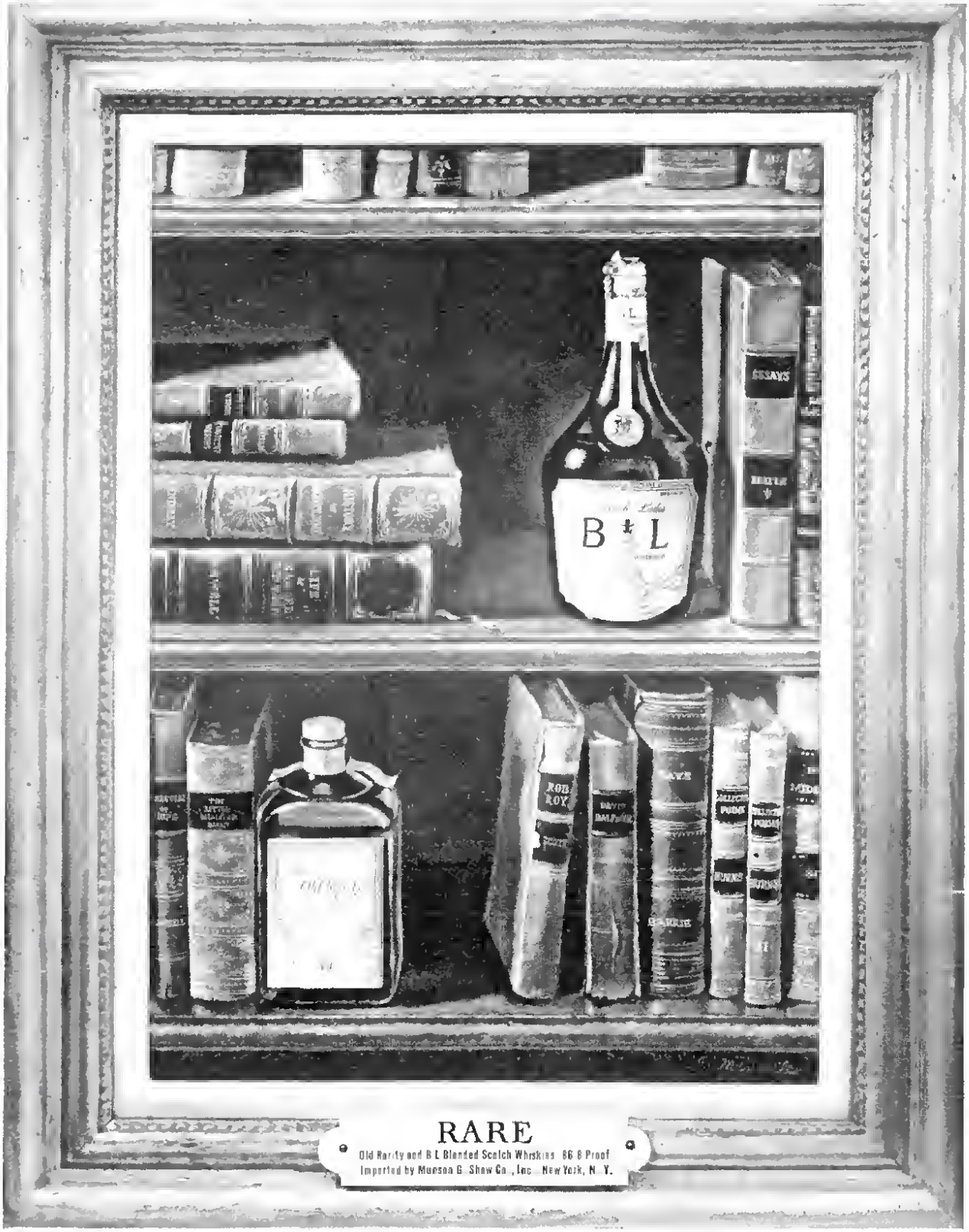
BRITISH COLUMBIA *Thompson River* **FVG**, and new runs appearing on mainland's Vedder and on Vancouver Island's Quinsam. On Thompson last week Ivan Mastin, 3834 Alabama St., Bellingham, Wash., hooked massive steelhead and played it for 40 minutes until hook broke. Later on same day while Mastin grieved in coffee shop he overheard excited sportsman phone game protector to arrange official weigh-in of a fabulous steelhead catch. Suspicious Mastin took a look, saw half of broken hook in fish's jaw, matched it with half of broken hook from his pocket, confirmed suspicions: same hook, same fish. Twice-hooked steelhead weighed a near-record 28 pounds and took Mastin's successor one hour to land.

Pacific salmon: CALIFORNIA **FVG** on south fork of Eel River, especially at mouth of Mill Creek near Benbow, where chinooks to 33½ pounds are attacking Bear Valley spinners and fluorescent Flatfish. Agent warns, however, that lures work *only* when dragged along bottom. **FG** also on Sacramento River between Corning and Red Bluff, with egg clusters taking fish; **OG**.





COMELY CASTER'S COLOSSAL CATCH Knee-deep in smoky Cape Hatteras surf, Amelia Ballance of Buxton, N.C. shows the angling skill which helped her capture magnificent 63-pound channel bass. Giant catch (*right*) is new Women's All Tackle World Record as well as new 30-pound test line record for both men and women.



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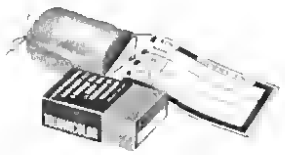
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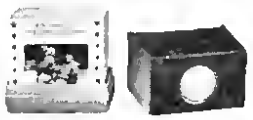
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BASKETBALL SCHEDULES

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BOWLING GREEN

Bowling Green, Ohio

DEC	2	Findlay*		23 Detroit*
	4	Hillsdale*		25 Western Kentucky
	7	Miami (O.)*		28 Penn State
	10	De Paul*	FEB	7 Marshall*
	12	Canisius*		12 Toledo
	14	Ohio U.*		14 Marshall
	17	Duquesne		15 Ohio U.
JAN	4	Western Ontario		17 Marquette*
	8	Western Michigan*		19 Kent State*
	15	Toledo*		25 Loyola (Ill.)
	18	Miami (O.)		26 Western Michigan

BRADLEY UNIVERSITY

Peoria, Ill.

DEC	3	Illinois Normal*		23 Wichita*
	9	Arizona*	FEB	1 Notre Dame*
	14	Seattle*		5 Arizona
	20	UCLA*		8 Oklahoma State
	23	St. Mary's (Calif.)*		12 Cincinnati
	30	Cincinnati*		15 Drake*
JAN	4	N. Texas State		17 Oklahoma State*
	6	Houston		22 St. Louis*
	11	Houston*		24 Tulsa*
	13	N. Texas State*	MAR	1 Tulsa
	15	St. Louis		3 Wichita
	18	Drake		8 Detroit*
	20	Portland*		10 Seattle

CINCINNATI

Cincinnati

DEC	6	Indiana State*		18 St. Louis
	9	Temple*		25 Wichita*
	13-14	Gin. Tour.*		30 Miami (O.)*
	20	North Texas	FEB	1 Duquesne
	21	Houston		8 St. Joseph's*
	28	Drake		12 Bradley*
	30	Bradley		15 Oklahoma State*
JAN	4	Tulsa		17 Drake*
	6	Oklahoma State		22 Tulsa*
	9	Seton Hall		26 St. Louis*
	11	North Texas*	MAR	1 Wichita
	13	Houston*		4 Dayton*
				8 Xavier (O.)*

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

Dayton, Ohio

DEC	4	Morris Harvey*		18 St. Peter's*
	7	Ball State*		25 Louisville
	11	Miami (O.)*		29 Xavier (O.)*
	14	St. Mary's (Calif.)*	FEB	1 Eastern Kentucky*
	17	Ohio U.*		5 Miami (O.)
	19	Fordham*		8 Duquesne
	21	Utah State*		12 De Paul*
	26-30	Holiday Festival		16 Xavier (O.)
JAN	4	De Paul		22 Louisville*
	8	Detroit*		27 Loyola (La.)*
	11	Canisius	MAR	1 Toledo
	16	Oklahoma City*		4 Cincinnati

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Bloomington, Ind.

DEC	2	Ohio U.*		18 Iowa
	7	Kansas State*	FEB	1 De Paul
	14	Missouri		3 Minnesota
	19	St. Mary's (Calif.)*		8 Michigan State*
	23	Oregon State*		10 Wisconsin
	27	Butler		17 Ohio State*
	28	Notre Dame		22 Ohio State
JAN	4	Northwestern*		24 Michigan*
	6	Purdue	MAR	1 Purdue*
	11	Illinois*		3 Illinois
	13	Minnesota*		8 Michigan State

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

Milwaukee

DEC	2	Illinois		14 Notre Dame*
	4	St. Norbert*		18 Louisville
	6	Missouri*		21 Nebraska*
	9	Kansas*		27-28 MC Tournament

continued

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Wisconsin Fellon Sporting Co
Wolff Kubby & Hirsig
Milwaukee
Dewey Sporting Goods Co
Mid-City Sporting Goods Co
Milwaukee (cont.)
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Propps Bicycle & Sport Goods
Wausau
Shepard & Schaller Sport Goods
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Nelson's Sport & Hobby Shop
Winniconna
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Chicago
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Bob Sullivan Sporting Goods
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Elgin
Keeney's Sporting Goods

ILLINOIS

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Vim Sports
Joliet
Barrett, Inc
Maine
Sportsland Stores, 23rd Ave
Sportsland Stores, 15th Ave
Guy E. Temple, Inc
Morton
The Sport Shop
Princeton
C. J. Dunbar & Co
Quincy
Merkel Bros. Hdwe.
Rockford
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Skokie
Dick Longlin's "Sports Huddle"
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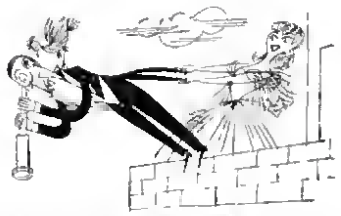
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BASKETBALL SCHEDULES

continued

JAN	4	Loyola (Ill.)*	10	Notre Dame
	11	Louisville*	15	Canisius
	25	Loyola (Ill.)	17	Bowling Green
	27	Toledo*	22	Western Michigan
FEB	1	Boston College*	25	Valparaiso
	5	Creighton*	27	Drake
	8	Creighton		

MIAMI UNIVERSITY
Oxford, Ohio

DEC	2	Purdue	25	Kent State*
	7	Bowling Green	30	Cincinnati
	11	Dayton	FEB	1 Western Michigan
	13–14	Steel Bowl	5	Dayton*
	18	Marshall	8	Iowa
	28	Illinois	15	De Paul
JAN	1	*Toledo*	19	*Ohio U*
	6	Xavier (O.)	22	Toledo*
	11	Western Michigan*	26	Marshall*
	14	Ohio U.*	28	Kent State
	18	Bowling Green*	MAR	1 Xavier (O.)

MICHIGAN STATE
East Lansing, Mich.

DEC	2	Butler*	20	Wisconsin
	6	Detroit	25	Northwestern*
	14	Colorado	FEB	1 Minnesota*
	21	Notre Dame*	8	Indiana
	23	Iowa State	10	Iowa*
	27	USC	15	Illinois*
	28	UCLA	17	Michigan
	30	Washington	22	Wisconsin*
JAN	4	Ohio State	24	Purdue
	11	Purdue*	MAR	1 Iowa
	18	Northwestern	8	Indiana*

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
Minneapolis

DEC	2	Southern Methodist*	27	Northwestern
	5	Iowa State*	FEB	1 Michigan State
	7	Vanderbilt	3	Indiana*
	20–21	U. of Kentucky Invitational	8	Wisconsin
	30	Yale*	10	Michigan*
JAN	4	Purdue*	15	Northwestern*
	6	Kansas State	17	Illinois
	13	Indiana	22	Purdue
	18	Ohio State	24	Wisconsin*
	25	Iowa*	MAR	1 Ohio State*

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
South Bend, Ind.

DEC	3	St. Ambrose*	25	Illinois
	7	Wisconsin	29	Louisville*
	9	Nebraska*	FEB	1 Bradley
	14	Marquette	4	Canisius*
	17	Loyola (Ill.)*	8	Air Force Academy
	21	Michigan State	10	Marquette*
	27	Purdue	12	Butler
	28	Indiana	15	North Carolina
	31	Northwestern	20	New York U.
JAN	6	Butler*	22	Navy
	10	Valparaiso	28	Holy Cross*
	15	De Paul*	MAR	1 Detroit
	18	Louisville	4	De Paul

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
Columbus, Ohio

DEC	4	Kentucky*	18	Minnesota*
	7	Butler*	20	Iowa*
	14	Texas A&M*	27	Purdue*
	21	St. Louis	FEB	1 Iowa
	23	Oklahoma	3	Illinois*
	27	UCLA	8	Purdue
	28	USC	10	Northwestern
JAN	1	Yale*	15	Michigan*
	4	Michigan State*	17	Indiana
	11	*Wisconsin*	22	*Indiana**
	13	Michigan	MAR	1 Minnesota

XAVIER UNIVERSITY
Cincinnati

DEC	1	St. Joseph's (Ind.)*	25	Toledo
	4	*John Carroll*	27	LaSalle*
	8	Bellarmine*	29	Dayton
	13–14	Cinn. Tour.	FEB	1 Loyola (Ill.)
	17	Fordham*	4	Florida State*
	29	Villa Madonna*	8	Louisville
	31	Rapid*	10	Marshall
JAN	4	Louisville*	12	Ohio U.
	6	Miami (O.)*	16	Dayton*
	9	Iona	23	St. Francis (Pa.)*
	11	St. Joseph's (Pa.)	26	Western Kentucky
	20	Western Kentucky*	MAR	1 Miami (O.)
			8	Cincinnati*

* denotes home game



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Oven Toaster $14.95
Sunkist DeLuxe Juicit $23.50
Starlight Carafe and Candle Warmer $6.95
Copper Ice Cream Freezer $32.95

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THE SILEX CO.

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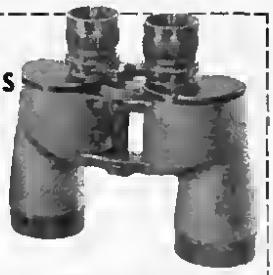
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COMING EVENTS

DEC. 6—DEC. 15

■ *TV* ★ *COLOR TV* ● *NETWORK RADIO*
All times E.S.T. except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6

Badminton
Western States Open Manhattan Beach Calif (through Dec 8)

Basketball
(Leading college games)
California vs San Jose State Berkeley Calif
Cincinnati vs Indiana State Cincinnati
Detroit vs Michigan State Detroit
Rice vs Oklahoma City Houston
UCLA vs St Mary's Los Angeles
(Professional)
St Louis at Boston
Detroit at Syracuse
New York at Cincinnati

Boating
Tampa to Tarpon Springs ocean race Tampa

Boxing
■ Isaac Logart vs Gaspar Ortega welterweight elimination bout 12 rds Cleveland 10 p m (NBC)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7

Auto Racing
SCCA Race Phoenix Ariz (through Dec 8)

Badminton
Michigan Open Badminton Championship Dearborn Mich (through Dec 8)

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Connecticut vs Yale Storrs Conn
Houston vs Oklahoma City Houston
Indiana vs Kansas State Bloomington Ind
Kentucky vs Tempte Lexington, Ky
Memphis State vs VMI, Memphis
North Carolina vs Clemson Chapel Hill N C
Northwestern vs Kansas Evanston Ill
Princeton vs Georgetown Princeton N J
UCLA vs Oklahoma Los Angeles
(Professional)
Boston at Philadelphia
Cincinnati at Detroit
Syracuse vs Minneapolis at St Paul

Football
(Leading college games)
■ Miami vs Pittsburgh Miami 3 45 p m (NBC)
■ Southern Methodist vs Notre Dame Dallas 2 45 p m (Mutual)
(Professional)
■ New York at Pittsburgh 1 p m (CBS)

Golf
All Star Golf Arnold Palmer vs Jack Burke Jr , Tucson, Ariz 4 p m in each time zone (ABC)

Hockey
■ Chicago at Boston 4 p m (CBS)
Detroit at Montreal
New York at Toronto

Horse Racing
Golden Gate Futurity $25 000 2-yr olds 1 m Golden Gate Fields Calif
The Exterminator, $10 000 3-yr-olds & up 1½ m Pimlico Md

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8

Basketball
(Professional)
New York at St Louis
Philadelphia at Cincinnati

Football
(Professional)
■ Baltimore at San Francisco (CBS) *
■ Chicago Bears at Chicago Cardinals (CBS) *
■ Cleveland at Detroit (CBS Sports Network Inc.) *
Green Bay at Los Angeles
■ Philadelphia at Washington (CBS) *

Hockey
Boston at Chicago
Montreal at Detroit
Toronto at New York

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Bradley vs Arizona Peoria Ill
Cincinnati vs Temple Cincinnati
Marquette vs Kansas Milwaukee
Maryland vs Kentucky College Park Md
Memphis State vs Texas A&M Memphis
Oklahoma City vs TCU Oklahoma City
Purdue vs Kansas State Lafayette, Ind
Rice vs LSU, Houston

Boxing
● Frankie Ryff vs Frankie Ippolito 10 rds lightweights St Nick's 10 p.m. (DuMont)

*See local listing

continued



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COMING EVENTS

continued

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10

Basketball
(Professional)
Boston at New York
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis at New York
Philadelphia at Detroit
Syracuse vs. Minneapolis at Detroit

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Dayton vs. Miami (Ohio), Dayton
Memphis State vs. Mississippi State, Memphis
West Virginia vs. Penn State, Morgantown, West Va.
(Professional)
Cincinnati at Boston
St. Louis vs. New York at Boston
Syracuse at Minneapolis

Boxing
■ Yvon Durelle vs. Jerry Ludee, light heavyweights, 10 rds., Tampa, 10 p.m. (ABC)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Bowling Green vs. Canisius, Bowling Green, Ohio
Louisville vs. Iona, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.
(Professional)
Boston vs. St. Louis at Philadelphia
Detroit at Philadelphia

Golf
Sanford Open, $15,000, Sanford, Fla. (through Dec. 15)

Tennis
USLTA Men's & Women's Hard Court Championships, La Jolla, Calif. (through Dec. 15)
Davis Cup interzone finals, Belgium vs. winner of Dec. 7 match between U.S. & Philippines, Brisbane, Australia (through Dec. 14)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Birmingham Classic: Texas Christian, Miami (Fla.), Mississippi State, Auburn at Birmingham (also Dec. 14)
Cincinnati Invitation: St. Bonaventure, Xavier (Ohio), Marshall, Cincinnati at Cincinnati (also Dec. 14)
Steel Bowl: Pittsburgh, Miami (Ohio), George Washington, Duquesne at Pittsburgh (also Dec. 14)

Bowling
■ Finals, World's Invitational Match Game Championships, Chicago, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Cat Show
Atlantic Cat Club, Inc., New York (also Dec. 14)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Bucknell vs. Temple, Lewisburg, Pa.
Canisius vs. Houston, Buffalo
Detroit vs. Louisville, Detroit
Kansas State vs. Iowa, Manhattan, Kans.
Michigan State vs. Colorado, East Lansing, Mich.
Missouri vs. Indiana, Columbia, Mo.
Navy vs. Princeton, Annapolis, Md.
North Carolina vs. South Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Ohio State vs. Texas A&M, Columbus, Ohio
St. Louis vs. Kentucky, St. Louis
Yale vs. Holy Cross, New Haven, Conn.
(Professional)
■ New York at St. Louis, 2 p.m. (NBC)
Philadelphia at Boston
Syracuse vs. Cincinnati at Rochester

Boating
Inter-Collegiate Regatta, Invitation Class, Balboa, Calif. (also Dec. 15)

Dog Show
Kennel Club of Philadelphia Show, Philadelphia

Golf
■ All-Star Golf: Gene Littler vs. winner of Dec. 7 match, Phoenix, Ariz., 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

Hockey
Boston at Montreal
Chicago at Toronto
■ New York at Detroit, 4 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing
Golden Gate Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/8 m., Golden Gate Fields, Calif.
The Pimlico Cup, $15,000, 3-yr. olds & up, 2 1/16 m., Pimlico, Md.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

Basketball
(Professional)
Cincinnati at Syracuse
New York at Detroit
Philadelphia at Minneapolis

Football
(Professional)
■ Baltimore at Los Angeles (CBS) *
■ Cleveland at New York (CBS Sports Network, Inc.) *
■ Detroit at Chicago Bears (CBS) *
Green Bay at San Francisco
■ Pittsburgh at Washington (CBS) *

*See local listing



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
DECEMBER 9, 1957

DREAMING OF A



RICHARDSON. HE REFUSED TO GO WITHOUT HIS WIFE

It was spring in Australia last week but dispatches from the American Davis Cup team were wintry with despair. Durable Vic Seixas was eliminated in the quarter-final round of a regional tournament, and a doubles team of nobodies upset Seixas and Gardnar Mulloy—America's best available pair. Beset with dark, perhaps insoluble, problems, Captain Bill Talbert, who gazes somberly from the opposite page, can only envision the Cballenge Round with the Aussies Dec. 26-28—provided the U.S. gets by the Philippines and Belgium—as a Black Christmas. The Australians, puzzled by tbe Yanks' dilemma, have been asking pointed questions. Here are Talbert's frank replies

PATTY: HE WANTED A GUARANTEE OF A SINGLES SPOT



SAVITT: HE FELT THAT HE COULD NOT TAKE TIME OFF FROM HIS JOB



BLACK CHRISTMAS

by WILLIAM TALBERT

IT WAS REASONABLY QUIET in the men's locker room of the Memorial Drive Courts in Adelaide. Outside, one of the preliminary matches was in progress; inside, players lounged in chairs and on benches amid tired sweat socks, smelly shirts and stacks of tightly strung rackets. The eliminated Americans were dressing for practice.

"Tell me something," called out a voice, addressing the Yanks. "Why is it you couldn't get fellows like Dick Savitt, Ham Richardson and Budge Patty to come over with your team? It's something we can't understand."

The idle question touched off a discussion on an explosive subject sensitive to all of us.

Richardson is the United States' No. 1 player. Savitt, properly conditioned, is one of the three best amateurs in the world, if not the best. Patty, present holder of the Wimbledon doubles championship with Gardnar Mulloy, is the tennis nomad who is one of the most feared competitors on the Continental circuit. Yet here was the U.S. Davis Cup team campaigning again in Australia with three of our best players some 10,000 miles away.

"Why?" the man asked.

I attempted to explain the reasons the players themselves gave when they were picked for the squad and then declined with a "No thanks." Richardson refused to make the trip without his wife, an arrangement forbidden by USLTA policy. Patty wouldn't come unless it could be guaranteed that he would play singles as well as doubles. Savitt's excuse was work.

"That is so much hogwash," hlurted Mulloy, the 44-year-old elder statesman of our team. "There is no excuse for any of them not being here.

"These men owe it to their country and to tennis to play on the Davis Cup team It is a selfish attitude which keeps them from doing it."

Someone else interjected the opinion that all three of these players had reaped many rewards from tennis, yet were unwilling to give n return. It was pointed out that Richardson was sent to Australia for experience when he was 17 years old and made three trips to Australia at great expense without ever having played in a still-to-be-decided Challenge Round. "Now, when Ham could be of value to his country, he refuses to come," said Mulloy.

Mulloy added that he had personally tried to persuade both Patty and Savitt to make the trip but his efforts had come to naught. "Patty told me he wouldn't come just to play doubles," Gardnar continued. "I told him he couldn't be guaranteed a singles spot, that he should come and prove he deserved to play singles by beating the dickens out of everybody else. He wouldn't listen. And Savitt kept giving me that lame excuse about work."

I recalled that once, in hope of getting Savitt on the team, I had telephoned his boss, Oilman David D. (Tex) Feldman, who was at that time in Paris, and had asked him would he let Dick off for six weeks to play. "Certainly," Savitt's employer said. I asked him if he would tell Savitt that "No," he said. "But he has my permission if he asks me."

Savitt got his job as an oil salesman through tennis contacts. Richardson's tennis background didn't hinder his becoming a Rhodes Scholar. Patty has toured the world on the sport for years.

"I think they're simply scared," someone else said. "I think they're afraid they will come down here and possibly fail. So they're ducking it."

"That shouldn't be the case," Mulloy said. "The honor is representing the U.S. in the Challenge Round, not in necessarily winning. People forget who won or lost but never forget who played."

Neale Fraser, the Australian star, said, "It looks to me as if they just don't care. It would never happen down here in Australia. Guys would break their necks to make the team."

Whatever the reasons, something is sadly lacking in our tennis makeup when we are forced to beg, cajole and make special deals with players to represent their country in a great traditional competition. We are the only nation in the world challenging for the Davis Cup without all of our best players. If the Davis Cup is not important enough to warrant our best effort, maybe we should forget it. END



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MEEK

CANADIAN CAPERS

Mix up the Mardi Gras, the Kentucky Derby, the Rose Bowl and the World Series and you have Canada's Grey Cup week

by TEX MAULE

THE LITTLE MAN in the tan overcoat stood quietly on the sideline, swaying gently in the cold wind. Standing around him but paying him no attention were members of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. They were watching sadly and helplessly as Ray (Bibbles) Bawel, a Hamilton Tiger-Cat defensive halfback, thundered down the sideline toward them. Bawel, who formerly played with the Philadelphia Eagles, had intercepted a Winnipeg pass and had a clear field ahead when the little man in the tan overcoat reached out a foot and, yes, tripped him as he went by.

The little man was immediately surrounded by Hamilton players; he put both hands over his face, hunched deeper into the overcoat and peered out between his fingers at the husky football players. The officials grouped momentarily to decide what to do and the Hamilton players left the little man to argue their case. The little man backed away from the sideline unnoticed, walked behind the Winnipeg and Hamilton benches down to the end of the field. As he walked, he began to smile happily. By the time he had reached the end zone he was laughing out loud, and as he disappeared he was howling with laughter.

The officials meanwhile had decided to give Bawel another 15 yards on his rudely interrupted run and Hamilton, deep in Winnipeg territory, went on to score. By now, early in the final quarter, they had the game well won and the 27,000 fans jamming Varsity Stadium in Toronto were waiting to see whether the Blue Bombers could score on the tough, active Hamilton defense. The game ended 32–7 for Hamilton.

Canadian football is a much more informal affair than the American variety. The little man in the tan overcoat would never have been in a position to trip an American player; the sidelines would have been cleared of spectators. But in Varsity Stadium, during the half-time intermission, the spectators wandered at will around the edges of the field and, when the second half began, not all had been chased back into the stands by the 100 police on hand.

The Tiger-Cats, banging away with an Oklahoma-style ground game which opened running room for a pair of big, strong backs, dominated most of the game. Cookie Gilchrist, a 21-year-old 215-pounder who never played American college football, scored two touchdowns, set up another with some battering running. Bernie Faloney, the ex-Maryland quarterback, operated the Hamilton attack neatly, and Cam Fraser, a Canadian, kicked spectacularly, one punt sailing 80 yards in the air.

Since in Canada's 12-man version of football the punt returner is left almost entirely to his own devices, these tremendous punts, as much as any one thing, contributed to Winnipeg's downfall. No blocking is allowed on punt returns; the punt receiver's only protection is a five-yard zone which must be left him until he fields the punt. So, as the lofty punts dropped out of the gray, snowy-looking Canadian sky, the Winnipeg safety waited hopelessly, surrounded by a ring of Hamilton tacklers pawing the ground five yards away. The young man whose specialty is returning punts for Winnipeg is Ron Latourelle, a small (5 feet 8 inches, 175 pounds) halfback with an indefatigable optimism and a dim future. Immediately after catching the punt (and in Canada, the safety has no such easy out as the fair catch), Latourelle would duck his head and plow upfield until he disappeared under a pile of gold jerseys. Since this always happened within two steps, Latourelle spent a somewhat wearing afternoon.



STAR HAMILTON BACK BERNIE FALONEY

The Grey Cup represents the Canadian professional football championship and the champions of the East and West meet for it annually. It is, to Canadian sports, a combination of the World Series, the Kentucky Derby and the Rose Bowl game. Annually, it touches off Canada's most exciting weekend. Parties in the Royal York



(EX-MARYLAND) QUAFFS DEEPLY FROM THE GREY CUP, WHICH WAS FILLED FROM MAGNUM OF CHAMPAGNE, IN VICTORY CELEBRATION

Hotel lasted until 6 Saturday morning; big-hatted, booted Winnipeg rooters clattered down the halls yipping like Texas cowboys; a policeman (one of a special force delegated to protecting life, limb and property in the Royal York) watched complacently as the evening went on.

"A bit quiet, this," he said, as a group of westerners tacked by, yelling "Osky wow wow!" at the top of their voices. "A dozen chaps had black eyes by this time last year, y' know."

The relative quiet is explained by the fact that the Hamilton Tiger-Cats come from a community only 45 miles from Toronto. Most of the Hamilton fans came to Toronto the morning of the game, leaving the field of battle in possession of the West during the pregame festivities.

Winnipeg, the representative of the West, reached the Grey Cup thanks to an upset of roughly Notre-Dame-Oklahoma proportions. The Blue Bombers eliminated the Edmonton Eskimos, for the last three years the Grey Cup champions, but, in doing so, they lost the services of four of their 12 American "imports." Since the Canadian clubs are limited to 12 American players, the loss of four cut down Winnipeg's strength considerably. Ken Ploen, Iowa's Rose Bowl hero of last January, performed nobly, passing well and running with speed and authority, but the Hamilton defense contained him until late in the game, when he completed a pass to Michigan State's Dennis Mendyk for the lone Winnipeg touchdown. Bud Grant, Winnipeg's young coach, who played at Minnesota, had to depend on the pass for his attack. Jim Trimble, ex-Philadelphia Eagle coach who runs the Tiger-Cats, built his championship team on defense. One American coach, when asked what he intended to do with the 12th man in Canadian football (a fifth back): "I'll send him up into the stands. They'll have to send somebody with him to cover—then we can play football." Trimble and Grant have worked the fifth back into their offenses very well, using him as an additional receiver, faker or blocker. And, as is so often the case when a fifth is added to the picture, it makes for a more exciting and relaxed get-together.

If, as happened last week, still another fellow turns up along the sidelines to play a part, the Canadian game can absorb that, too. (END)



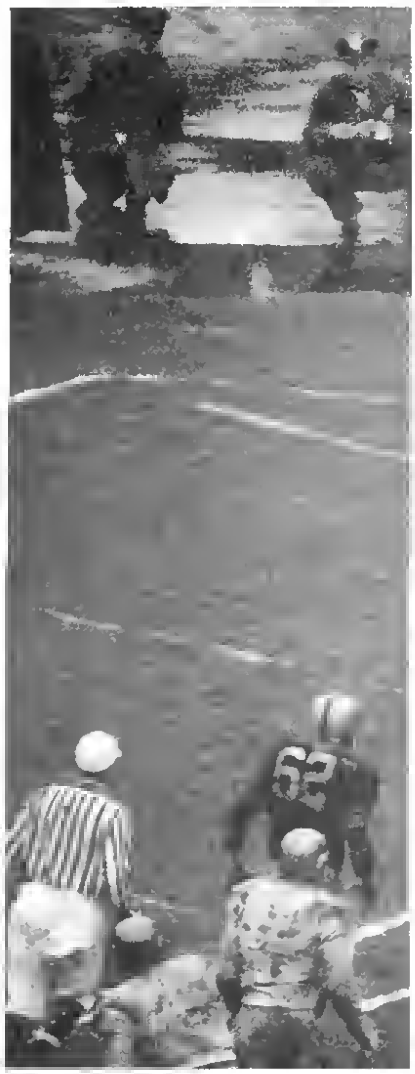


ARMY TACKLE BILL MELNIK (72) POUNDS DOWNED NAVY TACKLE BOB REIFSNYDER (FIG. 1) UNTIL REF ALBIE BOOTH BREAKS IT UP (2)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

Navy's defense was prepared for just about anything Army might throw at it last Saturday—except a right to the jaw. Net result was that the Middies yielded a tooth —Tackle Reifsnyder's—but no touchdowns to Army's offense and won Cotton Bowl bid with a 14-0 victory



NAVY'S ONE-MAN OFFENSE, Ned Oldham (*in light uniform*) plunges for the first of his two touchdowns after miraculously exploding from a horde of Army tacklers who seemingly had stopped him. Army's Charles Lytle (60) and Fred Wilmoth (76) pursue in vain.





VETERAN ALBIE, USING LEG DRIVE, GROUNDS MELNIK (3) AND GESTURES HIM OUT OF THE GAME (4); REIFSNYDER WAS ALSO BANISHED



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

GAMESTER AT GETTYSBURG

THE GRAVE CONCERN the nation felt on learning of Dwight D. Eisenhower's third serious illness in office was lifted quickly by a succession of incidents—all initiated by the President himself. He got out of bed, he did some work, he went smiling to church on Thanksgiving Day, and at the end of the week he was at his Gettysburg farm in front of a TV set—like millions of other Americans who glow to the spectacle of the senior military academies locked in sporting struggle.

The President bowed to duty by sending a warm "personal best wishes" telegram to the Navy. Then, grinning, he tipped Army in another wire of what he had told Navy, adding, "The requirements of neutrality are thus scrupulously observed. But over a span of almost half a century, on the day of The Game I have only one thought and only one song: 'On, Brave Old Army Team' "—an encouragement that was no less candid for being, as it turned out, ineffective in the slosh of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium.

These events were signals that President Ike, thrice felled, was getting up off the canvas again. As a *New York Times* editorial put it: "Evidently he has had one medicine at his command that no doctor could order from the nearest drugstore. He has taken and prospered by the medicine of courage."

Less courageous men might have been emotionally invalided by a severe heart attack, an operation for ileitis and now a "shock" piled onto and perhaps caused by the burdens of the presidency. But Ike has withstood them and bounced back, not imprudently but with the consent of his doctors. This well-tempered courage is no longer surprising. Where was it tempered? Perhaps at West Point, in the days when Ike won his nickname and his varsity letter on Army's football team.

The strains of the presidential office, though increasing, are not new, and Eisenhower's illness has given currency to the observation of Woodrow Wilson almost 50 years ago, when he was still president of Princeton, that unless the burdens of the presidency are lightened "we shall be obliged always to be picking chief magistrates from among wise and prudent athletes. . . ." Fortunately, the American people have a man who qualifies.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

MIDSHIPMAN TOM FORRESTAL of the United States Naval Academy was "in uniform" except for a big green shamrock stamped on the breast pocket of his white shirt. Midshipman Forrestal is Irish, and he likes to advertise the fact, Navy regulations notwithstanding.

A grin split his darkly Celtic features, twisting his broken nose even further off center.

"The Grocery Seven did it," he shouted, hoisting a container of milk in a toast. "To the Grocery Seven. The best damned line in the whole world."

Quarterback Forrestal, like the rest of the players in the Navy dressing room, was finding it hard to contain his jubilation at beating Army 14–0. An invitation to the Cotton Bowl added to the Navy delirium.

"Did you ever see a line like that?" Forrestal bubbled. "Eighty-eight yards. Army, the best ground offense in the nation, and all they can get from us is 88 yards. Now you know why we call our line the Grocery Seven. They bring home the bacon."

He posed for a picture with Ned Oldham, the halfback who scored all of Navy's points.

"Oldham was great today. He wasn't running with his legs. He was running with his heart. That first touchdown . . . six guys must have nailed him and still he goes over.

"You know what helped us win today? Those blue jerseys [Navy, for the first time in history, wore light blue jerseys with gold numerals]. We were supposed to wear white, but we've been having bad luck in white. We lost the North Carolina game in white and tied Duke. So we asked Eddie

THEY SAID IT . . .

BEAR BRYANT, *Texas A&M football coach, when asked if he would accept a coaching job at Alabama. "Alabama is my school. . . . When you are out playing as a kid, say you heard your mother call. If you thought she just wanted you to do the chores you might not want to answer her. But if you thought she needed you, you'd be in in a hurry. I feel the same way about this."*

TERRY JAEGER, *advertising manager for Kennecott Copper Company, hearing that the men who chartered his 52-foot schooner* Serene *and disappeared with it had been apprehended in the Canary Islands: "A shocking thing to do, taking a fellow's boat like that. Hope I can prove piracy. Like to hang them."*

SAM GRIFFITH, *winner of the Miami-Nassau powerboat race, when asked what kind of man it takes to win: "He should have a head hard enough to hold up under a roof caving in, a self-sealing skin and luck enough to fall out of a 10-story building and walk off whistling . . . fellow like Sam Griffith, for instance."*

ROMAN KISELEV, *interpreter for the touring Russian hockey team, after the Russians walked out of a professional wrestling show in Kitchener, Ont.: "That's not wrestling; it's a circus."*

[Coach Erdelatz] if we could have another color for the Army game. He had them made about a week ago. Superstitions are silly I guess, but even if they are, these blue jerseys really helped."

When the Naval Academy superintendent, Rear Admiral W. R. Smedberg III, announced that he would permit the team to play Rice in the Cotton Bowl, Fullback Ray Wellhorn fell into a trance.

"This is something I've been dreaming about since I was 8 years old," said Wellborn.

"I'm from Houston, see. I used to play for Rice before I came to the Academy. Doak Walker was my idol when I was a kid. I used to paint his number 37 on my chest with Merthiolate so my mother couldn't make me take it off when I went to bed. I used to dream of playing in the Cotton Bowl just like Doak Walker. Now it's happened and I almost can't believe it. Man, this is the happiest day of my life."

One of the Navy trainers shouted over the locker room din: "Hasn't anybody got anything to drink but milk? How can I celebrate with nothing stronger than grade A?"

Bob Reifsnyder, Navy's battling All-America tackle who got tossed out of the game for fighting (see page 20), shouted back:

"You think you got troubles? How can I smile for the photographers with this tooth that's coming out?"

After that, there wasn't much left to do except pose for the photographers, grinning, of course.

HORSE JOKE NO. 1

Child: Daddy, what is a camel?
Father: What is a *what*?
Child: What is a camel?
Father: A camel is a horse that was designed by a committee.

HORSE JOKE NO. 2

THIS being the awards season, it seems only fitting and proper to bestow recognition on a man named Clarence E. Paulson, a 44-year-old oil company supervisor from Strawberry Point, Iowa, whose ingenuity has produced a fresh tactic in man's unending struggle with his environment and vice versa. Mr. Paulson disguises himself as the front half of a horse when he goes goose hunting in Iowa wheat fields. Since even a goose knows that half a horse is no horse at all, Paulson necessarily has a partner who brings up the rear. This winter it has been Fritz Kopecky, 40, a coffin salesman from Des Moines. Bent into jackknife positions, covered by a horse's hide on a metal frame and looking as if vaudeville had not died after all, the two men have been stalking about the prairies and into shotgun range of the feeding birds. Once there, they throw off their horsehide and bag the limit.

It sounds easy and possibly unfair, but both Paulson and Kopecky swear that their method is harder on them than it is on the geese. All that bent-over walking, they say, is painful—they may have to go three miles—and



it is hard to keep in step in a muddy field. Still, it is better than sitting in a wet blind all day, and it does bring in the game.

The bundle of horsehide and aluminum tubing which serves the two hunters as a costume is known as Dobbin. It is—or was—a bay, with a black mane and tail. Dobbin's head is remarkably lifelike except that it has no ears, and it can be detached, along with the neck, for storage in the back seat of a car. Paulson, who invented Dobbin, takes the head. He feels that as the brains of the operation he is entitled to it. Kopecky, playing the hindquarters, admits he is sometimes tempted to kick up his heels and wag his rear, as he has seen professional tailbearers do on television shows.

To keep a smooth pace, Paulson counts cadence as long as he and his partner are out of earshot of the geese. Somewhere there is probably a hunter who peered out of his blind one day and saw Dobbin amble past, muttering, "Left, right, left, right," to himself. If there is, he has wisely kept quiet about his experience.

Dobbin's bloodlines go all the way back to the Trojan horse, naturally, but they also include the buffalo. Plains Indians used to disguise themselves in a buffalo robe and horns and walk right into a herd.

Paulson has done much the same thing with ducks. Once he took his horsehide to South Dakota, buckled a skeptical friend into what might be called the rear seat and led him straight into a field containing thousands of ducks. They couldn't shoot—Paulson was not a resident of South Dakota—so they just walked around a bit, gently pushing ducks aside with their feet. The birds looked up at their visitors, quacking sociably, but Paulson and his friend didn't answer. They didn't know what to say.

COCOONS FOR THE COURT

TEDDY TINLING, the British tennis-wear designer, who was forced to resign as Master of Ceremonies of Wimbledon's center court after Gussie Moran outraged the staid gallery by wearing visible, Tinling-designed lace panties beneath her abbreviated tennis skirt several years ago, has, as they say, done it again. Tinling has invented what he considers the most revolutionary and original silhouette since the advent of the New Look in 1947.

Teddy's latest (see page 11) is a one-piece costume with a loose, even maternity, aspect about the middle and a shorter and tighter hemline. It has, quite naturally, been called the Sack Look. This term distresses Tinling terribly. He prefers to call his new creations, which he adapted from the late Christian Dior's "spindle" line, "cocoons."

"The sack," said Tinling last week, "is to me a straight, shapeless thing and, because I believe in the beauty of women's figures, it is a name I will never endorse with pleasure."

Shirley Bloomer, a top-ranking British player, has already chosen several cocoons for a South African tour next February. After performing acrobatics in Tinling's fitting room to test the garments' practicality, she announced that they were "very, very revolutionary." With certain modifications—such as small pleats let into each side at thigh level—Miss Bloomer is convinced that it will even be possible to play tennis in them.

Tinling took a smug line. "How many times at Wimbledon," he said, "have I been horribly embarrassed to see a skirt blowing up at the back just as one of the girls is going to serve right below the Royal Box! Well, that's all over. These cocoons literally cannot blow up."

AMATEURISM OBSERVED

HERETOFORE, Christopher Brasher has been known as one of the spunky young Englishmen who set the pace for Roger Bannister's under-four-minute mile and perhaps also as the winner of the Olympic 3,000-meter steeplechase at Melbourne. Not long after Bannister gave up competitive

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running for medicine, Chris Brasher gave up competitive running for journalism, and is now sports editor of the eminent London *Observer*. As an outspoken observer himself, Brasher is making new news already—not long ago, for instance, he was tossed into the Thames by Cambridge oarsmen who felt he had derogated their traditions in print.

Now Brasher has spoken out in the *Observer* on the far riskier subject of amateurism. We hope that his words will cause only an editorial splash, for Brasher is highly qualified to speak, and repeated immersions in the Thames might give him an intolerable chill even if they don't water down his very welcome cerebrations. In brief, his findings on the contradictions of amateurism in Britain:

Soccer—Payments to amateurs are "widespread" and "ingenious." "A case is reported of one amateur asking £500 as a signing-on fee."

Track and Field—"The vast majority of athletes and officials are amateur in every sense of the word. However, when both athletes and officials get into international class they have necessarily to spend an increasing amount of time on their sport and many temptations exist. . . . A top-class miler in America can get $500 per appearance in the short indoor season while he is in form. Nobody in this country is able to make a living from [track and field]."

Golf—"The distinction between amateur and professional is real, and ought to be maintained. . . . The rules are strict and clear; and although in America there have been some doubtful cases, and one leading amateur is at present under suspension for having accepted expenses from his employer, the problem is no live issue over here."

Tennis—"No top-class player can be called an amateur. . . . The winner of the men's singles title at Wimbledon can command up to £250 a week in subsequent tournaments."

Rowing—"Rowing is still a strictly amateur sport."

Show Jumping—"A top-class rider, certainly one owning his own horses, can earn his or her living from show jumping. On this basis alone it is impossible to classify it as an amateur sport."

Skiing—"Skiing is another sport in which the world-class performer is entirely professional. . . . During the season the top-class Continental skier is living entirely free and may also be given a small allowance by his national association."

In an essay of conclusion entitled "Straightening out the Line," Brasher reported his verdict:

"The difference between amateur and professional was only a social distinction of the nineteenth century. Now in the second half of the twentieth century such social distinctions have no place."

Brasher did not mourn "the loss of original amateurism," but jabbed a sharp pen at today's subterfuge and cheating.

"When a situation reaches this state it is obviously time for the laws to be changed. . . . The amateur in most international sports has ceased to exist. Let him be buried officially before the situation becomes more of a mockery than it is at present."

CHAMPION OF THE WEEK

THE other Friday midnight, Bus Eaton, 35, an unemployed truck driver who had nothing better to do, stepped up to a bowling alley in Portland, Ore., bowled a game, bowled another, then another—and kept on bowling. All Saturday morning, Saturday night and into Sunday morning his pace was remarkably steady. He would take a four-step approach, release his first ball, sit on a chair for 20 seconds awaiting the return, then roll his second ball. At times he appeared to be asleep in the chair, but he providently rested one foot on the ball-return, so that he was jolted alert whenever the ball arrived.

At 9 o'clock Sunday morning he shaved for two minutes with an electric razor plugged into an outlet in the alley bar. Every two hours he drank a cup of broth, varying his nourishment at intervals with orange juice, Coke and milk. He removed his shirt because a seam was causing a blister to develop, modestly asking the permission of the women in the audience before he took it off. Then he went back to bowling.

Between 2 and 6 on Sunday afternoon Eaton almost quit. "I think I would have," he said later, "if I could have thought of a reason."

At 8 o'clock Monday morning he shaved again and then resumed bowling. At 7.15 Monday evening, he rolled a 109 game and stopped. He had bowled continuously for 67 hours and 15 minutes and had completed 425 games—a new world record for this particular endeavor. His average was 157.5 pins a game, his high game 235 (his 138th) and his low game 95 (his 379th).

His record set, Bus Eaton headed for a hot tub, then dressed and went out with friends to sample the fresh outdoor air of Portland until one a.m. By Wednesday he was back in his home town of Roseburg, Ore., 170 miles away. "Had to get back to bowl in my regular league," he said.



PLACE KICK

The holder is small
And loose in the joints
If he muffs the ball
He goes for three points.
—BARNEY HUTCHISON

LONG BALL

THERE HAS BEEN TALK for years now about how the atom is going to benefit humanity, and at last it looks as if there may be something to it. The B. F. Goodrich Company has produced a new atomic golf ball which can add 10 yards to a golfer's drive. The balls are given two minutes' exposure to gamma rays of high intensity, and some of the atomic energy thus put into them appears to come out when you hit them; anyway, they get up and go. The process does not make the balls radioactive—a Geiger counter would pass one by without a click of interest.

There are, however, two thorns to the rose. For one thing, atomic golf balls are so costly to produce right now that nobody is going to produce them, except experimentally. For another, the U.S. Golf Association thinks people are driving golf balls too far already (SI, Sept. 30). The association has a machine which indicates the velocity of a golf ball, and if a ball doesn't fall within the prescribed limits of performance, it doesn't get approved. The USGA has asked the Goodrich Company for a few irradiated samples of the new product, to be used, as the USGA says ominously, "for testing."

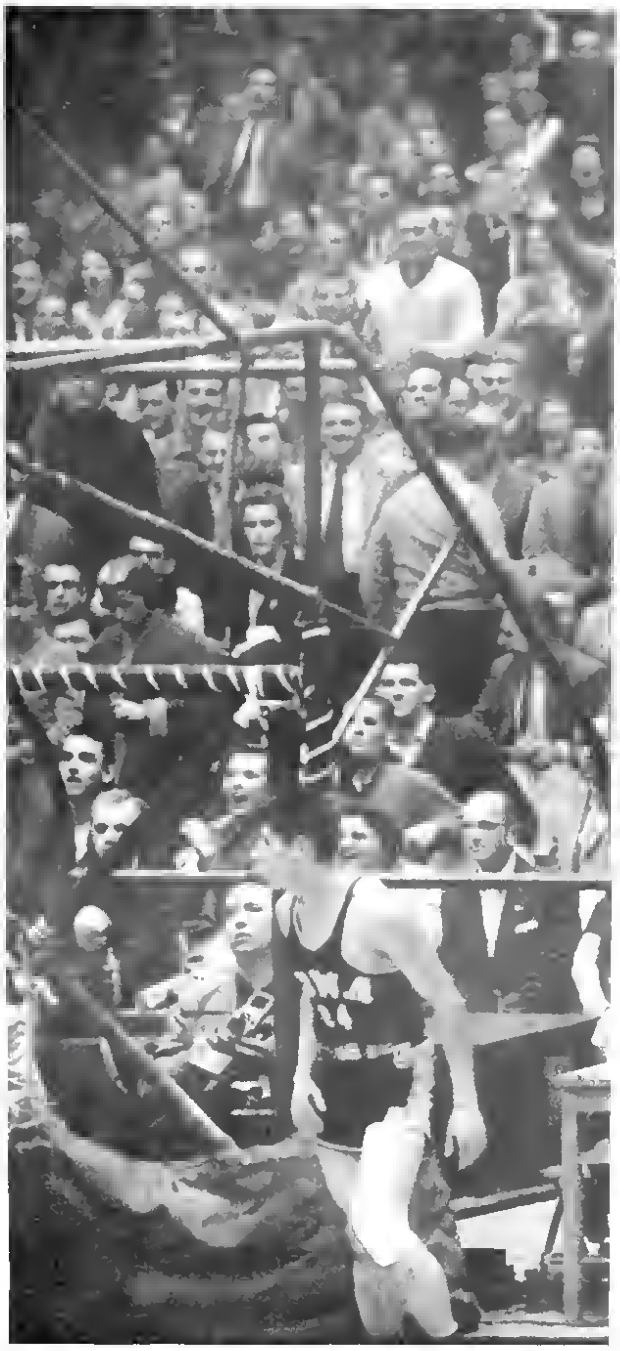


PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

THE AMERICAN GAME

College basketball races onstage to begin its annual four-month run as winter's biggest campus show

by ROY TERRELL



VOCAL ENTHUSIASM OF OVERFLOW CROWD AT RALEIGH, N. C.

On a wintry January evening early this year, a Princeton undergraduate named Artie Klein looped in a long field goal in the last second of play to beat Dartmouth 61–59 and was borne, amid unrestrained voicings of joy, off the floor on the shoulders of his classmates. At this moment, the game of basketball came full cycle. Not once since Jim Naismith hammered his first peach basket into place on the balcony of a Springfield, Mass. gymnasium that other winter evening back in 1891 had anyone carried a Princeton basketball player off the court. At Princeton they frequently do not even speak to basketball players.

If dedicated followers of the game elsewhere in the land observed this broaching of one of the last bastions with an air of almost complete indifference, it was easy to understand. It was, they felt, about time. In recent years the American-conceived game of basketball—the only game, as a matter of fact, to have been devised in the United States with no appreciable roots in the sports of other nations—has circled the globe and captured the fancy of both players and fans of virtually every country on earth. It has been received with exuberance not only in Australia and France and Russia but in British Guiana and Luxembourg and Mauritius as well. It was inevitable that the Ivy League, which counts among its members several of the schools that formed the first intercollegiate basketball conference as early as 1902, would eventually convince its followers, too, that this newfangled game was here to stay.

So this week, as the whistle toots for the 1957–58 college basketball season, Princeton will be in there cheering along with all the rest: North Carolina and Kansas and Kentucky and Utah, Hofstra and Wabash and Slippery Rock, Philadelphia Textile Institute and the College of Puget Sound. To say that college basketball this year will be bigger and better than ever is to glorify the obvious. It always is.

The college game, while neither so vast in scope as high school basketball (over 100 million persons attended high school games in the U.S. last year) nor so expert in its execution as the brand displayed by the professionals, remains the spear point of the sport. It is into the colleges that the high schools pour their great reservoir of youthful talent, and it is from the colleges that the pros draw the matured product upon which they depend for their very existence. As athletic directors and ticket managers of almost a thousand colleges and universities are happy to point out, in most sections of the country, basketball joined football long ago in the collegiate athletic big time.

This year, to project into the future a recent and



IS TYPICAL OF BASKETBALL AUDIENCES EVERYWHERE AS IT CHEERS NORTH CAROLINA STATE TO VICTORY OVER IOWA IN DIXIE CLASSIC

exhaustive survey made by the Converse Rubber Company (which happens to be interested in this sort of thing since it manufactures the shoes that basketball players wear), more than 900 four-year colleges and universities will suit up teams and, before it is all over, play before almost 15 million fans. The basketball-happy Midwest, including the equally basketball-happy Missouri Valley area, will draw almost 5 million spectators. The South will attract crowds of nearly 3 million, the Middle Atlantic and Pacific Coast colleges more than a million apiece, and even the football-obsessed Southwest, which would have shuddered at the very thought of a basketball boom a few years back, now expects to play to an audience of almost a million with only 48 teams in action.

Whether it is cause or effect, one of the reasons college basketball is able to attract so many spectators during a relatively brief season is the attendant boom in gymnasiums and field houses (*see page 30*). The Southwest Conference is a good example: this year seven of the eight teams will be playing in arenas built since 1950. Since 1947, 24 colleges have constructed field houses with a seating capacity greater than 7,500; of the 10 largest college arenas in the country, six have been built since 1949. Last year the University of Kansas, runner-up to North Carolina for the NCAA championship and handicapped hardly at all by the presence of Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain, played before 152,500 fans in just 10 games at its new 17,000-capacity Allen Field House.

This is a long way, however, from being a stay-at-home sport. Kansas also played 17 games on the road (and another 161,000 turned out to swell the Jayhawks' total attendance to 313,500). Teams like Seattle, Brigham Young, Utah, Loyola of California and Texas traveled over

continued





PRETTY COED REGISTERS FULL RANGE OF EMDTIONS AS HER TEAM HAS TROUBLE GETTING STARTEO (OOUBT), BEGINS TO FALL BEHIND

THE AMERICAN GAME

continued

15,000 miles. This year there will be some 40 tournaments scheduled for the Christmas-New Year holiday period alone, when teams from the East will play in the Southwest and teams from the West Coast in the East and midwestern basketball players will abandon their own snow-spotted campuses to invade gymnasiums nestled among the orange orchards and magnolia groves of the Deep South. In March, three major national tournaments are scheduled to decide, after long conference seasons and additional preliminary playoffs, just who are the best teams in the land after all. The biggest of these, the NCAA's university division, is already approaching the sellout stage not only for the semifinals and finals at Louisville but also for the four regional playoffs at Lexington, Ky., Charlotte, N.C., Lawrence, Kans. and San Francisco as well.

The basketball fan who is unable to shake loose to watch a game now and then really has no problem. He will find basketballs bouncing across his television screen all season long. CBS will be on hand for the National Invitation Tournament from Madison Square Garden in March. NBC will televise a professional game nationally each Saturday afternoon and its West Coast division will handle Pacific Coast Conference games on a regional basis. Sports Network, Inc. televises Big Ten contests for the second year over a massive midwestern net of 40 stations which will blanket 10 states and this year will also sponsor a similar project with Atlantic Coast Conference teams on a smaller scale. And there are, additionally, scheduled local telecasts by numerous TV stations in cities all over the country wherever college basketball is played. If you don't like basketball, maybe you can sign up for one of those bargain trips to the moon—or perhaps just hide under the bed. Even man's last friend and sanctuary, the neighborhood bar, is now out of bounds.

Basketball's amazing popularity, despite the fact that it seldom leaves blood dripping on the floor, is due more than anything else to the fact that it still answers the original need which triggered its conception: a highly competitive team game that could be played indoors during the winter months, with the emphasis on speed and skill. Before 1891 there was a void which basketball came along to fill; in the 66 years since, nothing has appeared to replace it. For thousands of young men who never could get very excited about Indian club twirling, basketball was the answer to a prayer.

Basketball has never been an expensive sport. Courts are everywhere and every kid has a pair of sneakers. The main item of expense, especially on the playground or recreational league level, is the basketball itself, and a good basketball costs less than $10. While dozens of colleges have dropped intercollegiate football in the postwar period because of increasing overhead, none of them have stopped buying basketballs; the Athletic Goods Manufacturers Associations happily report that it sells 16,000 dozen more every year than it did the year before, and this season total sales are expected to reach 210,000 dozen.

The game's real charm, of course, has little to do with cost. For the spectator, basketball is colorful and exciting and full of action, and even the relatively uninformed find it an easy sport to watch, understand and appreciate. This team up here wants to take the ball and throw it into that basket down there. The other team, in theory at least, wants to stop them, although in recent years this has become somewhat of a secondary consideration; what the second team really wants is to get ahold of the ball so it can do a little throwing at baskets itself. For the knowledgeable observer there is, of course, a great deal more: the fine points of the game and an appreciation of tactics and timing and finesse.

At some colleges basketball is more than just entertainment. For every great university which competes not only



(SUFFERING), SPURTS TO CATCH UP (JOYFUL ANTICIPATION) AND FINALLY EMERGES TRIUMPHANT IN THE BIG GAME (VICTORIOUS GLEE)

in basketball but in a dozen other varsity sports as well, there is the smaller college which has never played football or seen a crew race or had a fencing team and is totally unaware—and would hardly be impressed even if it knew—that ski jumping and calf roping are intercollegiate sports. On campuses like these, basketball is the *sine qua non* of intercollegiate athletic competition.

If basketball is fun, however, it can also at times look a little foolish. No game can be all things to all men and basketball has always had its share of voluble critics. Some of the game's weaknesses are so apparent, in fact, that even its staunchest disciples have to admit they exist.

Basketball finds itself involved far too often, for example, with gambling, and although the great point-shaving scandals of 1951-53 exposed and *helped to clean out much of this corruption*, the unsavory air has a tendency to linger on. Even today, more care is needed in the selection of not only competent but also completely honest officials (SI, March 4). And although far less guilty than college football, basketball has been known to engage in nefarious recruiting activities, too. "Six-foot-four high school basketball players are a dime a dozen," says one nationally famous coach, "but, boy, you should see the scramble when a good six-nine kid comes along." There are also the more or less intramural problems of too much shooting or not enough shooting or the stall or the zone defense, and the business of sectional differences in rules interpretation always seems to keep popping up. But basketball's biggest headache revolves like a double-post offense around its oldest and most inherent problems: excessive whistle tooting and domination of the game by the big man.

If anyone has a solution for the former, basketball fathers await him with open arms and a solid gold lifetime pass. Basketball, a noncontact sport, has long been concerned with how to keep the players not only from bashing each other on the nose but even from slapping each other on the wrist. Solutions have been suggested ranging from a) abandon the noncontact clause altogether, to z) make the penalty for an infraction so severe that it means instant dismissal from the game, but each has its evident drawbacks. The first, for example, might be fun for the spectators but a little hard on the players, and, anyway, a 20th century version of the Roman Colosseum wasn't exactly what the good Dr. Naismith really had in mind. The other extreme wouldn't work either; both teams would probably run out of eligible players shortly after the opening tip-off.

So the rulesmakers have had to look elsewhere, and the free throw, as unsatisfactory as it may be, apparently remains the best bet. No one likes fouls and the resultant abrupt halt in a fast-paced flow of action. No one likes the monotonous fiddling around at the foul line. No one, on the other hand, has ever been able to figure out anything better; 10 large, healthy young men were never meant to be caged up in a small area, given just one ball to play with and then told, "No, no mustn't get rough." It is the one

continued on page 92

U.S. BASKETBALL ATTENDANCE 1956-57

HIGH SCHOOLS	100,547,077
COLLEGES	13,360,643
JUNIOR COLLEGES	811,528
MUNICIPAL RECREATION	12,582,534
SERVICE TEAMS	10,661,017
HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS	1,976,703
HARLEM MAGICIANS	300,000
HARLEM CLOWNS	200,000
NBA	1,709,229
NIBL & AAU TOURNEY	362,967
AAU	337,000
TOTAL	142,848,698
TOTAL FOREIGN ATTENDANCE	15,280,925

SPECTACLE

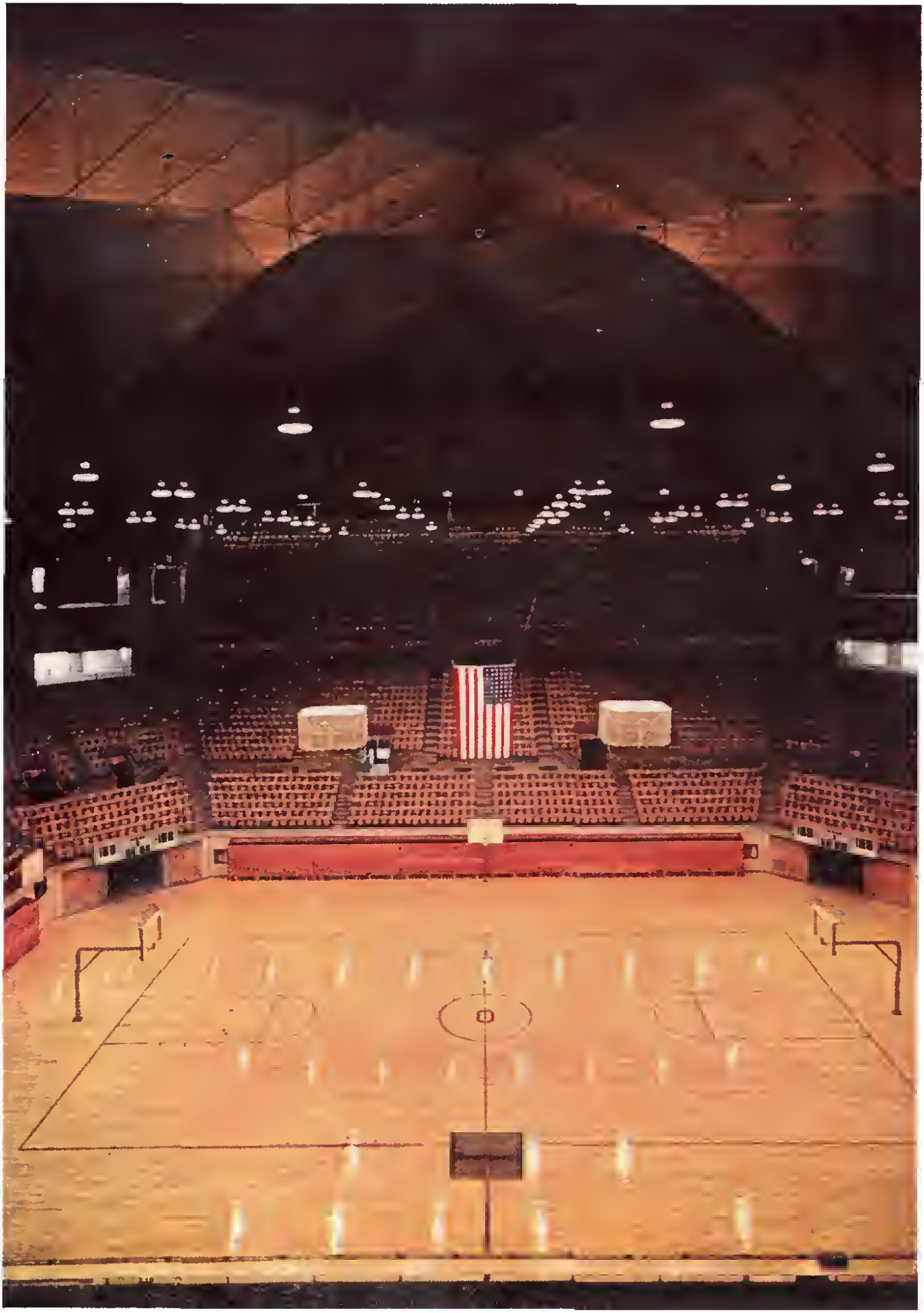
Photographed by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN
A. Y. OWEN

THE BATTLEGROUNDS

Basketball's boom has triggered a chain reaction of new multimillion-dollar arenas equipped to handle great crowds in a setting of colorful, geometric beauty

The demands of a basketball-hungry audience and the marvels of modern architecture have combined to produce in recent years some of the biggest and gaudiest structures ever built as backdrops for indoor athletic events. Typical of these are the three stadiums on the following pages, each completed within the past three years and ranking among the 10 largest campus arenas in the country. A far cry from the drab, crowded old gymnasiums which were their predecessors, they are not just big and beautiful, however; each incorporates a great deal in the way of utilitarian good sense. No longer do posts obscure the view, for there are no posts; roofs hang mysteriously suspended by sweeping arches a hundred feet up. Numerous aisles afford easy access to seats (you can even walk down into Maryland's amphitheater, which was scooped out of the ground). And the seats in turn are not only comfortable, they offer a real closeup of the action as they hug the court, action spotlighted by 120,000 watts or more mirroring themselves in the gleaming maple floors. The basketball fan, who made all this possible, has really earned a bonus for himself now.

Almost 14,000 Ohio Staters can watch their Buckeyes play in double-decked St. John Arena and no one has to worry about finding himself in a bad seat. Most distant point from center circle is only 155 feet.

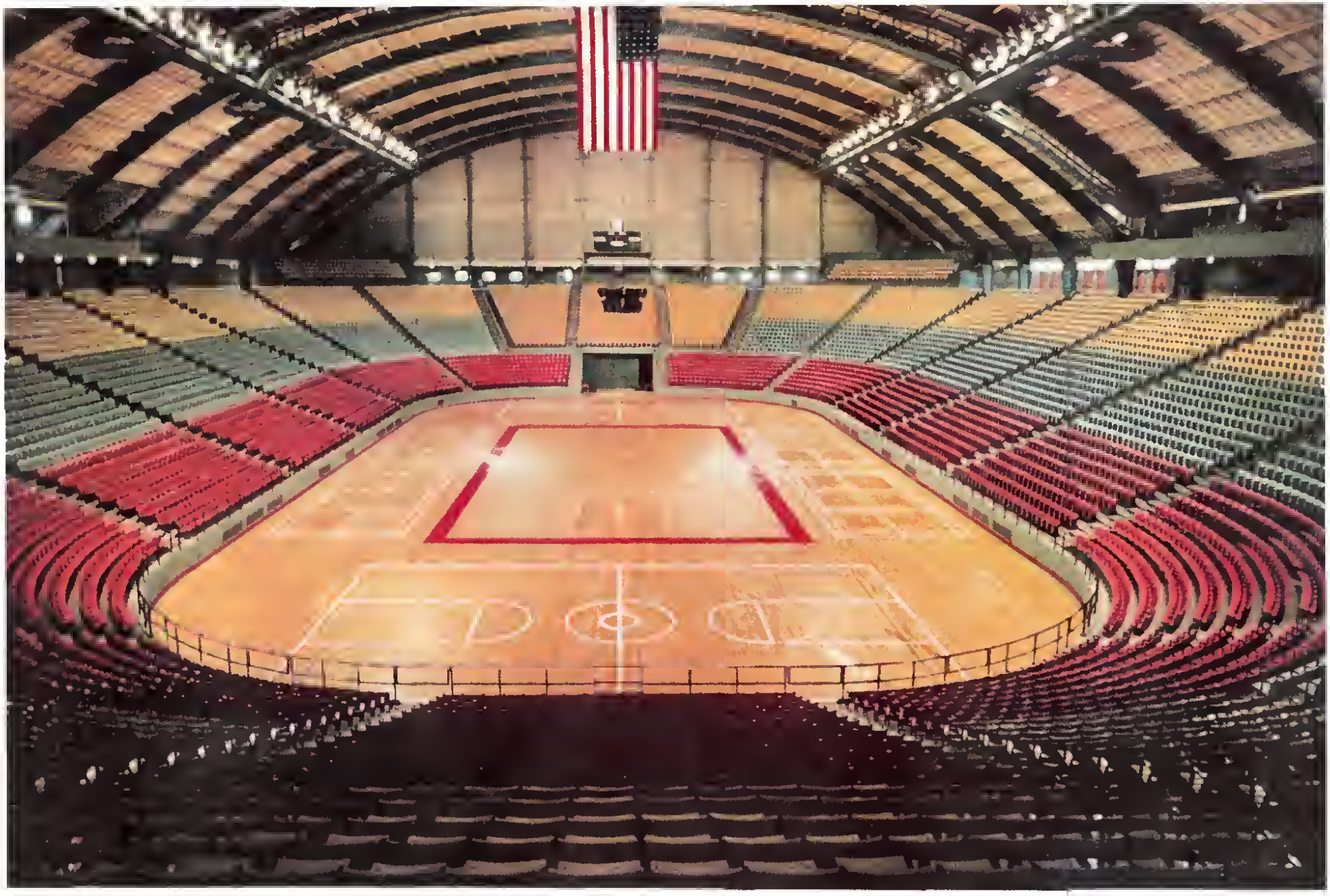




Colorful and fitting showcase for the towering Wilt Chamberlain is



the University of Kansas' 17,000-seat Allen Field House in Lawrence



Chief feature of Maryland's $3,250,000 Student Activities Building is its 16,000-capacity auditorium

ART ON THE COURT

Behind the apparently aimless swirl of 10 young men racing down a polished hardwood floor and the dynamic disarray which they present beneath the basket, there exist certain basic, even classic, patterns and skills. In instants of perfection, they also become an art, indigenous to this sport alone: the shooting, playmaking and defense which make up the game of basketball

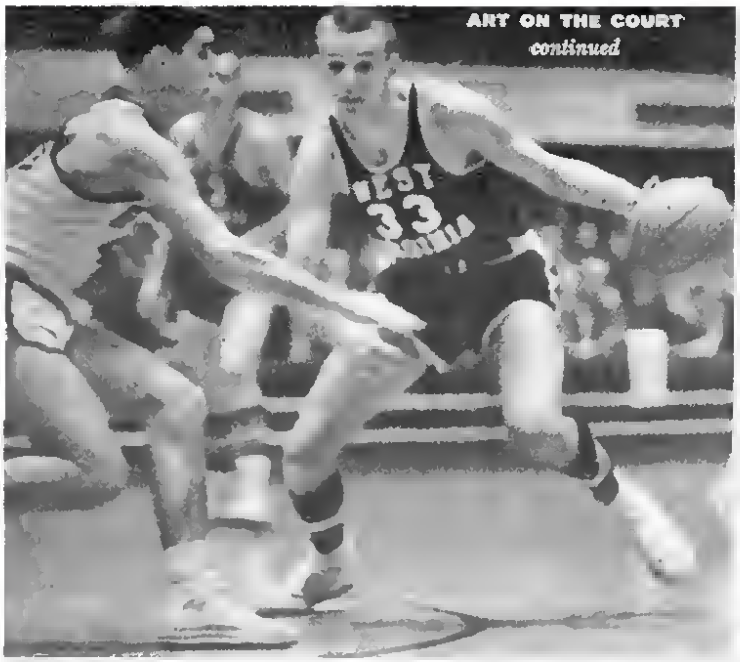
Richard Meek

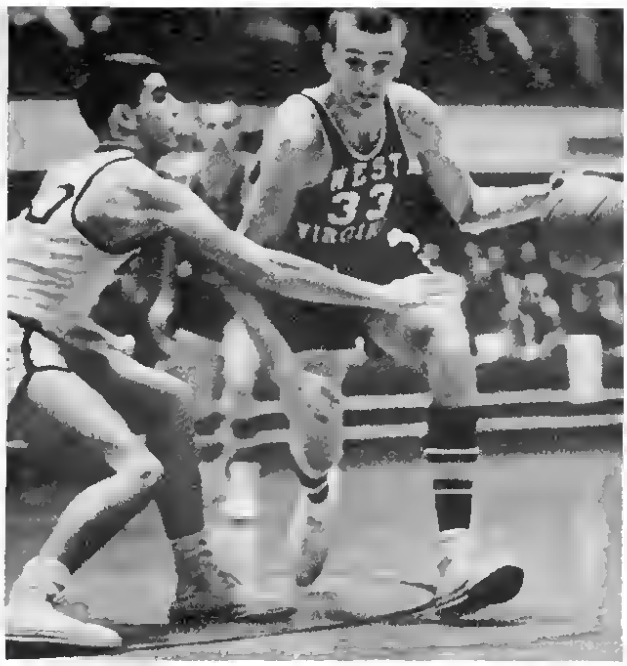




REVOLUTIONARY scoring technique of recent years has been one-handed jump shot, used above by Tom Heinsohn, last year's outstanding rookie for the Boston Celtics. Because it can be executed at top speed and with quickness from a virtually unstoppable position high off floor, it has great advantage over old two-handed set shot, shown at left by ex-Duquesne star Si Green.

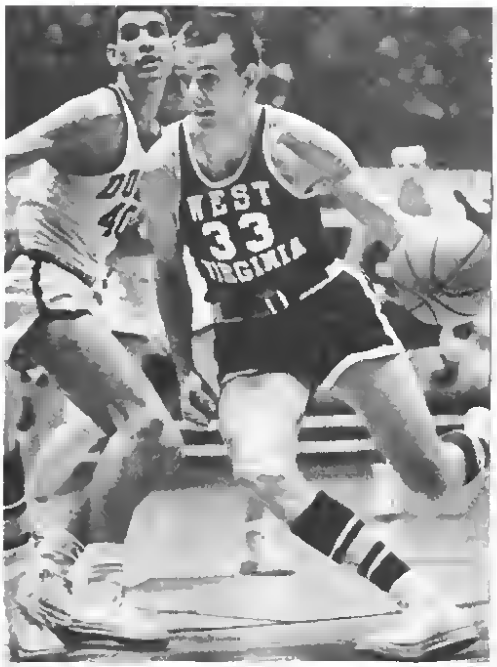
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DRIVING DRIBBLE, as executed by master of ball control like Hot Rod Hundley, can be dazzling offensive maneuver, putting player in position close under basket for easy layup, or strong defensive tactic when a team that is ahead needs to stall. Here Hundley, who is very quick and has exceptionally good hands, has outmaneuvered his guard (notice partially crossed





legs) with fake to right, then uses speed and teammate's protective screen, just visible in third picture, to drive around opponent on way to the goal.

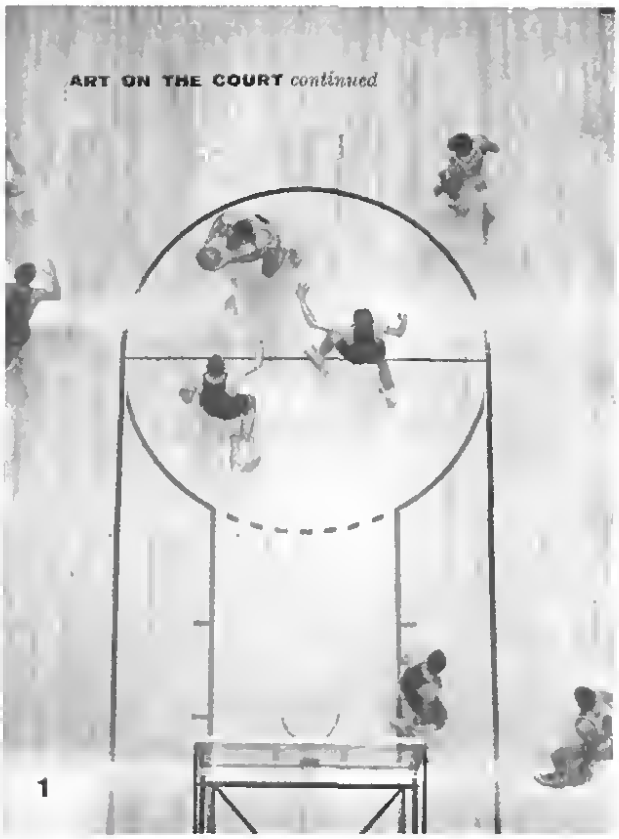


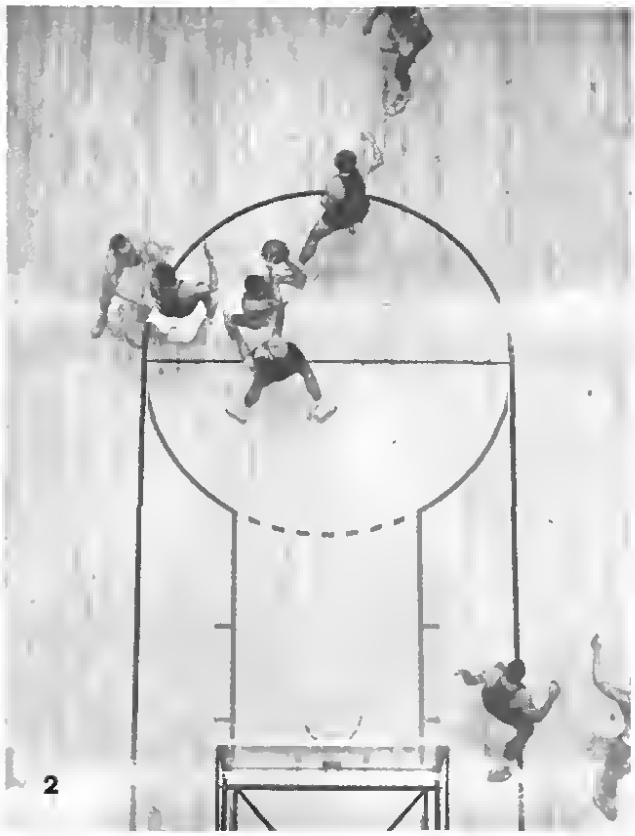


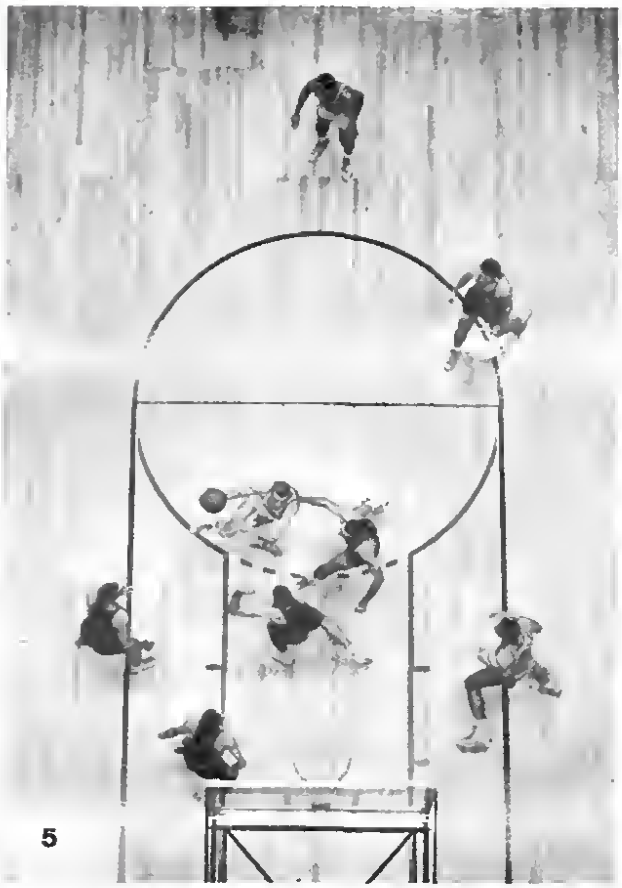
DEFENSIVE VALUE of big man, obscured for years by preoccupation with his vast scoring potential, is fast receiving recognition because of eye-popping exploits of such talented giants as Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain and Bob Pettit. Here Pettit shows how it is done, using his height, agility and sense of timing, the 6-foot 9-inch center of the St. Louis Hawks goes high into the air to block what would otherwise be an almost certain two points.

FAST BREAK is basketball's most exciting maneuver, combines elements of forward pass, hockey's power play, the 100-yard dash and a double steal. Play begins with rebounder taking ball off opponents' backboard and whipping it downcourt to his speeding teammates. It should end with the attackers beating their opponents to the goal. Best defense is one the Celtics use here: turn around and run for other end of court as fast as you can.

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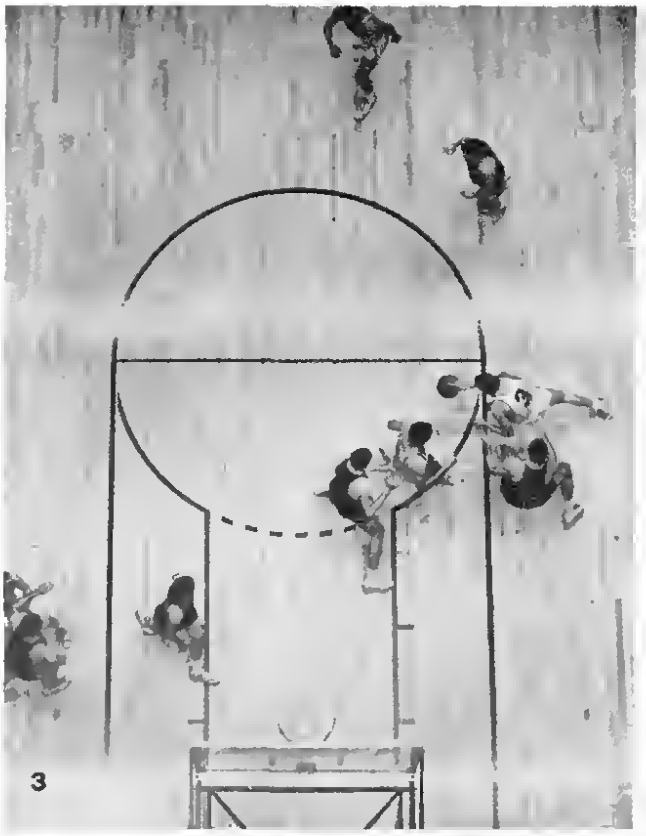


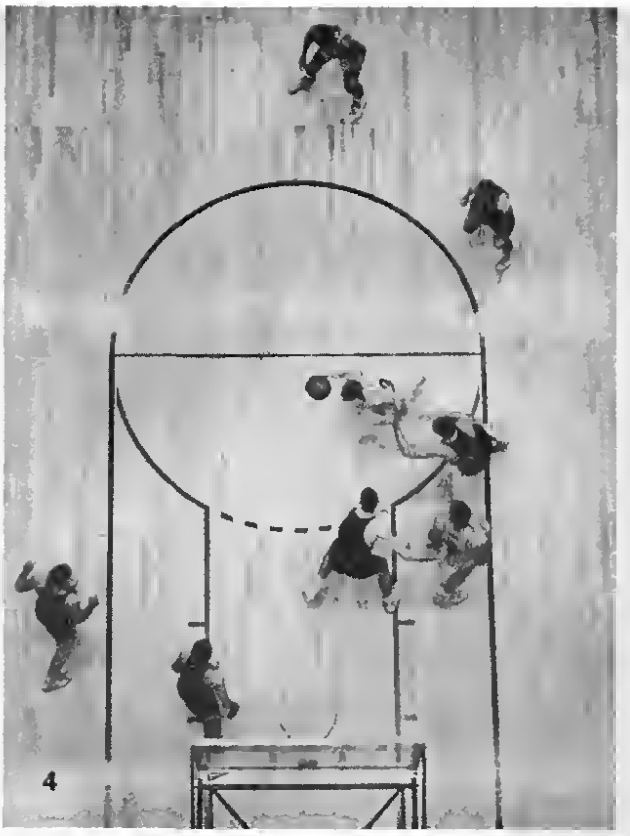


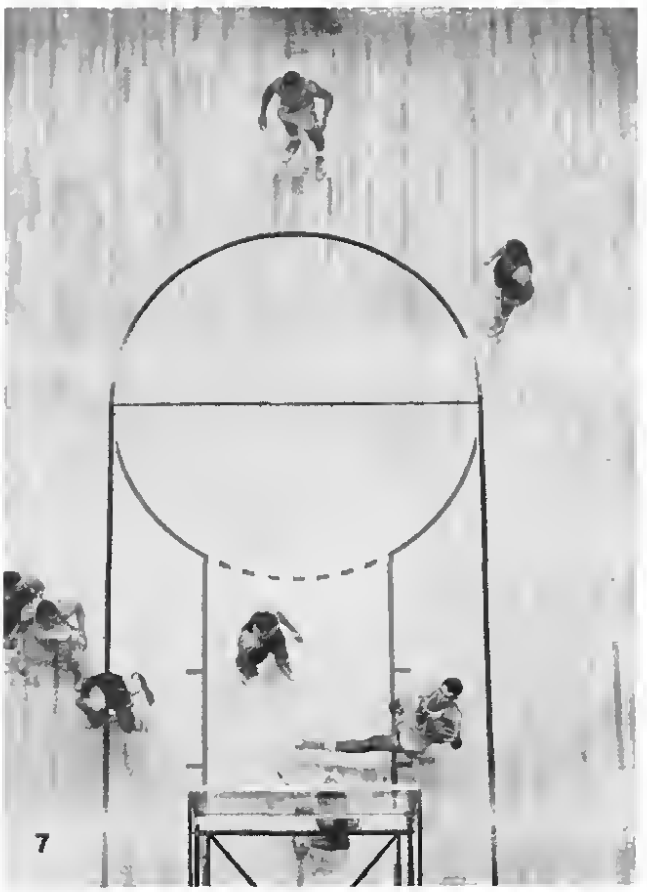


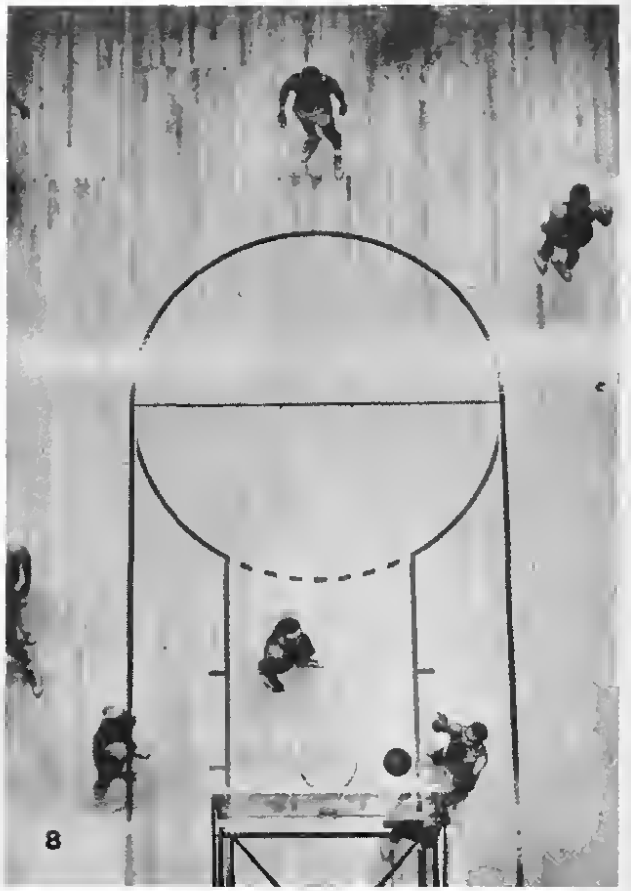
CLASSIC SCREEN PLAY

This style of attack is built around a basic element of most successful basketball plays, the screen. Legal roadblock is set up by one player to enable a teammate to evade his guard and offers numerous variations depending upon reaction of the defense. Here Bob Pettit starts with ball (1), passes off to teammate Bill Calhoun moving out from





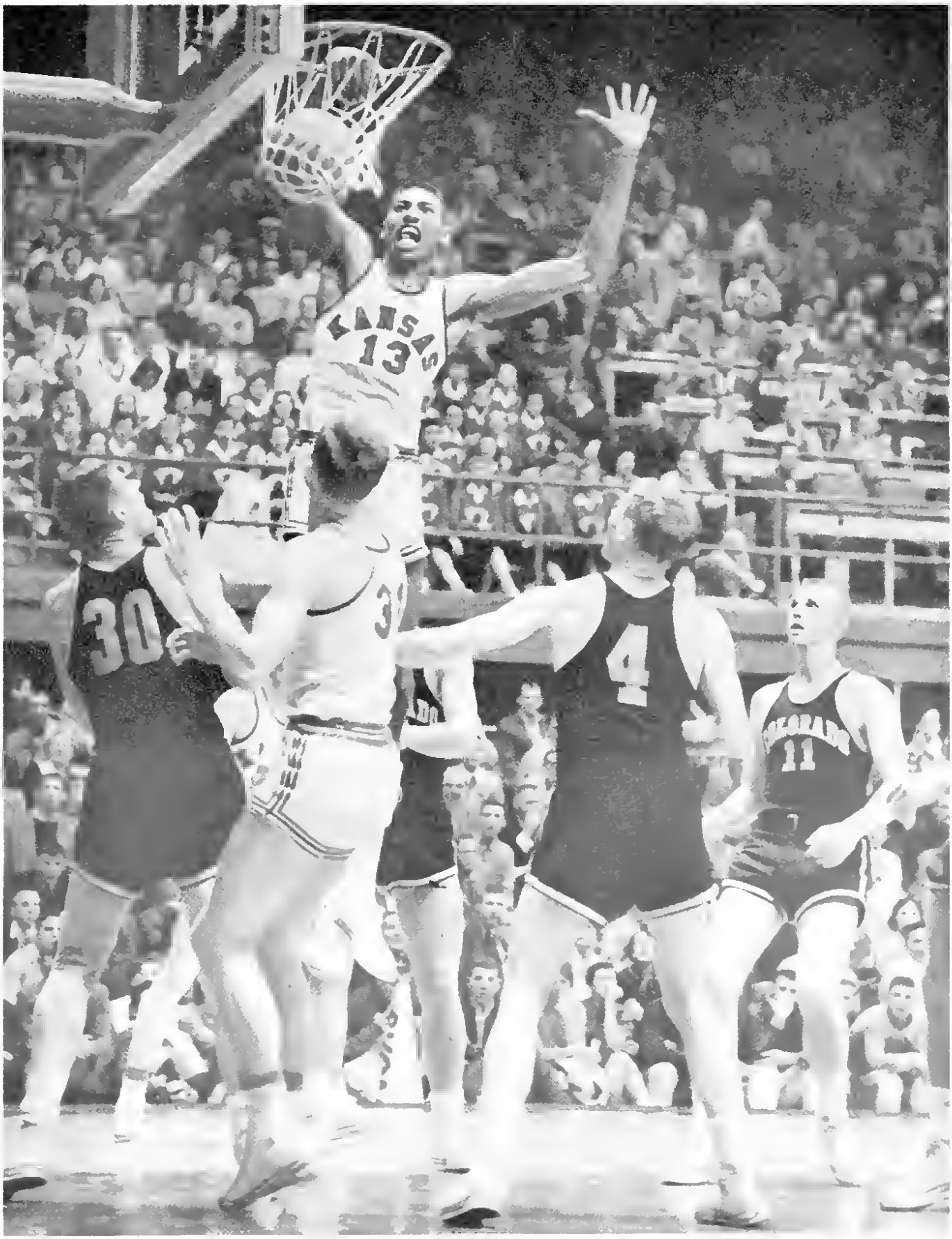




right side of basket (2). Pettit then cuts across circle (3) to set screen on Calhoun's guard. When both defensive players stick to Calhoun (4), Pettit slides off into open (5), accepts return pass (6) and scores (7-8). When Pettit's guard switched to Calhoun, latter's guard should have picked up Pettit. His failure led to play's success.

Hy Peskin

CONTINUED



Richard Clarkson

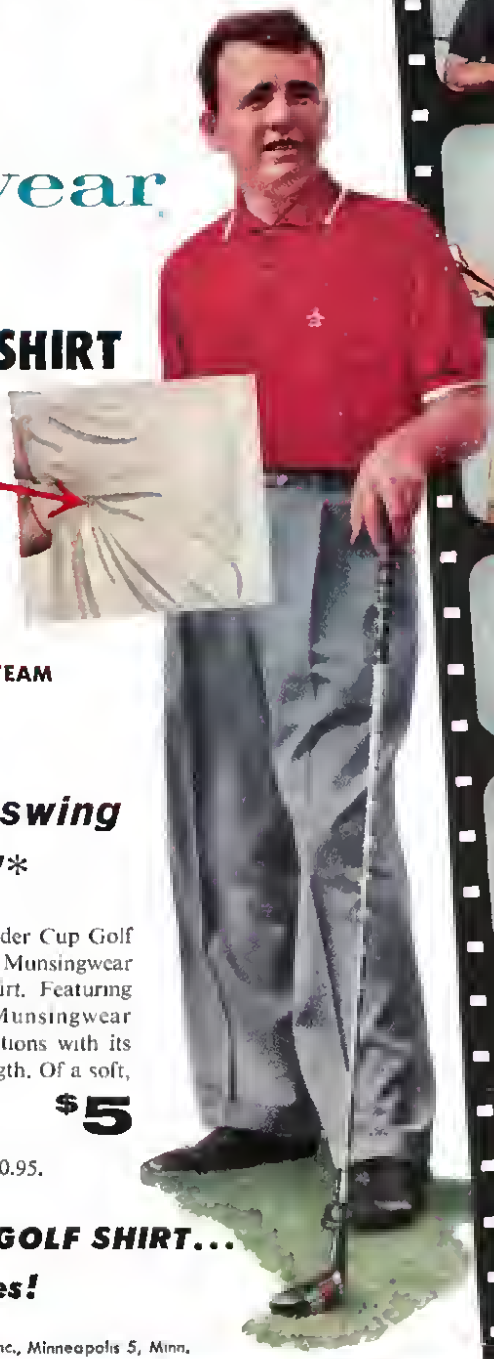
TOWERING HEIGHT still remains biggest single factor in game today whenever tall player is fortunate possessor of athletic ability usually found only in smaller men. Here 7-foot Wilt Chamberlain soars high above everyone's head to cram ball down through basket, undoubtedly the most devastating method yet found to score two points.



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Ed Mathews
Milwaukee Braves Slugging Third Baseman! "I like the double thickness stretchy seat."



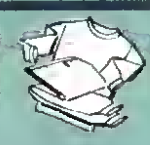
Jackie Burke, Jr
1956 PGA Champion
"First choice with me for dress or golf."



Socks
55c to $1.50



#1000
T-Shirt
$1.50



#2000
Slumberalls
$5



#1215
Briefs
$1.25

#1401
Boxer Shorts
$1 to $2.50



Lord Calvert revives the dignity of the Christmas gift

GIVING is a lordly art. Notice the simple opulence of Lord Calvert's presentation chest. It announces one of the world's *three* great whiskies with fitting dignity. And it says so much besides.

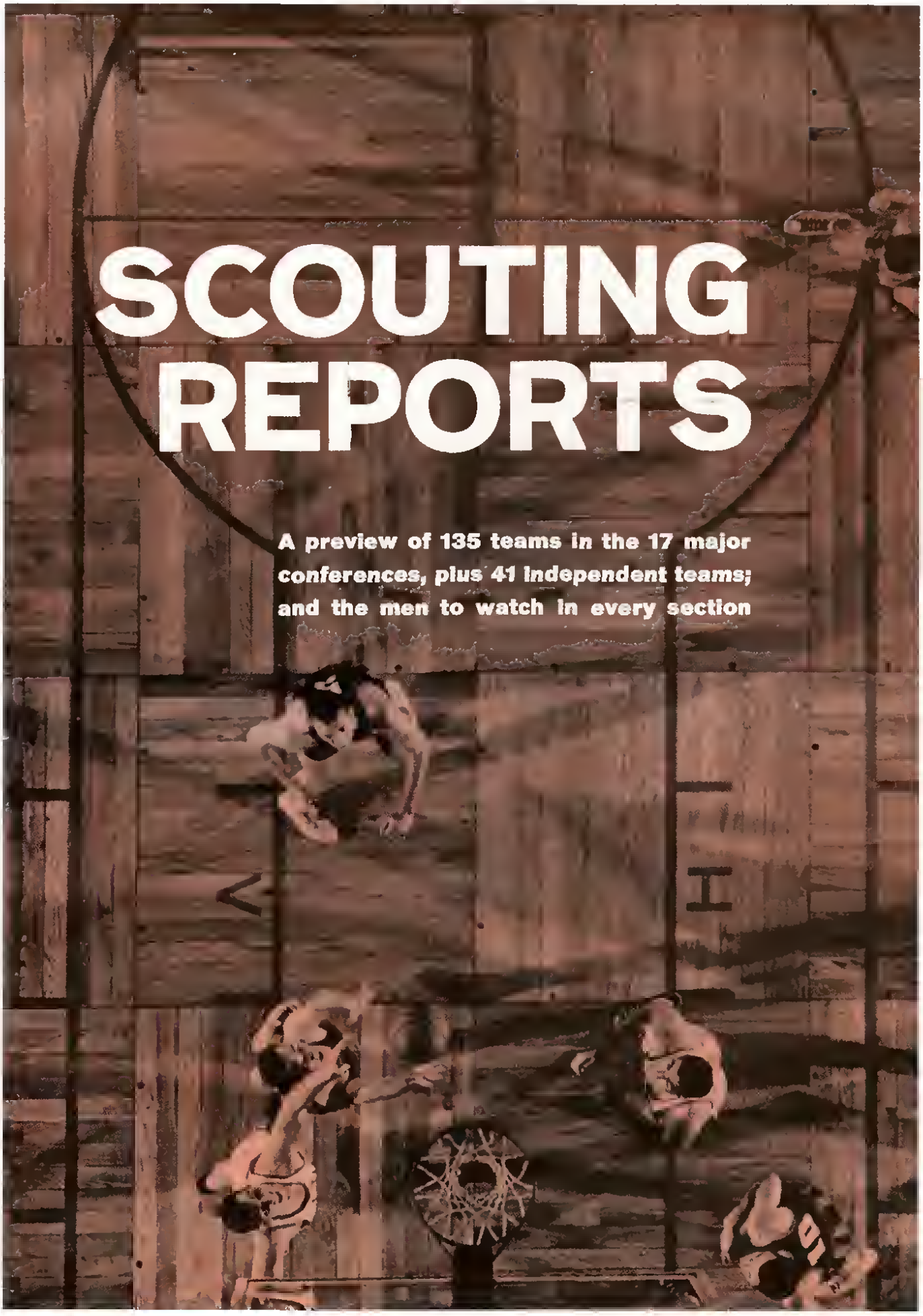
Isn't that natural-grained wood a magnificent touch of lordly restraint? And have you noticed Lord Calvert's new bottle? It is the inspiration of a 17th Century craftsman. Aristocratic. Graceful. Slim as a hook. An illustrious hallmark for the greatest of all the *American* whiskies.

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Lord Calvert whiskey is a rare luxury. If every man in America were rationed to *one* Lord Calvert highball *a year* there still wouldn't be enough to go round. A sound enough reason for placing your order *now*.

LORD CALVERT. AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DISTILLERS COMPANY, N Y. C.



SCOUTING REPORTS

A preview of 135 teams in the 17 major conferences, plus 41 independent teams; and the men to watch in every section

IVY LEAGUE

IVY BASKETBALL has suffered perennially from two serious drawbacks: only mild undergraduate interest and a consequent reluctance on the part of good high and prep school players to go to universities where the sport is treated so lightly. Both conditions are undergoing a change for the better. Certainly, YALE's showing in the NCAA tournament last year, when the Elis played North Carolina to a standstill for three-quarters of the game, gave the whole league a shot in the arm. This season PRINCETON will carry the Ivy banner in the Big Eight holiday tournament in Kansas City, December 26-30, and the Tigers should give a good account of themselves. In the league itself, Princeton is the consensus choice of rival coaches for this year's title, with Yale second and DARTMOUTH third. These choices make sense. In returning regulars Carl Belz and Captain David Fulcomer, Coach Cappon has two superb scorers and rebounders up front. Supporting them in the backcourt are two-year regular Fred Perkins and reserve Art Klein, plus three other juniors. Top sophomore prospect is Jim Brangan, who averaged 16.3 points per game last year for the Tiger freshmen. Cappon's celebrated weave offense should be matched point for point by the high-scoring redheads from Yale—Johnny Lee and Larry Downs—but Yale will not have the rebounding of Ed Robinson this year and that will hurt. Coach Vancisin also has regular Guards George Thompson and Tom Sargent back, but no real help from his sophomores seems likely. Graduation took all of Dartmouth's squad but two fine court men, Rudy LaRusso and Dave Carruthers, but a flock of excellent sophomores will move up. These include Guards Ed Soznowski and Chuck Kaufman and Forwards Bryant Barnes and Gary Vandeweghe, brother of ex-Knick star Ernie Vandeweghe. The Indians have speed and will play a fast break; lack of experience is the problem. Lou Rossini will be rebuilding at COLUMBIA this year, with Rudy Milkey and Ted Harvin as a base and anticipated help from transfer student Jim Iverson (from Northwestern), but cannot be figured better than fourth. Rossini hopes to play a great deal more possession ball and change to a three-in, two-out offense, depending on the talents shown by the host of sophomores who will be battling for positions. The rest of the league will be scrambling to stay out of the cellar, with BROWN the best prospect to make the jump from the bottom to the top half in the standings. In Co-captains Joe Tebo and Gerry



CARL BELZ



JOSEPH TEBO

MID-AMERICAN

INTEREST and enthusiasm run high in this conference of medium-sized schools, and the quality of the game that's played is barely a step behind. Last season, OHIO U. and MARSHALL were second and third in the nation in total team offense, and Wayne Embry and Hal Greer were close to the leaders in field goal percentages. Two indications that basketball is *the* sport here: KENT STATE, with 6,800 students, handles 10,000 in its Memorial Gym; WESTERN MICHIGAN has a new $1,200,000 field house with seats for 6,000. Five of the seven teams play a fast break, free-lance style on offense and man-to-man on defense though the zone and zone press are creeping in. All teams have solid cores of returning lettermen this year except Western Michigan, and even the Broncos have two starters back. MIAMI, with four of last season's championship five back, is the choice again. In large and powerful (6 feet 7½, 235 pounds) Wayne Embry, they have the conference's top rebounder, leading scorer and an excellent pivotman. William Brown, Jim Thomas and Eddie Wingard make up a tall, experienced front court. Coach Dick Shrider's only problem is to find another guard to team with veteran John Powell. Though a coaches' consensus puts BOWLING GREEN, Marshall and Ohio in the following three places (in that order), the fact is that all but first (Miami) and last (Western Michigan) appear to be a tossup. Kent State is a genuine sleeper, despite a serious over-all deficiency in height. New Coach Bill Bertka brings an 87-14 record with him from Hancock College in California, and 6-foot-8 junior college All-America Dale Hyatt. He inherits an all-senior front and backcourt: Forwards Bill Benes and Ron Birt; Guards Jim Gorsline and Bill Raybuck. Gorsline should rewrite Kent scoring records this season. Marshall will be off and running as usual, with two fine performers in Hal Greer and Leo Byrd. Greer is that rare collegiate commodity—a natural on defense; Byrd is a speed demon and good feeder. Forward Jack Freeman completes the list of veterans. Coach Rivlin counts on three sophomores to make good: 6-foot-9 Herb Jacobsen, at center, and Guards John Milhoan and Herm Conner. Bowling Green's strong roster of juniors and sophomores indicates a powerful team for next year. The Falcons might have been a title hopeful this season if top scorer and rebounder Rex Leach hadn't been ordered by university physicians to take a complete rest for a year, after



LED BYRD



JIM McDONALD

Man to watch



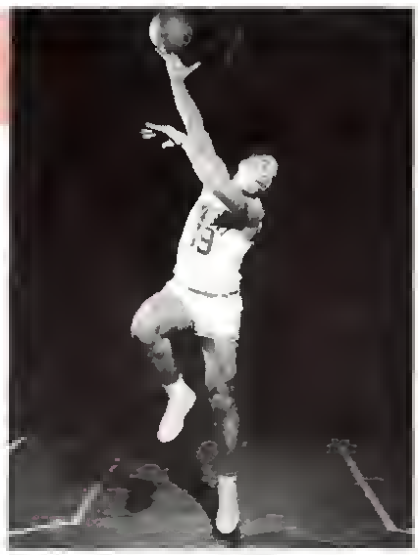
YALE'S JOHNNY LEE

Alaimo the Bruins have proven scoring talent, but their real hopes rest with the improvement of 6-foot-8 Allan Poulsen, one of the few really big men among the Ivies. If Coach Ward can go with Poulsen at center, instead of a less-experienced sophomore, and if the team can overcome its startling inability to win on the road (they have 17 consecutive away-from-home Ivy losses over a three-year period), Brown could at least enjoy a spoiler's role. At HARVARD, George Harrington has a fine touch and Dick Woolston is a steady hand, but that's the extent of Crimson experience. A look at the squad indicates better average height than can be found around the league, but only one sophomore—Mike Donahue—who appears to have a starting spot nailed down, which is hardly a hopeful sign. CORNELL has six men back from last season's last-place squad, but Coach Green's own estimate of his problem—lack of experience—is the tip-off that he will be depending largely on sophomores. Two of the best are 6-foot-7 George Farley and 6-foot-5 David Zornow. Lack of a single big man is PENN'S insuperable problem. They're set at center with Captain Dick Csenesitz and up front with Joe Bowman and George Schmidt; the backcourt and the bench spots are up for grabs. The overwhelming trend in the league is to more and more use of the zone defense; on offense, the fast break (when the talent is available) is coming into favor increasingly. Growing undergraduate and alumni support will one day make the Ivies a strong factor in the national picture, but there is still a long way to go. Game attendance is one reliable indicator. At Harvard, for example, the capacity of the football stadium is 38,000-plus; the gym seats all of 1,600.

LAST YEAR

	Conf W	Conf L	Season W	Season L
YALE	12	2	18	8
DARTMOUTH	10	4	18	7
COLUMBIA	8	5	18	6
PRINCETON	9	5	14	8
HARVARD	7	7	12	9
BROWN	4	10	8	16
PENNSYLVANIA	3	11	7	18
CORNELL	2	12	4	18

Man to watch


MIAMI'S WAYNE EMBRY

an attack of hepatitis. Sophomore Jimmy Darrow (only 5 feet 11) is an outstanding prospect as a playmaker and can also score. Coach Anderson starts with Jim McDonald and Frank Wade in the backcourt and Charles McCampbell up front (all three are juniors, all are 6 feet 2 or under). He has only one big man—senior Al Reinke (6 feet 7), who must come through on the boards. With four sophomores 6 feet 5 or better and eight returning lettermen, including 6-foot-6 Dave Scott, Ohio will have height and experience to spare but, sadly, no speed to burn. Nevertheless, their strong rebounding should keep them in contention against any opponent. Guards Bob Anderson and Larry Williams appear set to start, with pivotman Scott; those lanky newcomers are Howard Jolliff, Verlynn Witte, Bob Gaunt and Herb Westfall. TOLEDO'S eastern-style, give-and-go game will be handled by veterans up front but Coach Melvin will have to come up with a sophomore backcourt man to pair with veteran Al Vann. The old hands are Center John Sparvero and Forwards John Arkebauer and Bill Newsom. Scoring punch is looked for in newcomer Ron Oranski. The Rockets should be tough defensively and have balanced height and fair speed, but neither they nor Western Michigan have improved in proportion with the rest of the league, and cannot therefore be upgraded over last season. The Broncos get back Captain Bill Waun up front and Center Edgar Blair, period. Nine sophomores will also be battling for starting positions. Coach Hoy seems strong on Guards Dennis Tepe and Donald Perigo; the only helpful height coming up is Jack Shriver, at 6 feet 6. All Mid-Americans play tough nonconference games in this basketball-happy area.

LAST YEAR

	Conf W	Conf L	Season W	Season L
MIAMI (OHIO)	11	1	18	7
MARSHALL	8	4	15	8
OHIO U.	7	5	15	8
BOWLING GREEN	7	5	14	9
WESTERN MICHIGAN	4	8	8	13
TOLEDO	3	8	5	18
KENT STATE	2	10	5	18

ATLANTIC COAST

Man to watch



CAROLINA'S TOMMY KEARNS

CONFERENCE buffs will tell you the only reason NORTH CAROLINA had such a rough time winning the NCAA title last year (two triple-overtime games) was because the Tar Heels were exhausted from their bitter intraconference struggles against some of the best teams in the nation. If that were true about last year, it is conceivable that this year's ACC winner may not even be able to make it to the championship tournament at the end of the season, because the conference race will be a dogfight all the way. This is especially the case now, with the Tar Heels' fine center, Joe Quigg, out for the season with a broken leg. Why? Three reasons: First, every team except WAKE FOREST will be greatly improved. Second, every team will be gunning for North Carolina. Third, even Coach McGuire's cool cats from



JOHN RICHTER



BOBBY JOE HARRIS

the northland are bound to feel the pressure of their 32-game winning streak. Without Quigg, McGuire's squad is still deep and sound. To start, the three returning champs: Tommy Kearns, Pete Brennan and Bob Cunningham. The other two slots will be shared by Sophomores Lee Shaffer, Bruno Larese and Harvey Salz, the brilliant freshman of two years ago who was ineligible last season. Shaffer, at 6 feet 7, may be the new center. And behind all this is a bench that would do well as a full squad in many another conference. So, who will beat the Tar Heels? DUKE might. Coach Bradley goes McGuire one better: he has his whole starting five (actually, his first *seven*) back from last year. They are Jim Newcome, Paul Schmidt, Hayes Clement and Jerry Robertson, all 6 feet 5 or better; and backcourt men Bobby Joe Harris, Bucky Allen and Bob Vernon. Add 6-foot-6 Larry Bateman, back from the Air Force, and you have a squad that's deep, seasoned and speedy. The only flaw apparent at this time is in the rebound department. MARYLAND might break the Tar Heel streak, too. Coach Milhkan stresses deliberate ball handling and tight defense and this year he has the personnel to carry out those orders. Four starters return: the slick Nick Davis, Johnny Nacincik, Jim Halleck and Perry Moore, all 400-plus shooters. If Al Bunge (6 feet 8½) has regained his health, he completes the team. And, the supporting cast is impressive: Bob McDonald, Charles McNeil and Bob Wilson, all 6 feet 6 or better; Julie Weingarten and Jerry Bechtle, smaller but just as valuable. The second half of last season, N C STATE's wolfpack won seven out of 10, fielding sophomores almost exclusively because of injuries and other troubles with seniors. Those sophs are all back, including Center John Richter, possibly the best rebounder in the ACC and a fine jump shooter, Ken Clark, Bob MacGillivray *and Lou Pucillo. Lone senior on the* squad is speedy Whitey Bell. They will be helped by Letterman Tom Hopper and this season's Sophomores Don Gallagher, Walt Bortko and Hal Estis. As good a coach of basketball as any league can boast of is Wake Forest's "Bones" McKinney, which makes it so much sadder to tell that Bones, in his first season as hoss, must start almost from scratch. Only Wendall Carr is back from last year's team that Frank McGuire termed the best his boys faced. McKinney will choose a starting five from among last season Reserves Olin Broadway, Dick Odom and Joe Ladd and Sophomores David Budd, George Ritchie, Marshall Wiggins and Charles Forte. Only Broadway, who can play up front or in the backcourt, is certain of a place at this point. The Deacons will be as good as coaching can make them, but that might not be much. SOUTH CAROLINA can't help but miss Grady Wallace but will still have a solid nucleus in veterans Ray Pericola, last year's backcourt spark, 6-foot-8 Fred Lentz, Dick Hoffman and Mike Callahan, Bob Frantz and Don Goodroe who are all 6 feet 6 or better. They also have Kentucky transfer Dick Prater, heralded as a jump shooter who can score in the Wallace tradition. Picking the Gamecocks as spoilers scarcely implies they couldn't be near the top in the final standings. CLEMSON and VIRGINIA were the twin doormats of the ACC last season, and though both will be much improved, if only because of good returning veterans, the great weight of this conference's power will still force them to fight it out for seventh and last place. The Tigers' Ed Brinkley, Vince Yockel and Tom Cameron are the senior old hands and behind them are seven sophomores who stand 6 feet 3 or taller, led by 6-foot-6½ Walt Gibbons, last year's top freshman. The Cavaliers feature a fine hook shot in 6-foot-7 Herb Busch. They have more height in two other veterans up front: Bill Metzger and John Siewers, both 6 feet 5. Best of the newcomers are set shot Paul Adkins and Bruce Michelsen. Coach McCann, who came to Virginia from W&L (Southern Conference), has moved into a tough neighborhood.

LAST SEASON

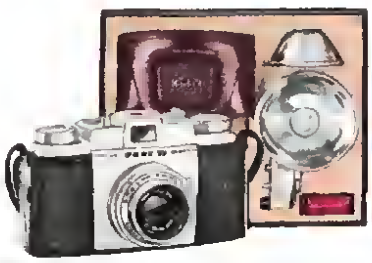
	Conf. W	Conf. L	Season W	Season L
NORTH CAROLINA	14	0	32	0
MARYLAND	9	5	16	10
DUKE	8	6	13	11
WAKE FOREST	7	7	19	9
NO CAROLINA STATE	7	7	15	11
SOUTH CAROLINA	5	9	17	12
CLEMSON	3	11	7	17
VIRGINIA	3	11	6	15



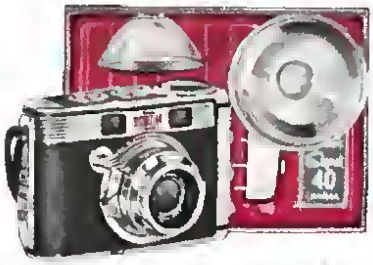
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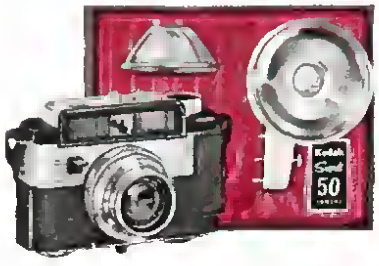
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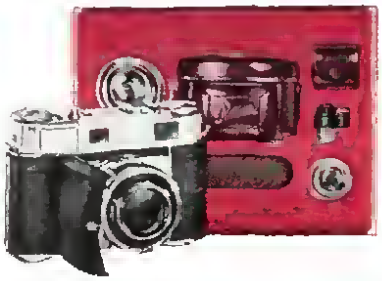
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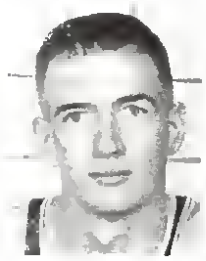
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BIG EIGHT

THE ADDITION of Hank Iba's COWBOYS to this perennially rugged conference will bring new furrows to the brows of coaches from Ames to Norman. Iba's 28-year record of 598–174 is enough notice that his tenacious, ball-control teams will be year-in year-out contenders. Previous schedule commitments make Oklahoma State ineligible for the Big Eight crown this season; they will play only four intraconference games, two each with KANSAS and OKLAHOMA. Iba has four of his starting five back: Jerry Hale, Ed Sutton, Henry Kemple and Jerry Adair, and they'll be joined by a group of ex-freshmen who won 14 of 15 games last year. This will be a squad of skilled ball handlers, with great depth and lacking only size. Among the eligibles, every squad appears somewhat improved except the champions, Kansas—which indicates



JACK PARR



JOE KING

an extremely tight race. KANSAS STATE is simply loaded with returning and upcoming talent and can field a balanced five whose average height is an incredible 6 feet 6½—Bob Boozer, Jack Parr and Wally Frank are 6 feet 8, 6 feet 9, 6 feet 8 across the front line, and Roy DeWitz and Steve Douglas make up a 6-foot-3, 6-foot-4 backcourt. Altogether, Coach Winter has 10 returning lettermen and five fine sophomore prospects; tall, seasoned, good shooters who may be one of the five best in the nation this year. At Kansas, Coach Harp is left with Wilt Chamberlain, Ron Loneski and Bob Billings from last season—a sound enough nucleus—but can anticipate little help from sophomores. There is a minimum of speed to take advantage of Chamberlain's and Loneski's strong rebounding for fast breaks, and no replacement for last year's outside shooting that took the pressure off Chamberlain on offense. Whoever thought a college team featuring Wilt would fail to make the NCAA tournament?—but that's just what seems likely. All-America Gary Thompson, who led IOWA STATE to a conference victory over Kansas last year, left a backcourt vacancy that will be hard to fill. But Coach Strannigan has substantial assets remaining in the rebounding of John Crawford, the size and scoring of 6-foot-8 Don Medsker, the ball hawking of Lyle Frahm. He has seasoned juniors in Ron Baukol and 6-foot-7 John Krocheski, and four speedy sophomores coming up. If they coalesce around a strong floor general—probably Frahm—the Cyclones will be contenders all the way. Biggest improvement of all should be shown by Coach Parrack's Oklahomans, who finished in the cellar last year and have the talent to give anyone a battle this season. In veterans Joe King and Don Schwall they have two skillful front-court men; Sophomore Guard Dennis Price has already nailed down one backcourt spot and the other should go to Gene Hudson or Bruce Medley, both seniors; four men can play center—King, Bob Stoermer, Jack Marsh and Bill Hammond, though only Stoermer, at 6 feet 8, has the height necessary in this league. Better outside shooting should be the big difference over last year. At NEBRASKA, Coach Bush has four veteran starters returning, but the height he needs desperately will all be green. The big newcomers include Allen Graves (6 feet 9), Bob Mayo (6 feet 7) and Bob Harry (6 feet 6). They back up a foursome of Gary Reimers, a clever, high-scoring guard; Don Smidt, Lyle Nannen and Jim Kuhacki. This is one of the few Midwest squads that plays eastern-style give-and-go (Bush is an alumnus of Brooklyn's St. John's); it numbers some fine ball handlers, and in any other league would vastly improve its last year's standing. A realist about the power he faces, or perhaps a pessimist about the sophomores he largely depends on, COLORADO's Coach Walseth is willing to settle right now for his so-so record of last season. He has an outstanding outside shot in Gerry Schroeder—and a long list of question marks behind him. Chief of these is Center Jim Jochem, who can be a big help if his injured knee holds up. The newcomers bring size in 6-foot-8 Bill Wrage, 6-foot-7 Matt Baskim and 6-foot-5 Frank Javernick, but inexperience in the pivot is a grave weakness in a team which, like most others in the area, plays the single post almost exclusively. Sophomores Bill Lewis and John Musciano up front, and Russ Lind and Larry Anderson in the backcourt round out the squad. Like Walseth, MISSOURI's Coach Stalcup has one good outside shot in Sonny Seibert and not enough else to cheer about. He is blessed with some speed and a bit more experience in veterans Roger Egelhoff, John Stephens, Al Abram, Mike Kirksey and Jon Paden. And he adds size with Sophomores Cliff Talley and Don Hymer and transfer student Elmer Harb, all three 6 feet 5 or better. Jerry Kirksey, a mere 5 feet 8, rounds out a shallow squad that a consensus of rival coaches rates last. Over-all, the conference favors set pattern offenses; half the teams use some form of zone.

LAST SEASON

	Conf		Season	
	W	L	W	L
KANSAS	11	1	24	3
KANSAS STATE	8	4	15	8
IOWA STATE	8	6	16	7
COLORADO	5	7	14	9
NEBRASKA	5	7	11	12
MISSOURI	4	8	10	13
OKLAHOMA	3	9	8	15

Man to watch



KANSAS' WILT CHAMBERLAIN

SKYLINE

IN relative strength, there will be little change here over last season, except in the two weakest teams. Last-place **NEW MEXICO**, plagued with injuries a year ago, has its full squad back and some tall and talented freshmen moving up. Coach Stockton may surprise his rival mentors who, almost to a man, pick the Lobos for the cellar again. Stockton's *front line of 6-foot-6* John Teel, 6-foot-7 Dick Petersen and 6-foot-5 Myrl Goodwin is as big as any regular unit in the league, and there are tall reserves in Sulo Mattson, Billy Cates and Larry Neely. The backcourt may be somewhat weaker, but regulars Lindy Lanier and Bob Martin will do. **WYOMING**'s squad should be vastly improved also. Coach Shelton still has two of the best guards in the Skyline—Tony Windis and Terry Eckhardt—and they will have solid new support from three sophomores: John Bertolero, *Don Hatten and Harold Gardner*. There is more height—Don Carlson and Bob Rhynsburger, both 6 feet 5—and speed to spare for fast breaks. This is not a 4-10 team any more. **UTAH** and **BYU** may still finish at the top of the heap, but probably in reverse order to last season. Coach Gardner's Redskins welcome back DeLyle Condie after two years of Mormon missionary work in South America. Condie, a slender, graceful, 6-foot-4, will probably team with the conference's top scorer, 6-foot-5 *Milt Kane, up front. There is help* for the lumbering 6-foot-8 Pearl Pollard at center in Sophomore Carney Crisler, 6-feet-7. In the backcourt, Gary Hale makes the famous Utah fast break go, and he has veteran support in Dick Shores and R. L. Benson. Not a starter returns to Brigham Young and there is not a senior on the squad. Center Roy Thacker may regain eligibility by the winter quarter, and his 6 feet 6 inches and experience will be welcome. Otherwise, Dick Sawyer, a standout



RUSS SHERIFF



ROY THACKER

LAST SEASON

	Conf. W	Conf. L	Season W	Season L
BRIGHAM YOUNG	11	3	19	6
UTAH	10	4	19	8
MONTANA	9	5	13	9
DENVER	6	6	11	12
UTAH STATE	7	7	11	13
COLORADO STATE	6	8	9	16
WYOMING	4	10	6	19
NEW MEXICO	1	13	5	21

SOUTHERN

BEFORE conceding another title to **WEST VIRGINIA**, it is fitting to drop a tear and a word of praise for Dom Flora of **WASHINGTON & LEE**. Flora was among the last recipients of basketball scholarships at W&L, which now follows a nonsubsidization policy. This year he will be the whole show for the Generals. A superb ball hawk, a leech on defense, a driver who forces rivals into a zone or double-teaming defense, he has all the moves and savvy a college coach could ask for. He will keep the Generals out of the cellar this year, but he can't be expected to do much more. The Mountaineers from Morgantown are shoo-ins again, with four starters returning: 6-foot-10 Lloyd Sharrar, Guards Don Vincent and Joedy Gardner, and Forward Robert Smith. There is also a deep, seasoned bench and two sophomores, especially, who may be regular starters: Jerry West and Willie Akers, both front-court men. Coach Schaus, the old pro, might wish for better size in his forwards, but Sharrar is all the rebounding any team needs. **GEORGE WASHINGTON** suffered through an unusually bad season last year with a potentially good squad that lacked experience. Practically all of that bunch is back, older and wiser. To start: rugged (6-foot-6, 220 pounds) Gene Guarilia; Bill Telaskey and Howard McDonald in the backcourt; and Howard Bash and Sam Knisley up front. Reserves include three at 6 feet 5: Jerry Cooper, Jim Walters and Wes Wheeler. GW will be battling for the second spot



BUTCH LAMBIOTTE



DOM FLORA

—with **RICHMOND** and **THE CITADEL**. Richmond lost two of their starters, but depth is no problem here. One of the three old hands is Butch Lambiotte, a 6-foot-5 guard who drives like a little man and has a fine jump shot. The others are Forwards Roy Peschel and Larry Rauppius. Two freshmen, 6-foot-10 Terry Litchfield and 6-foot-9 Jerry Sklar, could make the Spiders really rough if they show anything in their first year. (Conference rules allow freshmen to play with the varsity.) Last season, The Citadel played five freshmen: Dick Wherry, Ray Graves, Jerry Records, Robert Blackledge and Art Musselman—and one sophomore: Teddy Weeks. Coach Sloan goes with the same crew again; they surprised a lot of opponents last season and will give many more some bad nights this year. They run a controlled break and shoot well. The rest of the league will scramble, with **VIRGINIA TECH** probably the best. The Techmen will be small; all their height

Man to watch

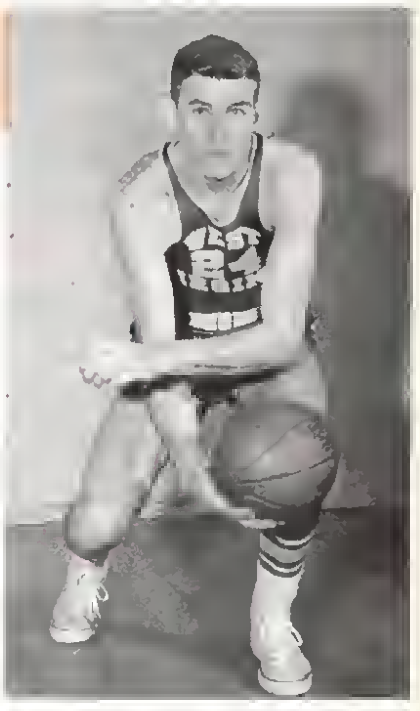
freshman last year, will fill the spot. Other sophomores likely to play are Lynn Gleave, 6 feet 5, and Don Helm, 6 feet 4, who will team with reserves John Gustin and Russ Jones up front. The backcourt will be held down by veterans Mel Wilkes, Jack Cravens, Doug Beck and Russ Peterson. Coach Watts will be building with a young crew. **DENVER** will likely start four sophomores and one junior, having lost seven of their top men. The junior is 6-foot-6 Steve LeSatz, center. The sophomores: Jack Hulstrom and Clare Skov up front, and Jim Peay and Herb Galchinsky in the backcourt. Coach Brawner has two senior forwards in Rocephus Sligh and Bill Peay, who appear slated for service as reserves. Chances are the four sophomores will make too many mistakes this season. **MONTANA** led the league in defense last year—hallmark of a Frosty Cox-coached team. The Grizzlies will be strong in this department again, with three starters returning: 6-foot-7 Russ Sheriff at center, Clancy Waters and Hal Erickson in the backcourt. Frosty Jr. and Jim Powell are also available again, plus four sophomores long on speed but lacking in size. Neither **COLORADO STATE** (formerly A&M) nor **UTAH STATE** is likely to improve in the standings; both are short on experience and size. Colorado has two sound guards in Stan Albert and Bob Anderson; they have one veteran starting forward in Dick Gregory. Sophomores will probably fill the other slots: Chuck Newcomb, 6 feet 4½, at center, and either Larry Hoffner or John Gillen up front. At Utah State, the tallest veteran starter is 6-foot-2 Harold Theus, who can rebound with the big men because of his extraordinarily long arms and great spring. Two other lettermen are Guards Frank Polak and Larry Bailey, and there are plenty of reserves, led by Sam Haggerty, Jay Bates and Terry Conley. The center post may go to transfer student Bob Ipson, and two sophomores will complete the squad.



UTAH'S DeLYLE CONDIE

Man to watch

is transfer student Duck Rice, at 6 feet 6. Terry Penn will lead in the backcourt, teamed with Lewis Mills; the other probable starters: Larry Hemmings and Dave Kuhn, though Freshman Bob Ayersman may push his way in. **FURMAN** has Steve Ross, 6 feet 9 but pencil thin; Dick Wright, a 20-point scorer and floorman; and Byron Pinson up front—all veteran starters. Sophomores will be battling for the other positions. New Coach Bill Chambers comes to **WILLIAM & MARY** with an amazing 67-8 record established at Newport News (Va.) high school. He finds one of the conference's better set shots in Guard Don Engelken and a tall collection of young men who will have to learn his ball-control style. The height consists mainly of Charles Sanders and Jeff Cohen, both 6 feet 10. Cohen is a freshman who never scored less than 20 points per game as a senior in high school. **VMI** and **DAVIDSON** are both stuck for at least one good big man. The Keydets always hustle and have some experienced hands for a change: Chuck Cotton, Dave Goode, Ralph Lawson, Lee Southard and Chuck MacLeod, and they should edge the Wildcats, if no one else. Davidson's Semi Mintz is their leader and top scorer. His support consists, in the main, of veterans Dave Hollingsworth, Lou Spear and Joe Milner, though Coach Scott expects help from three promising sophomores.



W. VA 'S LLOYD SHARRAR

LAST SEASON

	Conf.		Season	
	W	L	W	L
WEST VIRGINIA	12	0	25	5
WASHINGTON & LEE	10	3	20	7
VIRGINIA TECH	12	5	14	8
FURMAN	7	5	10	17
RICHMOND	9	7	15	11
WILLIAM & MARY	7	11	9	19
CITADEL	5	9	11	14
DAVIDSON	4	8	7	20
GEORGE WASHINGTON	3	9	3	21
VIRGINIA MILITARY	1	13	4	22

WEST COAST

THE Dons of SAN FRANCISCO do not dominate here the way Idaho State does in the RMC (*see below*), but only because there is strength elsewhere in the newly-named West Coast Athletic Conference. However, there is still little doubt that they will go to the NCAA and may prove to be the best in the nation this year. Everyone of importance is back from last season's superb squad and Fred LaCour, a high school All America, moves up from the frosh with rave notices from Coach Woolpert. LaCour, 6 feet 5, will probably team up front with 6-foot-7 Mike Farmer, vastly underrated by All-America pickers last year. In the backcourt are speedy Al Dunbar and Gene Brown, who is simply one of the best all-round collegians in the game today. At center, 6-foot-9 Art Day is still trying to fill out Bill Russell's shoes. After a year's experience as a sophomore starter, he should be vastly improved. Also back are Bill Mallen, Charles Russell, Dave Lillevand and Bob Radanovich; John Cunningham, who averaged 20 points with the JVs last season, may also see plenty of action. All this offensive strength (used in the controlled, only-the-good-shot style) is only half the story. Woolpert's famed aggressive defense is the other half. It's really a half, three-quarter or full-court press, each used when the situation demands. The Dons were second in the nation in defense last year, which leaves little enough room for improvement. ST. MARY'S and SANTA CLARA will battle for second place in the conference. The edge goes to the Gaels because of greater experience. Coach Weaver again has little height, which obliges him to play for good shots, and his men demonstrated their skill at this last season by finishing 10th in the nation in field-goal shooting percentage. St. Mary's also plays a strong switching man-to-man defense, led by 6-foot-5 LeRoy Doss, who is also a fine rebounder. The other returning starters are 6-foot-5 Lou Ferrario, 6-foot-4 Dick Sigaty—that's the height—and Bob Dold. Sophomores expected to play this year are Larry Brennan and Joe Monson, both backcourt men. The Gaels' tough early season schedule should have them razor-sharp for West Coast rivals later. At Santa Clara, one senior, three juniors and three sophomores carry the team, which will have a backcourt that satisfies Coach Feerick but gives him headaches up front. The guards are veterans Jim Taylor and Gary Gillmor, and Sophomore Frank Sobrero. Jerry Bachich will like-



EDDIE DIAZ



GENE BROWN

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

THERE does not appear to be any hope for an interesting race here until the Bengals of IDAHO STATE drop basketball from their athletic program or follow Montana State out of the conference. The Bengals have won the title five years in a row and should repeat without giving Coach Grayson a single sleepless night. They have lost Jack Allain and Jerry Hicks, but almost everyone else is back. In addition, they welcome transfer student LeRoy Bacher, who played a year and a half at Oklahoma and three years in the Navy. Bacher, 6 feet 5 and 230 pounds, will go right into the post with his fine hook shot. Jim Rodgers, who played under Grayson in high school and at Oklahoma, is another certain starter, as are Gail Siemen and Lloyd Harris. Harris was ineligible the second half of last season; he may be one of the best in the RMC this year. Alan Morris, Roy Christian, Ray Chaney and Ed Kuske will be battling for the fifth spot. Behind them are freshmen and sophomores who make up a bench good enough to form a seventh team in the conference. The RMC allows freshmen to play with the varsity, but they are ineligible for the NCAA roundup. Last year, Idaho State beat Hardin-Simmons and lost to BYU and San Francisco; in both losses, only two starters were eligible. This year, they will be able to field a much sounder and more seasoned crew and may go farther than the first round. ADAMS STATE is a full-fledged conference member this season; last year's 10 games with RMC opponents (which they split 5-5) did not count in the standings. They may have the tallest starting five, led by 6-foot-6 Marvin Motz, a fine scorer and rebounder, and 6-foot-8 Jim Groves. Two other veterans return: Guard John Landon and Forward Jim Casey, and Sophomore Doug Anderson is also certain to make the squad. The Indians did not face Idaho State last year; this season they should do as well as any other team in the conference against the champions. WESTERN STATE returns only three starters, Gary Peyton and John Hertzke up front and Guard Dewey Thornton, but expects help from some transfer students who will also supply their only height: 6-foot-5 Warren Schmidt and 6-foot-7 Dave Weyer. Coach Miller counts on speed and his best outside shooting in a long time. At COLORADO STATE Coach Bunn plans on a starting five made up exclusively of sophomores, undoubtedly to get some height into his lineup. His only returning reg-



GARY PEYTON



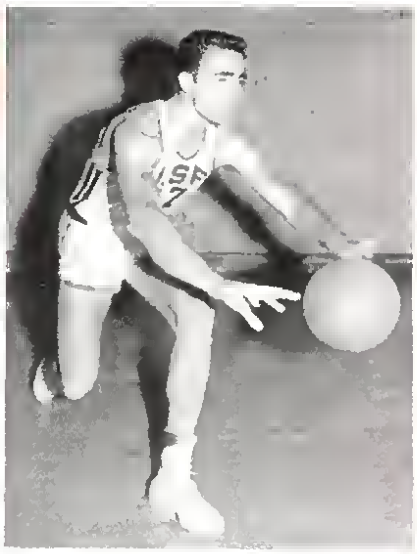
GAIL SIEMEN

Man to watch

ly start up front, with George Gardiner and 6-foot-7 Mel Prescott fighting for the other slot. At center is 6-foot-7 John Marshall. Shooting and speed are the assets here; inexperience the weakness. If a surprise is sprung in this conference, it will be perpetrated by the Spartans of SAN JOSE STATE. The real reason is not because all five top scorers from last season return. It is the presence of two transfer students, Jim Embree and Bob Larson, both 6 feet 5 and both apparently good enough to start. The veterans include the driving Gil Egeland; 6-foot-7 Marv Branstrom, a fine hooker and rebounder; the speedy, high-scoring Eddie Diaz (only 5 feet 11); and Don Rye and George Wagner, who alternated as starting guards with Diaz. In addition, Coach McPherson counts real depth for a change. This is a fast, seasoned squad, whose former weakness up front should be solved by Embree and Larson. PEPPERDINE, COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC and LOYOLA will be scrambling to stay out of the cellar. Pepperdine has last year's last-place starters back: John Kasser, George Taylor, Jack Crowther, Mack Taylor and John Rettberg—the result of a two-year building program. Some fine freshmen move up, led by 6-foot-6 Sterling Forbes, but there is simply too much power above them in the conference. Coach Donovan's Loyola team will be too small and too inexperienced to rate as consistent performers. The five best: Tom Donahue, Gene Pingatore, Bill Germscheid, Jim Weidercher and Bill Wagner. COP will be a sophomore team surrounding 6-foot-11 LeRoy Wright. This is not Coach Sweet's year. Fresno State has dropped out of the conference and joined the CCAA.

LAST SEASON

	Conf W	Conf L	Season W	Season L
SAN FRANCISCO	12	2	21	7
SANTA CLARA	10	4	15	7
ST. MARY'S	10	4	17	9
FRESNO STATE	7	7	16	10
SAN JOSE STATE	7	7	13	12
LOYOLA OF L.A.	5	9	11	16
COLLEGE OF PACIFIC	3	11	9	17
PEPPERDINE	2	12	7	16



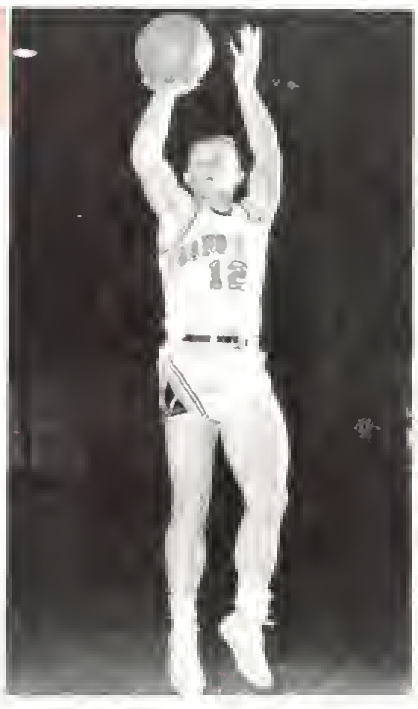
SAN FRANCISCO'S MIKE FARMER

Man to watch

ular is also a sophomore: 6-foot-5 Center Jim Hruska. The newcomers include Paul McKeever, Jerry Salmans and Jim Cox. Over-all, Bunn hopes for an average 6-foot-4 crew, with fair shooting ability but sadly lacking in experience. The SCHOOL OF MINES should be considerably improved if only because of a nucleus of starting veterans. These include 6-foot-4 Dick Egen and 6-foot-2 Ed Crabtree up front; 6-foot-5 Bill Anderson at center; 6-foot-2 John Beacham in the backcourt. Filling out at guard is 5-foot-10 Vince Tesone, and battling for a place is 6-foot-4 Forward Lou Nelan. Only Egen and the last two are sophomores. There is a hint of wistfulness in Coach Darden's estimate that the best thing about last year's team was its ability to hit free throws. The big, strong pivotman is still lacking, and the Oreddiggers can only be hopeful of leapfrogging over Colorado State. Only 1,000 spectators came to watch COLORADO COLLEGE play six home games at Colorado Springs last year. It's a toss-up whether lack of support is responsible for the Tigers' dismal record or vice versa. The conference record is sad enough; for four years: 1-9, 0-10, 0-10, 1-7. This year, Coach Eastlack builds around speedy, aggressive Lee Roy Williams, and expects a little better size and scoring. The future can hardly be dimmer than the past. The conference generally plays a single post and fast break on offense. The zone and man-to-man share the defense, with the zone press becoming popular here as elsewhere around the country.

LAST SEASON

	Conf. W	Conf. L	Season W	Season L
IDAHO STATE	12	0	25	4
MONTANA STATE	5	5	12	13
COLORADO WESTERN	5	5	11	13
COLORADO STATE	5	5	11	10
COLORADO MINES	2	8	5	15
COLORADO COLLEGE	1	7	5	13



IDAHO STATE'S JIM RODGERS

YANKEE

IT's Gulliver among the Lilliputians here again, with CONNECTICUT in the starring role and the switch being that the little creatures are unable to tie this giant down. The UConns have won the Yankee title nine times in the last 10 years and are a cinch to repeat. They led the nation in total team offense last season. They won the Orange Bowl and lost not a game against conference opponents, and most of the power, height and speed that accomplished this is back. Across the front are Billy Schmidt, Al Cooper (two double-figure scorers) and Wayne Davis, who average 6 feet 6 plus; all are strong rebounders and can move. If they need help, which doesn't seem likely, there are 6-foot-4 Paul Kaspar, 6-foot-5 Ed Martin and 6-foot-4 John Pipczynski, the last one of the most promising Huskies in years. There is a slight letdown in backcourt strength, but nothing really serious. Steady, sure-shot Jim O'Connor returns and will have plenty of support from Sophomores Jack Rose, Glenn Cross and Ted Kosior. In brief, Coach Greer should ride his race-horse-style squad into the NCAA tournament again. VERMONT would have been the best of the rest, but will now fight for that dubious honor with MASSACHUSETTS, having lost two sure starters. Captain-elect Charles Isles is out for a year for academic reasons and Center Stan Lefkowitz is on probation for the first semester. However, six other veterans return from a squad that had the best over-all record last season. Three were starters: Clyde Lord, a 21-point average scorer, and Arnold Branch up front, and Bob Kuchar in the backcourt. Sophomore hopefuls include Pete Beck, Bob Flance, Frank Giordano and Ray Weiner. Coach Evans has little height available and will depend on speed and outside shooting. Massachusetts returns three starters, three reserves and two ex-servicemen. There is some size in 6-foot-7 reserve Red Porter and 6-foot-6 Sophomore John Lynch. They have two scoring guards in Bucky Adamczyk and Ned Larkin, who can be spelled by Co-captain Paul Kollios. One forward spot belongs to Co-captain Don Akerson and the other is up for grabs among Curt Teeter, Fred Naedele, Bob Eichorn, Mark Apsey and Gerry Glynn. Coach Curran, eying a fast-growing student body which is now close to 5,000, gives Connecticut three more years of supremacy before his Redmen catch up. In the cellar or close to it for years, NEW HAMPSHIRE may finally



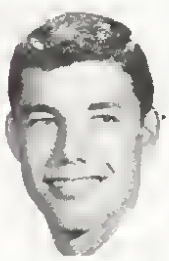
OUOLEY COYNE



BUCKY ADAMCZYK

BORDER

ONLY a few years ago, many teams in tbis area were made up of football scholarship men keeping busy during the winter season. Today, all colleges are in the bidding for good local high school basketball players, and there is no reason why a section which already produces some fine football teams will not shortly come into its own on the court. It is still a league, however, where one truly superior player can carry a reasonably good team to the championship, as Charles Brown did for TEXAS WESTERN last season and appears likely to do again. Brown, a mere 6 feet 1, can rebound with the biggest and score from any position—he led the league in both departments last year. His support consists of only one other ex-starter, 6-foot-5 Wayne Jones, but there are six of last year's reserves still around, plus some good sophomores led by 6-foot-4 Hans Fields and Gerry Gilley. Coach McCarty figures on a taller, speedier, better-shooting squad, though he could still use one really big man. ARIZONA STATE can field the same team which was first in league scoring last year, but will undoubtedly make room for schoolboy All America Albert Nealey, who averaged 21 points as a freshman. The Sun Devils all run between 6 feet and 6 feet 5; Dick Daugherty, Jim Newman, Willard Nobly, Garth Wilson and Royce Youree are the holdover starters and there are two other senior reserves on the squad. The problem here is that new Coach Wulk is unfamiliar with the other teams in the conference and brings with him a new system for his men to master. He plans to run a lot and to employ a so-called lane offense, which amounts to a triple pivot. His defense is strictly man-to-man, while the zone is gradually moving in elsewhere. The HARDIN-SIMMONS Cowboys were the giants of the Border last season, and though they lost all-conference Center Bob Tremaine, two of the biggest and best are back: 6-foot-8 Carl Knight and 6-foot-7 Doyle Edmiston, both fine boardmen. Coach Scott will lean on sophomores to fill out a first five, principally Ronnie Ensey and Lynn Faubion, both 6 feet 3, up front, and Guards Mel Cunningham and Joe Arden. The Cowboys' strength, naturally, is in controlling the ball off the boards; unfortunately, they do not have a man with a sure scoring touch to take advantage of possession. Since they are also short on speed, this is a serious weakness. They play a single instead



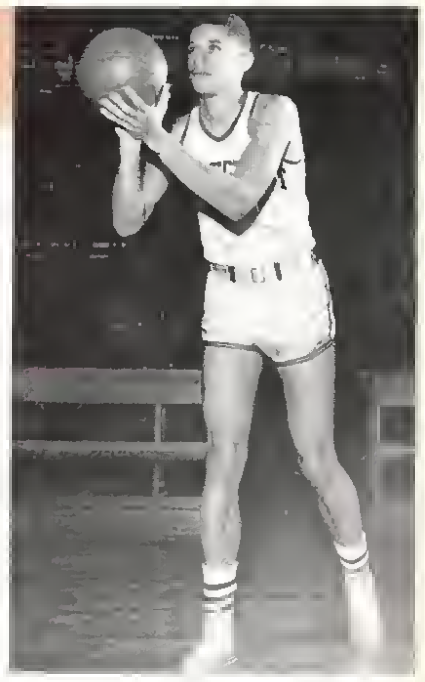
BOB MUELLER



DOYLE EOMISTON

Man to watch

be on the upgrade with this year's sophomores, who beat the freshman teams of Dartmouth and Harvard last season. This should make up somewhat to Coach Olson for the loss of all his starters but Dick Erricson. The sophomores bring size in Pete Davis and Pete Smilikis, both 6 feet 6, and backcourt men Bobby Hurst and Dick Loiselle. The Wildcats also will have better board strength than some Yankees, but inexperience will keep them around the middle standings. Next year, they may well be in contention—for second place, that is. Both RHODE ISLAND and MAINE were hard hit by graduation also and will recover slowly—not this season. At RI, new Coach (and former star) Ernie Calverley lost the conference's top scorer in Billy Von Weyhe and Ron Marozzi, who averaged about 40 points a game between them. He has only one veteran starter in Steve Madreperla, plus three reserves. Calverley teaches the old but sound five-man weave, which requires good ball handling and speed. The sophomores with whom he starts the rebuilding process are Adrian Chrust, Bill Holland, Tom Harrington, Jim Williamson, all between 6 feet 2 and 6 feet 4, and John Garafalo. Maine rebuilds around old hands Dudley Coyne, Tom Seavey and Dave Deshon. Coach Woodbury must find other starters from among Sophomores Alan Adams, Bill Boomer, Terry Spurling and Dick Sturgeon. It's the old story here: no height, no experience. Unless the UConns quit or some of the strong eastern Independents join, there is no prospect of a real race in this conference for a few more years.



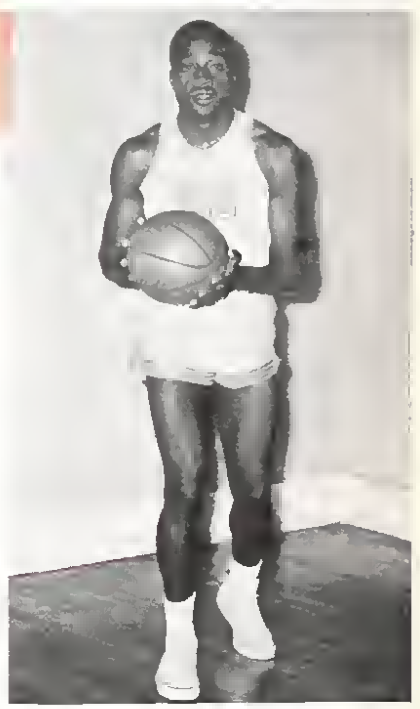
CONNECTICUT'S AL COOPER

LAST SEASON

	Conf. W	Conf. L	Season W	Season L
CONNECTICUT	8	3	17	8
RHODE ISLAND	8	3	11	11
VERMONT	3	2	15	5
MASSACHUSETTS	4	4	13	11
MAINE	2	5	6	14
NEW HAMPSHIRE	1	9	3	18

Man to watch

of the tandem post and alternate on defense. Last season's doormat, the New Mexico AGGIES, have already been chosen as a dark horse for three reasons. First is their closing rush last year, featuring a hard-fought overtime loss to the champions from Texas Western. Second is the great promise of Sophomore Wayne Yates, a 6-foot-6 rebounder with a fine scoring touch, and third is a wealth of returning support. This includes Glen Markham, Bob Jarrett, Lee Bowen, Roy Clymer and Jimmy Oliver. Inside, the Aggies will be tough, but Coach Askew needs better outside shooting for balance. ARIZONA's roster is loaded with men in the 6-foot-2 to 6-foot-5 class, but there is no really big man in sight. In the former class are Bob Mueller, Ed Nymeyer, Warren Ridge, Louis Hopkins, Earl Lubbers, Dick Mower and three sophomores. All-conference Mueller, a strong rebounder, and good driver and shooter Nymeyer make up a solid one-two punch in the front court. The scoring balance and depth are also adequate. Given one tall Texan, the Wildcats would be title contenders. New Coach Borden Price at WEST TEXAS STATE is also looking for real size and can't find it. All his experience is Allen Simpson, the only regular returning. The Buffaloes will be rebuilding this year, around Simpson and Sophomore Junior Fitts, an all-round floorman. Like most inexperienced clubs, their offense will rest on outside scoring; all players learn to shoot first. Mastering defense, and even pattern offense, is the hard part.



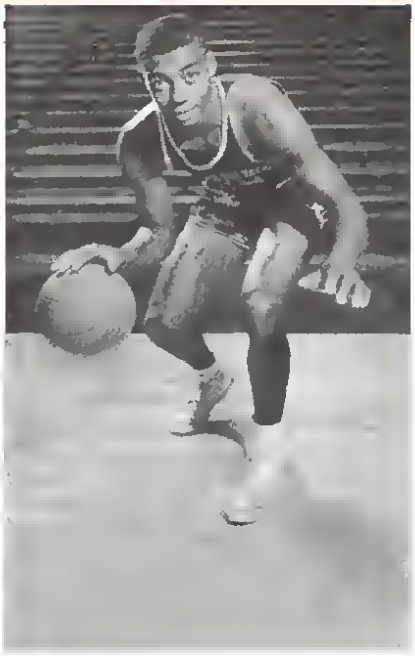
TEXAS WESTERN'S CHARLES BROWN

LAST SEASON

	Conf. W	Conf. L	Season W	Season L
TEXAS WESTERN	8	2	15	8
HARDIN-SIMMONS	7	3	17	8
ARIZONA	5	5	13	13
ARIZONA STATE	4	6	10	15
WEST TEXAS STATE	3	7	8	14
NEW MEXICO A&M	3	7	8	18

MISSOURI VALLEY

Man to watch



CINCINNATI'S OSCAR ROBERTSON

FOUR teams—**BRADLEY, ST. LOUIS, CINCINNATI, WICHITA**—have the talent to win the Valley title. Whichever does win would have a good chance of becoming the No. 1 or No. 2 team in the nation at the NCAA tournament in Louisville next March, except for one thing. The Valley champion meets the Big Eight champion—probably Kansas State—in their first game, and the losing team here might be the nation's second best and never receive that recognition because of the luck of the draw. All of which indicates the kind of a season of scrapping in view in this always tough league. The loss of Oklahoma A&M and Detroit is balanced by the addition of Cincinnati and **NORTH TEXAS STATE**—simply a fair exchange of two contenders and two also-rans. In the race itself, Bradley has an edge, with its full NIT championship squad



JACK MIMLITZ



JOE STEVENS

returning except for one unimportant substitute. There is also that priceless ingredient: a superstar who inspires his teammates and always has the opposition worrying and concentrating on him—nearly everyone's All America candidate, 6-foot-7 Barney Cable. Across the front with Cable are Shellie McMillon and Gene Morse, all three strong rebounders and scorers. In the backcourt are the smart ball handler, Bobby Joe Mason, and Chuck Sedgwick, only starter who is a mere 6 feet. The depth, as noted, is beyond wishing. Coach Orsborn's only problem, it appears, is staving off the Asian flu. All of St. Louis Coach Hickey's real problems also involve how to use his good players, not the lack of same. He can put 6-foot-8 Bob Ferry in the pivot; 6-foot-8 George Burkel and 6-foot-5 Cal Burnett up front; and 6-foot-4 Jack Mimlitz and 6-foot-3 Rich Rogers in the backcourt. This gives 6-foot-6 Pete McCaffrey and 6-foot-7 Fred Leiding time to rest and grow a little so they can make the team. Seriously, this height is a just bonus for Hickey, whose teams have won nationwide fame for speed and ball handling. It is worth noting that only two squad members are seniors; if this isn't the Billikens' best year, it's bound to be next. Cincinnati enters the Valley this year with a sparkling record and two great assets: the tallest center in the conference in 6-foot-9½ Connie Dierking, and the most highly-touted collegian since Wilt Chamberlain in Oscar Robertson, a 6-foot-5 sophomore who averaged 33 points, 15 rebounds and seven assists per game last year for the Cincinnati frosh. And to help send Coach Smith off to a flying start, the three returning regulars all averaged in double figures last season, while the freshmen were the best in Cincinnati's memorable basketball history. The veterans: Dierking, Wayne Stevens and Mike Mendenhall; the sophs: Robertson, Ralph Davis, Gary Hornsby, Ron Dykes, Larry Willey and Max Messner. The Bearcats may well win the race in their first attempt. There is a tendency to concede Wichita an All-America berth for the brilliant Joe Stevens and little else, a dangerous notion. Stevens does overshadow the squad, but it is still a sound one: 6-foot-9 Ev Wessel and Don Woodworth up front; scrappy Don Lock in the backcourt with Stevens; two tall hook-shooting sophomores in Al Tate and Elbert Urban. There is considerably more depth and plenty of speed. The only reasonable prediction about the other four teams is that newcomer North Texas State will have to settle for the cellar this year. Against much weaker competition in the Gulf Coast last season, Coach Shands' Eagles showed poorly. They have three starters back in Stan Airington, Ken Hinkle and Jim King, and height coming up in Ken Ward, Don Cummins and Ed McClelen. But it's a shallow, inexperienced squad out of its depth—and will be for a few years. **TULSA** has the big post man that Coach Iba has been looking for in 6-foot-8 Bobby Lee Goodall and three other sophomores who are 6 feet 6 or better—Ed Scruggs, Jerry Anderson, Charles Marlen. But only two veterans, Chester Harrington and Jack Pontious, were double-figure scorers last season. The size is good, the scoring ability improved; the final standing will be about the same as above because of lack of experience. **HOUSTON** can field a team whose members are all between 6 feet 5 and 6 feet 7; Russell Boone, Jack Crawford and Ray Patoprsty up front, and Ray Butler and Jerry Clayton in the backcourt. The rebounding and shooting might make up for lack of speed but, once again, lack of experience cannot be balanced out. **DRAKE** has one of the Valley's top marksmen in Red Murrell, and a well-balanced squad that includes veterans Bill Linke and Marlow Eckhoff, and Sophomores Lee Bowman and Jim Westcott. But Coach Benington is still building and is at least another year away. The conference is noteworthy for its continued reliance on the switching man-to-man defense and wide variety of running and pattern offenses—all of which makes for exciting basketball.

LAST SEASON

	Conf		Season	
	W	L	W	L
ST LOUIS	12	2	19	3
BRADLEY	9	5	22	7
OKLAHOMA A&M	8	6	17	9
WICHITA	8	6	15	11
DETROIT	5	6	11	15
HOUSTON	5	9	10	16
TULSA	5	9	8	17
DRAKE	4	10	6	16

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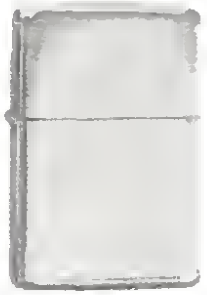
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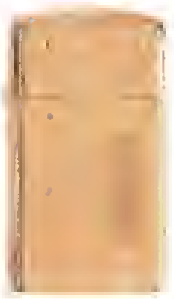
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SOUTHEASTERN

THERE are 12 teams in this conference, and one—KENTUCKY—has won the title 17 times since 1933, 12 times in the last 14 years. Last year, they won the SEC title with a team that Coach Rupp called his worst in years; practically all of this crew are back, supported in talented depth. The regulars: 6-foot-7 Center Ed Beck; John Cox and John Crigler up front; Vernon Hatton in the backcourt. All are good by any collegiate standard and yet, at least one—probably Crigler—will have to move over as a regular, to make room for 6-foot-7 Sophomore Don Mills, a 27-point scorer and strong rebounder as a freshman last season. Listing all eight reserve lettermen would be rubbing salt into rivals' wounds, but another newcomer —Guard Lowell Hughes—should be noted as the only other sophomore



JACK KUBISZYN



BAILEY HOWELL

likely to stay on the squad. AUBURN seems to be the best of the rest. Coach Eaves' Tigers have their three superb sophomores from last year back: Guards Jimmy Lee and Henry Hart, and the really fine rebounder and scorer up front, 6-foot-5 Rex Frederick. Center will be shared by 6-foot-8 Bill Gregory and 6-foot-7 Bill McGriff. The vacancy at forward will probably be filled by 6-foot-5 Sophomore Manley Johnston. The reserves, ball handling and shooting are better than average, the big men a question. Auburn could use a new arena. Coach Polk's VANDERBILT Commodores have a good starting five in Guard Jim Henry and 6-foot-6 Don Hinton, veteran starters; and Sophomores Jack Pirrie, 6 feet 5, Martin Holland, 6 feet 8, and Ben Rowan, 6 feet 4. Someone will have to shift, since all but Henry are front-court men. Both Pirrie and Rowan have been impressive since high school days. The size is good, the reserves adequate, but the lack of experience is a grave weakness in this league. ALABAMA returns its tiny tiger, 5-foot-11 Jack Kubiszyn, who averaged 24 points per game last year, and 6-foot-6 Center Jim Fulmer, another fine scorer. There are five other lettermen to fill out a first five: Forwards Tom Crosby, Gene Beard and E. B. Hamner; Guards Len Kaplan and Dick Bratton. There are also promising sophomores from a 10-1 frosh team of last season, but none will start. MISSISSIPPI STATE is Bailey Howell, which might be enough at that in some other conferences. Howell is all the real height, at 6 feet 7, and half the starting experience—Guard Jerry Keeton is the rest. As a sophomore last year, Howell led the nation in field-goal accuracy, was sixth in rebounding with 492 and ninth in scoring at an average 25.9—a truly remarkable performance. Coach McCarthy builds with two junior college translers and four sophomores for next year. TENNESSEE has only one senior on a squad which will also be at its best next year —5-foot-11 *Leon* Ammerman, who actually can play the pivot; junior Center Gene Tormohlen, 6 feet 7, a strong rebounder, and reserve Ken Coulter in the backcourt. The sophomores have real promise, led by 6-foot-6 Dalen Showalter, who will probably be a starter. There is a sharp drop here to GEORGIA TECH, FLORIDA and TULANE; then another to MISSISSIPPI, GEORGIA and LSU. Tech has a beautiful new arena, two fine guards in Terry Randall and Buddy Blemker, no rebounding, depth or over-all seasoning and a good sophomore prospect in 6-foot-7 Frank Inman. At Florida, Coach Mauer has a great set shot in Joe Hobbs, the necessary big man in 6-foot-8 Jim Zinn, Bob Sherwood, a 6-foot-5 sophomore hopeful, and not enough proven quality to rate higher than the middle. Graduation wrecked Tulane's fine team of a year ago. Six lettermen return, but all are guards. The two best: Bill Jargstorf and Gary Stoll, both excellent ball handlers. The sophomores look good but there is no height at all in them, only speed. Thirty-point average scorer Joe Gibbon graduated and left Ole Miss flat. Bobby Robinson, Carlton Garner and Carter Brown will start. There is size in reserve Jim Graves and Sophomore Ivan Richman, both 6 feet 7, and in 6-foot-6 Louis Griffin. The board strength is improved, the speed is fair, the weakness is lack of experience. New Coach McCreary finds one starter at LSU, Guard Dom Merle, and little else to welcome him. The best sophomores are Wayne Monson, Carey Guglielmo and Tom Collins. McCreary sums it up himself: no height or depth, little experience. The Tigers are two years away. Georgia has Ray Allen at guard and two 6-foot-5 front-court men in Henry Cabaniss and Bill Ensley, but can't be rated seriously.

LAST SEASON

	Conf W	Conf L	Season W	Season L
KENTUCKY	12	2	23	5
VANDERBILT	10	4	17	5
GEORGIA TECH	9	5	15	8
MISSISSIPPI STATE	9	5	17	8
TULANE	9	5	15	9
AUBURN	8	6	13	8
ALABAMA	7	7	15	11
FLORIDA	8	8	14	10
MISSISSIPPI	4	10	9	12
GEORGIA	4	10	8	18
TENNESSEE	5	8	13	9
LOUISIANA STATE	1	13	8	19

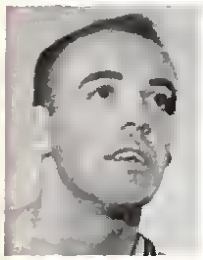
Man to watch



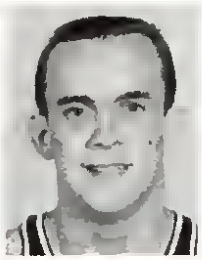
KENTUCKY'S JOHN COX

OHIO VALLEY

THIS is another section where the schools are small, the players are tall and the quality of the game bears more relation to the size of the men than to the enrollments. And this year, with six of the seven teams welcoming back at least four starters apiece, the pace should be furious, the competition keen. For the same reason, the edge must be given to the two teams that tied for first last season. Essentially the same crew returns to MOREHEAD that led the nation in rebounding last year and was fifth in total offense. The starters: 6-foot-7 Steve Hamilton, 6-foot-8 Bernie Shimfessel and 6-foot-7 Dave Keleher across the front, and Ken Thompson in the backcourt. Three topnotch guards will fight for the fifth spot: Charles Hoodenpyl, Ken Myers and Herbie Triplett, and three veteran reserves round out the squad: 6-foot-6½ Thornton Hill, 6-foot-5 Gerald Yentes and 6-foot-3 Gene Carroll. Coach Laughlin's Eagles rely almost exclusively on the fast break. Coach Diddle's WESTERN KENTUCKIANS also have fair height, with the essential big man in 6-foot-8 Ralph Crosthwaite, but the backbone of the team is a pair of slick and speedy guards: Owen Lawson, best backcourt man in the league, and Eric Back. Veteran Billy Case has one forward spot, and the other will be shared by four men, all 6 feet 5: Reserve Howie Dodds and Sophomores Albert Ellison, Darrell Bicknell and Jude Talbott. Guard Kenny Cornelius seems also sure to make the squad. The Hilltoppers have won or shared the title eight times in the nine years since the conference was organized; they will be hard to dislodge this year too. If the two champs *are* beaten out, the choice here is for EASTERN KENTUCKY to do it. Coach McBrayer finished last season with 10 sophomores and two juniors, and they are all back, tall, seasoned and fast. Both the front and backcourt are two deep in capable personnel; the best include: Forwards Dale Moore and Hugh Gabbard, both 6 feet 5, and 6-foot-4 Clayton Stivers; Guards Jim Kiser and Larry Wood, both 6 feet 3, and Ray Vencill. There is a question mark at center, but only as to who will play more; 6-foot-7 Virgil Butler and 6-foot-8 Bernie Kotula may have to make way for 6-foot-11 Carl Paulus. Wood is the quarterback for the fast break here. MURRAY STATE'S Thoroughbreds can't be counted out either. Coach Alexander has the good big man at center in Quitman Sullins, 6 feet 8, and adequate size among the junior



OWEN LAWSON



LARRY WOOD

MIDDLE ATLANTIC

THIS loose, sprawling collection of 34 colleges and universities is really a basketball league in name only; the members could hardly play a full intraconference home-and-home schedule because it would take two seasons to accomplish this. Furthermore, the quality of basketball runs the gamut from some of the best in the country to some of the weakest. It is treated as a conference here only because the members select a representative each year for the NCAA championship tournament. Four teams are perennially the class; four others are included because miracles have occurred in college basketball. Boiling things down still further, the Mid-Atlantic's NCAA standard-bearer this year should be either TEMPLE or LA SALLE, both Philadelphia schools. At Temple, one of the very best collegiate teachers of the game, Coach Litwack, has all his starters back from last year's third-place NIT team. Just as important, the big man that was missing for a year with a broken arm is also back: 6-foot-8 Tink Van Patton. But the big reason for the Owls' prominence is the 6-foot Guy Rodgers. It will be something of a national scandal if this graceful backcourt wizard is not chosen on every All America first five. With Van Patton to get the ball to Rodgers off the boards, Temple's famed fast break should again be in operation. Joining Rodgers in the backcourt is 5-foot-11 "Pickles" Kennedy, who had a 26-point average on the freshman team a year ago. The forward spots feature a four-way battle among veterans Mel Brodsky, 6-foot-5 Ophie Franklin, 6-foot-6 Dan Fleming and Jay Norman, who was last year's top rebounder for Temple though only 6 feet 3. There is also plenty of reserve strength and Litwack's always tough zone defense. La-Salle almost matches Temple in returning strength and has four sophomores ready to push veterans out of jobs. The old hands are Forwards Billy Katheder and Charles Eltringham, both 6 feet 4, and Al Ferner, and Guard Tommy Garberina. The other guard spot will be fought over by veteran Bill Lavery and Sophomores Joe Heyer and Ralph Bantivoglio. There is fine additional over-all height up front. The Explorers will play a five-man weave with a "flash" pivot; they will be pushing Temple for top honors in Philadelphia. In the past two years, LAFAYETTE has lost 10 starting regulars. From last year's fine crew, 6-foot-8 Bob Mantz returns as a nucleus, with reserves Joe Sterlein, Rich Kohler,



JOE SPRATT



BILL KATHEDER

Man to watch

reserves. The other regulars are Terry Darnall and Gerald Tabor, both 6 feet 3, up front, and Sherril Marginet in the backcourt. Sophomores sure to make it include 6-foot-5 Gene Herndon and Ralph Teter. The rebounding is not up to Valley standards but shooting, speed and depth are above average. **TENNESSEE TECH'S** four veteran starters are further strengthened by 6-foot-8 Herbie Merritt, who returns after skipping school for a year, and an upcoming crew who averaged 98 points per game last season on the frosh team. The regulars are Forwards Larry McDonald and Don Sexton, and Guards Kenny Sidwell and Dale Phelps. Leading the newcomers is 6-foot-9 Center Jim Hagan; the others: 6-foot-7½ Hearon Puckett, Ralph Shearer and Alan Herron. All starters are back at **MIDDLE TENNESSEE** and hopes are high for a squad which seems to have everything but real speed. The regulars: 6-foot-7 Center Jerry Hurst; Forwards John Price and Frank Davis; Guards Bob Williamson and Oscar Fitzgerald. From a good freshman team come three forwards: Dick Baugh, Ray Hammers and Bob Tillman; Center Lewis McManus; Guards Mike Batsel, Wally Johnson and Ronnie Newman. Rebounding is the strength here; the tandem post will be used in preference to the fast break on offense. **EAST TENNESSEE STATE** joins the Valley this year, with a completely green team and cannot be expected to show anything the first time around against the rugged competition that abounds here.



MOREHEAD'S STEVE HAMILTON

LAST SEASON

	Conf. W	Conf. L	Season W	Season L
MOREHEAD STATE	8	1	18	8
WESTERN KENTUCKY	8	1	17	9
MURRAY STATE	5	5	11	13
EASTERN KENTUCKY	4	6	6	15
MIDDLE TENNESSEE	2	8	12	13
TENNESSEE TECH	1	9	9	11

Man to watch

Tom Brett and Ronnie Gustafson. Aside from Mantz, however, this may be an all-sophomore first five. Leading candidates are: 6-foot-10 George Hoernner; Forwards Charles Ross, 6 feet 6, and Mike Wallace, 6 feet 4; and Guards Jim Hurst, Joe Boylan and Bill McDonald. Hurst, a fine ball handler, is certain to start. The Leopards will be too green, the early part of the season at least, to be in contention for an NCAA spot again. **ST. JOSEPH'S** lost all of its starters except alternate Joe Spratt. The backcourt will still be sound, however, with Spratt, reserves Al Cooke and Jack Savage and two good sophomores in Joe Gallo and Bob McNeill. Elsewhere, it's all sophomores: 6-foot-8 Center Bob Clarke, tallest regular in the Hawks' history; Forwards John Hoffacker, Fred Slaveski, Jim Coolican and Joe Reilly. The height will be fair, the backcourt shooting good, but inexperience makes this a rebuilding year for Coach Ramsay. **BUCKNELL**, which gave Lafayette a fair fight in one of their two games last year, will be improved but faces a much tougher schedule. **MUHLENBERG** has to rebuild almost completely, but has a good crew of ex-freshmen coming up, including Herb Loeffler and Don Robins at 6 feet 7. **RUTGERS** has a veteran nucleus but still no real height, and winning basketball today demands at least a little of that priceless ingredient. **LEHIGH** lost none from a squad that was hot and cold last year except for consistent 18-point-average scorer Bob Roepke, and the Engineers' schedule is neither full nor first-rate.



TEMPLE'S GUY ROOGERS

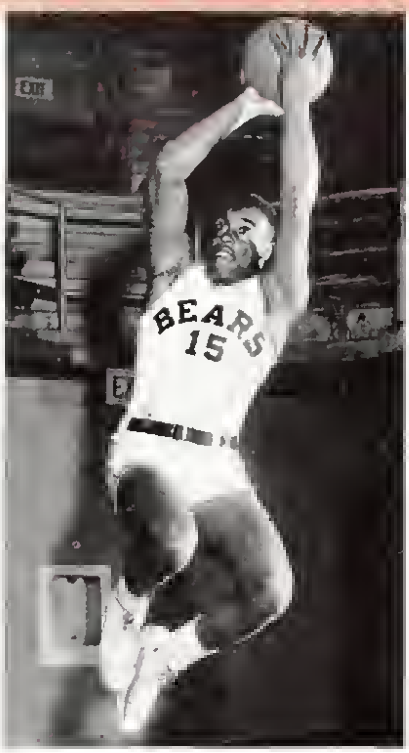
LAST SEASON

	Conf.* W	Conf.* L	Season W	Season L
LAFAYETTE	10	1	22	5
TEMPLE	2	1	20	9
BUCKNELL	3	2	16	8
LaSALLE	3	3	17	9
MUHLENBERG	4	5	17	9
ST. JOSEPH'S	2	5	17	7
RUTGERS	1	4	8	15
LEHIGH	1	5	8	10

** Based on competition between eight teams above.*

PACIFIC COAST

Man to watch

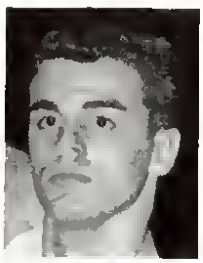


CALIFORNIA'S EARL ROBINSON

THERE WAS the promise of an immensely exciting race here even before two late developments tightened the competition considerably. WASHINGTON's hook-shooting, 6-foot-9 Bruno Boin has left school for a year, and UCLA's speedy, deadeye Fred Crabtree has quit for good and plans to go to West Virginia. Since these were the two best in what looked like a five-team battle for first place (OREGON STATE, CALIFORNIA and USC are the others), the prospect is for a close, tight campaign. Coach Gill's Beavers may now have the edge, with all starters back and one of the nation's outstanding big men in 6-foot-7 Dave Gambee, who hooks well with either hand and rebounds strongly. Veterans with Gambee are Guards Lee Harman and Jim Anderson, Center Gary Noble, at 6 feet 8, and Forward Ken Nanson. Gill says no sophomores will make the squad, but there is still depth in reserves Gary Haynes, 6-foot-9 Wayne Moss and Ted Miller. This is a well-balanced, seasoned club. Of course, Coach Dye's Huskies will miss Boin, a great hooker and rebounder, but the league's best sophomore last season is back: 6-foot-7 Doug Smart, who actually outscored Boin. All the other starters are also back: Dick Crews, Lou Coaston and Don Dorland in the backcourt; Bill Stady and John Tuft up front. Three sophomores will give the regulars competition for starting spots: high-scoring Earle Irvine and Al Murphy and George Grant. Minus Boin, the Huskies lack the really big man, and Dye also complains about his speed. UCLA has a high-scoring veteran quartet back: Forwards Jim Halsten and Conrad Burke, Guard Walt Torrence and Center Ben Rogers, tallest of the lot at 6 feet 6. It will be a fast-breaking team, in contrast with the rest of the PCC, led by Torrence, who is a great jumper and good shooter. Teaming with him in the backcourt will likely be Denny Miller, who showed well as a freshman and returns after three years in service. There are adequate reserves, and Sophomores Bob Bell and Bob Fisher and Olympic decathlon star Rafer Johnson should also make the squad. Though the average height is fair, lack of a big center will hurt. The Trojans have seven returning lettermen, one of the best ex-freshmen groups from last year and three fine junior college transfer prospects. Leading the veterans are Phil Dye and Jim Pugh up front and Monte Gonzales in the backcourt. Gonzales, a mere 5 feet 10, was USC's second-best scorer last season; he and transferee Jerry Pimm make up one of the smallest—and best—backcourts in the area. If Sophomore Jim Hanna, 6 feet 7¼, can handle the center post well, the Trojans will be tough, because there is fine reserve strength in newcomers Bob Hampton and 6-foot-8 Doug Clements and Sophomores Jim White, John Werhas, Steve Kemp, Bill Bloom and Mike Fryer. California's good height will be fairly green, with only backcourt man Earl Robinson back as a starter. Last year's reserves are 6-foot-6½ Don McIntosh and 6-foot-5 Jack Grout; the big sophomores: 6-foot-8 Dick Doughty and 6-foot-5 Earle Schneider. The guards are strong; with Robinson are reserve Al Buch and Bernie Simpson. Coach Newell, a stickler for sound defense, also expects help from Forward Bob Washington, back after a season of ineligibility. There is a drop in quality at this point, with either OREGON or IDAHO the best of the rest. Coach Belko's Webfoots have veterans Hal Duffy and Eli Morgan back, both 6 feet 6, and strong rebounder Charlie Franklin. From an undefeated freshman team, Chuck Rask, Stu Robertson, Dale Jones and Jerry Anderson move up. This is no longer a last-place team, but not much better. The Vandals of Idaho are also loaded with veterans: Guards Gary Simmons and Bill Wilson, Forward Wahylen Coleman and Center Gary McEwen. Sophomore Guard John Livieous will be a help, but there is no height here and only fair speed to make up for it. Aside from standout Guard Paul Neumann and Dick Haga, STANFORD will field an inexperienced, small crew. The team will be made up of the above two and Guards John Arrillaga and Chris Burford, Forward Mike Tipton and 6-foot-7 Center Jerry Thueson. With only one senior on the squad, there is hope for next year. WASHINGTON STATE has lost Larry Beck, who carried them as far as one man can in this rugged competition. Of those who remain, two guards appear set as starters: Jim Ross and Mert Kennedy. Everything else is a question mark. While admiring the fine defensive records that abound in the PCC, it is worth noting that this is ball-control country also. Not a team in the conference was in the first 50 in the nation last year in points scored per game.



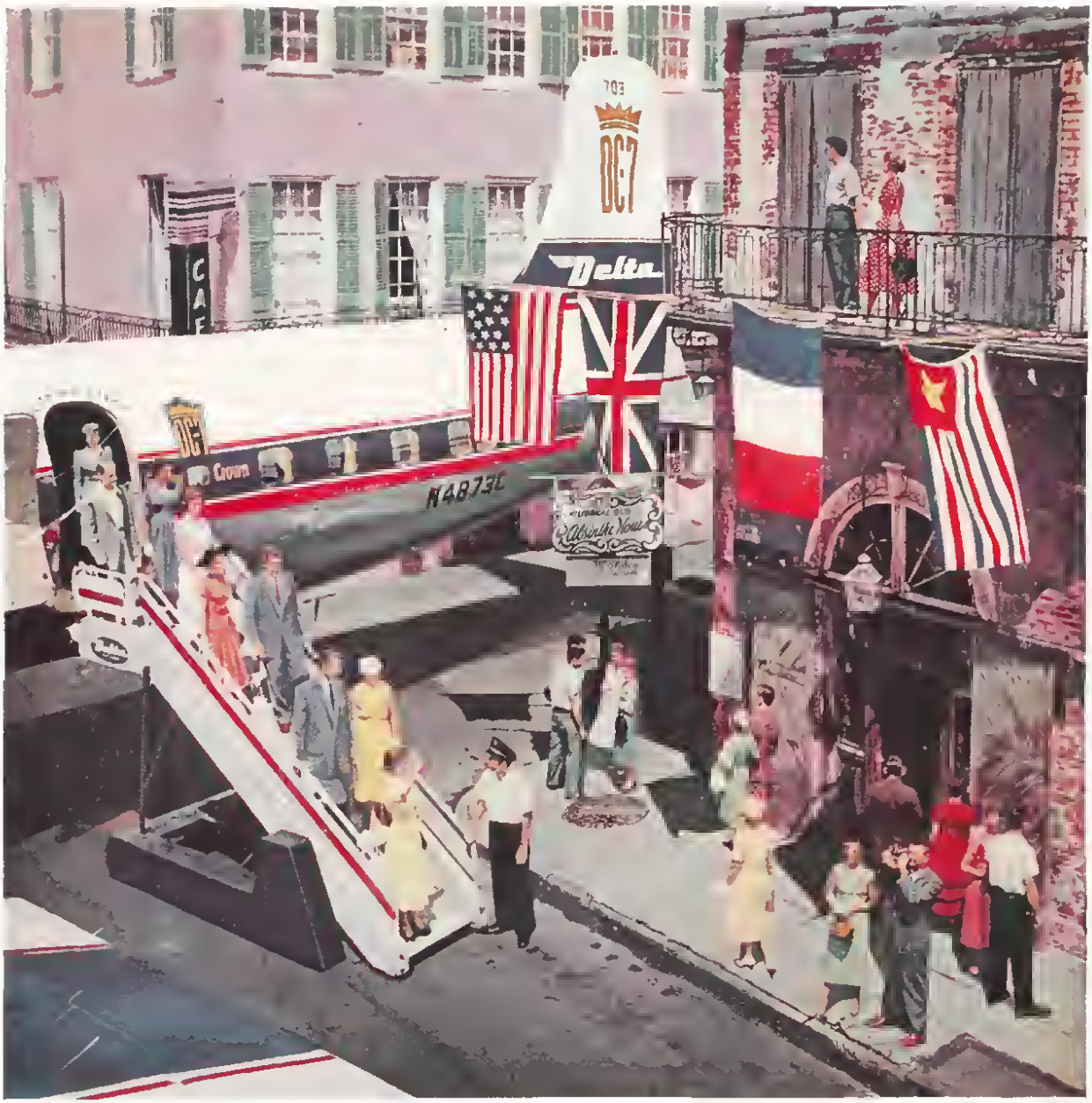
GARY SIMMONS



DAVE GAMBEE

LAST SEASON

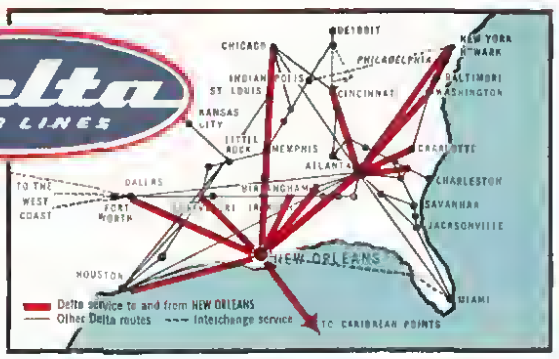
	Conf W	Conf L	Season W	Season L
CALIFORNIA	14	2	21	5
UCLA	13	3	22	4
WASHINGTON	13	3	17	9
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA	9	7	16	12
STANFORD	7	9	11	15
OREGON STATE	6	10	11	15
IDAHO	4	12	10	16
WASHINGTON STATE	4	12	8	16
OREGON	2	14	4	21



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SOUTHWEST

Man to watch

THE END of SMU's domination of the conference appears at hand, with the graduation of two-thirds of the cast that won three straight titles. However, Coach Hayes has experience up front in the poised, deadeye-shooting Rick Herrscher, and in the backcourt with Ned Duncan. Four exceptional sophomores will be battling for positions: Bobby James and Carter Creech, forwards; Wilbur Marsh, center; Max Williams, guard. The speed and shooting are there; only the big man is missing, and if 6-foot-8 John Engelmann can conquer his awkwardness, this will be a dangerous crew. Top choice to replace SMU is RICE, tall, deep and experienced; all but one man returns from last year's second-place club. The Owls can put four skyscrapers in the pivot—6-foot-10 Temple Tucker, 6-foot-9 Tom Robitaille, and



RON STEVENSON



FRED GRIM

Gary Griffin and W. A. Preston, both 6 feet 6. The backcourt is also solid: Gerry Thomas, Steve Galloway and Dale Ball. Coach Suman will play a wide-open, fast break, hoping to get upcourt before the inevitable zone gets set. The only other real contender will be TCU, which will field the tallest and, potentially, one of the best teams Coach Brannon has ever had. Best sophomore in the conference last year, Ronny Stevenson, is back, as are two other starters: Derrill Nippert joining Stevenson up front, and Guard Ken King. Supporting height includes H. E. Kirchner, 6 feet 10, and newcomers 6-foot-7 Don Williams and 6-foot-5 Tom Meacham. There is adequate depth behind this all-junior-sophomore team, good outside shooting and rebounding. The weakness is speed. A falling off in quality is apparent at this point, with the usually well-disciplined Razorbacks of ARKANSAS possibly the best. Coach Rose doesn't have any size to speak of, but is somewhat used to that by now. He has a fine backcourt pair in veteran Fred Grim and Sophomore Tom Rankin. Centers include regular starter Wayne Dunn and Jay Carpenter. Others who compete for berths include Larry Grisham, Ora Lee Boss, Harry Thompson, Dick Rittman and Larry Stolzer. If the shooting percentage improves, as it should with another year's experience, Arkansas will finish in the upper middle of the league. New Coach Bob Rogers inherits two much-heralded sophomores at A&M 6-foot-8 Wayne Lawrence, a 28-point scorer as a freshman last season, and 6-foot-6 Dave Corson, a strong rebounder. Six lettermen return, headed by Neil Swisher, who hit in double figures last year, and Ken Hutto in the backcourt. The others include Jim McNichol, Ernie Turner, Fritz Connally and Jack Schwake. Rogers plans to play man-to-man on defense but will undoubtedly add the zone when he sees how prevalent it's become in this area. BAYLOR's hopes also rest on the development of their two big men, 6-foot-7 John Moore and 6-foot-8 Eddie Ashwood, as post men. They have experience up front in Tom Kelly and Gene McCarley, both 6 feet 3, and in Guard Larry Barnes. David Pierce, a junior college transfer, and Rex Hughes and Bob Turner will also make the squad and there is a fair amount of depth behind them. Coach Henderson will surely miss Jerry Mallett, the Bears' alltime scoring leader. After a year's hiatus, while schedules were being arranged, TEXAS TECH becomes an official member of the Southwest in actuality as well as name. Coach Robison's squad is loaded with sophomores and juniors and their unfamiliarity with the rest of the conference will be a handicap. He has three returning starters in 6-foot-6 Leon Hill



RICE'S TEMPLE TUCKER

up front and Charlie Lynch and Gerald Myers in the backcourt. Sophomore Pat Noakes, 6 feet 9, will probably start at center, and Forward Bobby Wilson will team with Hill. Reserves include Lettermen Chuck Key and Wade Wolfe and Sophomore Gene Arrington. Myers will make the team run, and with normal improvement the first time around the circuit the Red Raiders could be a sound team. TEXAS lost five lettermen through graduation, including the indispensable Ray Downs, and even last year they shared the cellar with the Aggies. They have no established post man and will be weak under the boards. Big hope for the future is Sophomore Jay Arnette, a 6-foot 2-inch guard who averaged 21 points on last year's freshman team. Both returning backcourt men are small: Ken Cleveland and Kermit Decker. Veteran Dick Farrell is 6 feet 5, but the only other tall man likely to see regular service is 6-foot-6 Sophomore Bob Hover. Speed is the Longhorns' biggest asset, but that does not appear sufficient to change their record appreciably this year. The tandem post offense dominates in the Southwest, with the fast break next in line. If Rice wins, as expected, they draw a bye in the first round of the NCAA tournament and face a member-at-large in the second. But then comes the winner of a Big Eight-Missouri Valley elimination—too bad.

LAST SEASON

	Conf. W	Conf. L	Season W	Season L
SOUTHERN METHODIST	11	1	22	4
RICE	8	4	16	8
TEXAS CHRISTIAN	6	6	14	10
BAYLOR	6	6	9	15
ARKANSAS	5	7	11	12
TEXAS	3	9	11	13
TEXAS A&M	3	9	7	17

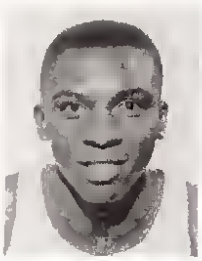
BIG TEN

Man to watch

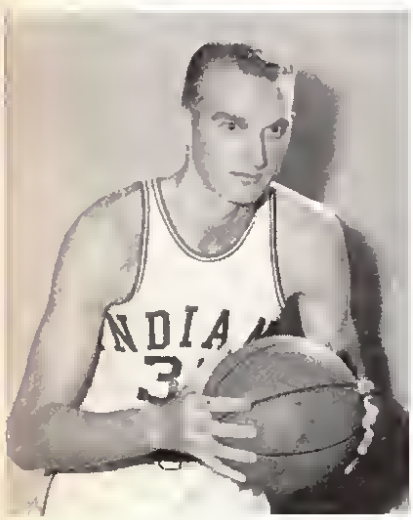
THERE ARE three at the top here, and the question is how to separate them, since predicting a triple tie is the coward's way out. Here's one way: each of the three has a superstar —INDIANA has Archie Dees, MICHIGAN STATE has Johnny Green, OHIO STATE has Frank Howard. Call them equally valuable and give the edge to the one who seems likely to get the most support. The guess here is Indiana. One big reason is that the 6-foot-8 Dees, who has a fine assortment of shots and moves extremely well for a big or even a little man, will move to forward to make room for 6-foot-8 Sophomore Frank Radovich at center. This makes 415 pounds of muscle and talent under the boards, and the other likely front-court man, veteran Pete Obremskey, is also a good rebounder. The guard spots are sound too: Letterman Gene Flowers and promising Sophomore Allen Schlegelmilch, and all of this is backed by a deep squad led by reserve Jerry Thompson, 6 feet 4, and Sophomore Norbert Witte, 6 feet 8. Coach McCracken should have his fourth title winner in six years. With all due credit to the amazing Green, biggest 6-foot-5 man in college ball today, the key factor in Michigan State's drive to the top last year was the fighting spirit instilled by Coach Anderson. This is a hard thing to repeat, and floor leader George Ferguson will also be difficult to replace. The veteran Jack Quiggle, good dribbler and fine passer, will try, and four other lettermen will back him up: Larry Hedden and Bob Anderegg up front, Chuck Bencie at center, and Guard Dave Scott. Again this year, the Spartans will depend on Green, speed and maneuverability—in that order—to make up for lack of size. Four of Ohio State's starters return and are set at their posts: the 6-foot-6 Howard and 6-foot-5 Ken Sidle up front, 6-foot-6 Center Larry Huston and 6-foot-4 Guard Jim Laughlin; 5-foot-10 Sophomore Joe Carlson will likely be the fifth man. Two other sophomores figure prominently: 6-foot-6 Joe Roberts, whose knee should be well by now, and 6-foot-5 Dick Furry. The added depth and experience will make this squad of accurate shooters better than last season; the fine average height, plus Howard, compensate for one particular big man. IOWA and ILLINOIS along with Michigan and Minnesota should be in the second flight. Coach O'Connor's Hawks were green last year, but eight veterans return, and moving up is one of the league's prize sophomores, 6-foot-7 Nolden Gentry. The holdover starters are Forward Dave Gunther, Guard Jim McConnell and Center Tom Payne, who has regained his eligibility. The other backcourt spot will likely go to veteran Clarence Wordlaw. Rebounding should be strong and the bench is solid, but this crew may need another year of seasoning. At least two sophomores—6-foot-5 Ed Perry and Mannie Jackson—will probably start at Illinois, while the veteran and great jump shooter Don Ohl will move to a guard slot in a lineup that will be shuffled by Coach Combes through the first 10 games. Veterans John Paul and Roger Taylor return in the backcourt also; aside from them and 6-foot-7 Ted Caiazza, the squad will be largely sophomores: Forwards Bruce Bunkenberg, John Homeier, Govoner Vaughn and Lou Landt; Guards Lee Frandsen, Alan Gosnell, Jim Dorris and Tom Adams; Center Ernie McMillon. The depth is apparent and there is good speed here, but no big men in sight and not enough experience. MINNESOTA seems to be another club capable of a middle finish, despite the loss of three starters. The reasons are two: shooting of veteran Forward George Kline, a 19-point average scorer last year, and the promise of much-heralded Ronald Johnson as an all-round performer who will be tried first at center. Juniors Bob Anderstrom, 6-foot-7 Warren Jeppeson and Bob Olson may not even make the first five, though old hand Whitey Johnson will probably start at guard. The sophomores scrambling for a berth include Forward Tom Benson and Guards Marlo Miller and David Pflepson. Over-all, the Gophers will be green; Coach Cowles is rebuilding. MICHIGAN has some experience this year, but no one to replace Ron Kramer. The first five look to be 6-foot-6 Pete Tillotson at center, Jack Lewis and Sopbomore Terry Miller in the backcourt and M. C. Burton and George Lee up front. Lee is the class of this crew, the best scorer and versatile enough to fill in at forward after a season at guard. Waldo Fisher found out last year how tough it is to go with sophomores in this conference; he had to, and NORTHWESTERN finished in the cellar for the second year in a row. New Coach Bill Rohr is slated for the same experience this year. Three probable starters are juniors, but the other two and the bench will be almost all green. The veterans: 6-foot-9 Joe Ruklick who hooks well but hasn't learned to do much else, Guard Nick Mantis who



DON OHL



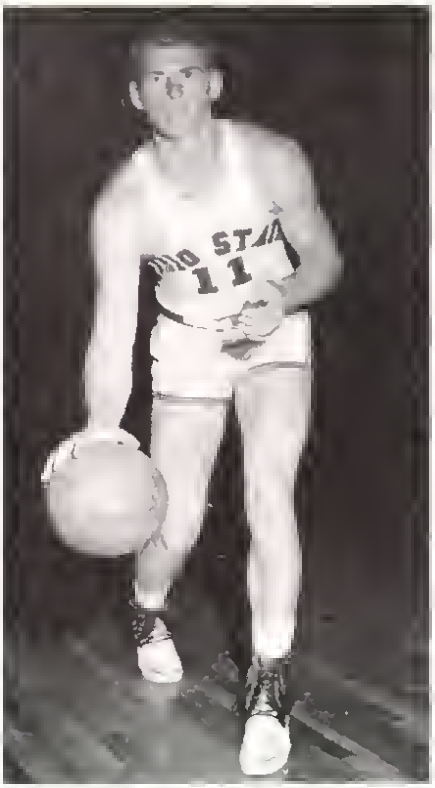
JOHNNY GREEN



INDIANA'S ARCHIE DEES

LAST SEASON

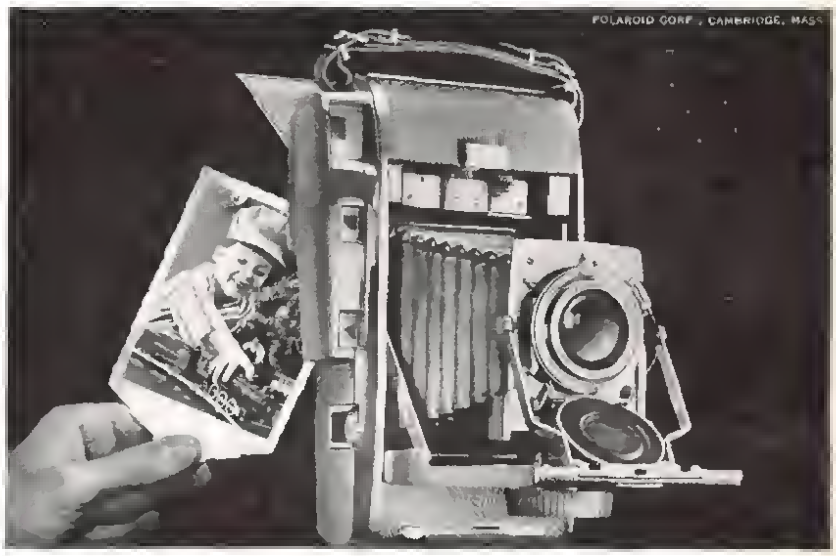
	Conf W	Conf L	Season W	Season L
MICHIGAN STATE	10	4	16	10
INDIANA	10	4	14	8
MINNESOTA	9	5	14	8
OHIO STATE	9	5	14	8
PURDUE	8	6	15	7
MICHIGAN	8	6	13	9
ILLINOIS	7	7	14	9
IOWA	4	10	8	14
WISCONSIN	3	11	5	17
NORTHWESTERN	2	12	6	16



OHIO STATE'S FRANK HOWARD

could be a fine floor leader but wasn't last year, and Forward Phil Warren. The two probable sophomore starters are Willie Jones up front and Guard Floyd Campbell; both are fast and their rebounding potential will come in handy. **PURDUE** and **WISCONSIN** have won or shared in more titles (13 each) than any other Big Ten team, but they seem headed for a two-way battle to avoid the cellar this year. Gloomy pre-season estimates, however, may spur them on. (Remember Michigan State last season.) Coach Eddy's Boilermakers have good over-all height, anyway: 6-foot-6 Bill Greve and 6-foot-3 Ed McCormick up front; 6-foot-6 Bob Fehrman trying center this year; 6-foot-5 Willie Merriweather and 6-foot-1 Harvey Austin at guard. This leaves 6-foot-5 Jake Eisen and 6-foot Charley Kehrt as top reserves. The shooting has been good in practice, as it was last season. Coach Foster has his starting five intact at Wisconsin, but they did poorly enough last year and as many as three of them apparently will lose their jobs to sophomores. John Stack, 6 feet 8, will replace Ray Gross; Fred Clow moves in on Glen Borland; Bob Serbiak ousts Walter Holt. The veterans who remain are Forward Bob Litzow and Guard Brian Kulas. This is essentially a man-to-man defense and fast break, single post offense conference—and has been for some time.





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INDEPENDENTS

Man to watch

EAST—Rating independent teams is simply impossible; we will therefore begin with possibly best coach and teacher in college ball today—Dudey Moore of **DUQUESNE**—and proceed in no particular order of strength. It is always a pleasure to see what Moore does with the talent available and this year Duquesne has real cause for optimism. Four starters return: Jack Sauer, Bill Ryan, Bob DePalma and Bernie Matthews, plus veterans George Henry and Fritz Binder in reserve. The fifth starter is sure to be rugged (6 feet 4, 215 pounds) Sophomore George Brown. Tough defense, as usual, will be Duquesne's forte. **PITTSBURGH** has Don Hennon back, but almost no support for him this time. Hennon, only 5 feet 9 but a solid 185 pounds, scored 573 points in his first varsity season last year with a variety of spectacular shots and great driving speed. This season he has no height around him, little experience—and a tough row to hoe. **ST. BONAVENTURE** has three starters and four other veterans back, an almost certain starting sophomore in Sam Stith, no real height but a crew well adapted to the give-and-go style Coach Donovan teaches. In other words, they're fast and good ball handlers. **ARMY** has some medium height for a change, the most promising sophomores in 10 years but a schedule still over its head. Returning starters are 6-foot-3 Forward Don DeJardin and 6-foot-2 Guard Charles Darby. The bench is deep but green. **HOLY CROSS** returns to power with four excellent veteran starters, Art Andreoli, Joseph Hughes, Tom Ryan and Dennis Noschese—plus a big man, finally, in 6-foot-6 Sophomore Center Ralph Brandt, high scorer for the frosh last year. No Heinsohns here yet, but he had to develop too. In his 35th year at **NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**, Coach Cann has All-America caliber Cal Ramsey, seventh in the nation in rebounds, and three other veterans. Two sophomores will likely start: 6-foot-6 Tom Sanders and little backcourt man Russ Cunningham, top freshman team scorers. **NIAGARA'S** Taps Gallagher has four of his five best back, led by "Boo" Ellis, who was second in rebounding and fifth in field-goal shooting in the nation last season. The others: Bob Sawyer, Tom Mulroy and Jim Maloney. Back after a year of ineligibility is Tom Truesdale. Taps is satisfied with everything but depth. Three of last year's top scorers return at **PENN STATE** Ron Rainey, Bob Edwards and Steve Baidy. Reserves Tom Hancock and Ted Kubista, both 6 feet 4, will help again, and three sophomores are sure squadmen. A solid bunch of Lions, but they play 12 of 19 games on the road. **VILLANOVA** will have its tallest first five in years, built around 6-foot-8 Sophomore John Scott, a fine corner shot and rebounder. A senior who never tried for the varsity before—6-foot-3 Bill Brennan—will make it, and so will Ken Harrison and Joe Ryan, and 6-foot-7 Tom Brennan. Height, yes; speed, fair; experience, uh-huh; verdict, so-so. Graduation murdered a fine **CANISIUS** team. Coach Curran only has Greg Britz, an all-round floorman, and Jim Springer—and hope in some upcoming sophomores led by John Rauh and Frank Rojek. The Griffins face a rugged schedule, starting with Kansas. Too bad. In the same boat is Coach Guley at **SYRACUSE**. The team is lone returnee Jon Cincebox, 6 feet 7 and strong enough, perhaps, to carry five men but not a basketball team. **BOSTON COLLEGE** may be the surprise of New England. Four starters return: George Giersch, Jack Harrington, Barry McGrath and Bob Latkany. And the bench is solid. At **ST. JOHN'S**, Coach Lapchick has eight lettermen back, but only Alan Seiden and Bernie Pascal are set in jobs as front-rank players. Reserve Gus Alfieri is another probable starter. The other spots are up for grabs, and the hopefuls lack size and experience. Most of **MANHATTAN'S** sharpshooters (first in accuracy in the nation last year) are gone, but Coach Norton has some size for a change. Bob Mealy, Pete Brunone and Jim Woop are all 6 feet 6 and all sophomores. They'll team with veterans John Powers, Mickey Burkowski and Dan McGorty, with all the old hands starting as regulars. Every member of the squad is back at **IONA** and three tall sophomores—Jim Raysor, Joe Tighe and Tom Fitzgerald—will join it. Best of the old hands: Stan Hill, Joe Bernardi, George Carter and Ralph Savarese. Coach McDermott has speed, a flock of fine set shooters and good balance. **SETON HALL'S** Coach Russell welcomes Tom Cross back among the scholastically eligible. Around Cross's 6-foot-8 frame he'll try to build a new club after losing many of the old. Lettermen Phil Samuels, Paul Szczech and Ron Berthasavage are a start, and Sophomores Seth Hicks and Connie Egan are next in line. **COLGATE** can't hope to produce another winning season. Only Phil Bisselle returns as a starter and the sophomores, led by 6-foot-5 Jim Elson, can't shoulder the load. **FORDHAM'S** fine front line is back: Center Will McCadney, 6 feet 6, and Forwards Jim Cunningham and Johnny Brady, both 6 feet 3. Cunningham's great drive has carried him to a three-year average of 24-plus points per game. The backcourt is the problem, probably to be solved by sophomores. **ST. FRANCIS** (Loretto) should leapfrog upward in the standings. Four tall starters return and the height and quality of the sophomores may be even greater. The veterans: 6-foot-6½ Jim McClellan, 6-foot-5 Rip Nixon, 6-foot-2½ Jack O'Malley, 6-foot-6 Don Falen-



ELGIN BAYLOR



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PITT'S DON HENNON



XAVIER'S CORNY FREEMAN

ski. BOSTON U will be shooting for its fourth straight Greater Boston title, with five veterans: Dick Armstrong, Jack Leaman and Don Vanderstreet (all were starters last year) and Nate Koppel and Bob Cumings. Coach Zunic has no height but doesn't need it; the squad has speed, depth and savvy. New York's ST. FRANCIS has its 6-foot-7 rebounder, Al Inniss, back for a last chance to realize his potential. The backcourt will be held down by veterans Tony D'Elia and Les Yellin, but the forwards will likely be sophomores. Coach Lynch sees good scoring possibilities but a shallow bench.

SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST—A 7-foot sophomore, Marvin Seat, and a 6-foot-9 junior, Kent Bryan, are the least of MEMPHIS STATE'S assets, which is a fair sign of the strength here. The three veteran starters, Bob Swander, Ron Ragan and Orby Arnold, are 6 feet 2, 6 feet 4 and 6 feet 6, and double-figure scorers. Two junior college transfers, Joe Gummersbach and 6-foot-5 Tim Buff also help, and there is much more talent and height. This is first-10-ranking material. Coach Carnevale is beginning to see results of NAVY'S new height limit of 6 feet 6 inches. Exactly that size is Sophomore Jay Metzler, who will likely start with veterans Al Swanson, Dick Johnson and Frank Petinos. There are two 6-foot-4 reserves, lots more newcomers

continued



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INDEPENDENTS *continued*

from an unbeaten freshman crew of last year. The future looks good. There's bound to be a letdown at LOUISVILLE, where only two of the top eight return. Veteran Red Goldstein, 6 feet 6, is All-America caliber and old hand Hal Andrews will help. Reserve 6-foot-10 Jerry DuPont also starts, but the rest may be sophomores. Next year. Only Ken Pichette is back at GEORGETOWN, the reserves are green and the sophomores greener. At least two years to go. Nearly everyone is back at MIAMI (Fla.) to surround 7-foot Sophomore Marty Berghoff, who will put the school on the basketball map for good. Enough talent here to take a pretty weak schedule in stride —maybe without a loss. There are no athletic scholarships at WASHINGTON of St. Louis, but the Bears are good,



DON LANE



ORBY ARNOLD

year after year. This season's crew features three small reserve veterans and a crop of tall sophomores—good shooters who need seasoning. A pair of tall junior college graduates, Dan Boltz and Burt Deckel, join fine playmaker Hugh Durham and two other veterans at FLORIDA STATE, to give the Seminoles their best potential in 10 years. OKLAHOMA CITY lost four of their best but get back the great hook shooter, 6-foot-10 Hub Reed, and the fine rebounder, 6-foot-5 Leon Griffin. Despite lack of experience, the Chiefs should rate another NCAA bid.

WEST—DAYTON has a unique brother act in Arlen, Terry and Harold Bockhorn, but only Arlen will start, with Dick Bogenrife, Jack McCarthy, Paul Shaker and the great Don Lane. Two 6-foot-8 newcomers may oust McCarthy at center: Sophomore Joe Kennelly and transferee Mike Allen. The only possible flaw is lack of seasoning. Jumping jack Tom Hawkins leads three other returning starters at NOTRE DAME: Bob Devine, John McCarthy and Gene Duffy. Unfortunately there is no strong replacement for Johnny Smyth at center. XAVIER'S new Coach McCafferty is 6 feet 8 and, appropriately enough, his squad is loaded with height. Joe Viviano, Hank Stein, Frank Tartaron and the fine rebounder Corny Freeman return. There is speed, depth and experience to carry on a winning tradition. MARQUETTE'S three starters —6-foot-8 hooker Mike Moran, John Glaser, Jim McCoy—will be bolstered by Sophomore Walt Mangham, high school bigh jump record holder at 6 feet 9¾ inches. Additional new, though green, talent may help reverse last year's losing record. LOYOLA of Chicago is on the upswing, with four regulars back: Art McZier, Jim DeWulf, Al Norville and Paul Sheedy. The essential big man moves up in highly touted 6-foot-7 Jim Gorman, and another sophomore, Tom O'Connor, may start in the backcourt. BUTLER has three high-scoring sure starters in Ted Guzek, Bob Plump and Keith Greve, who have hit 531, 470 and 427 points respectively in a single season. With a little height to go along with these three, the Bulldogs would be tough indeed . . . but they don't bave it. One of the best sophomore squads in DEPAUL'S history moves up, led by MacKinley Cowsen, Bill Coglianese and Paul Ruddy. Tbe future is bright—for next year. DETROIT has little size in its veteran crew of Don Haase, Mike Walsh, Ralph Uchison and John Belohlavek, or in reserve, but four freshmen stand 7 feet, 6 feet 8, 6 feet 7 and 6 feet 5. Coach Calihan's been recruiting.

FAR WEST—Possibly the best independent in the nation is SEATTLE, with college ball's No. 1 rebounder, Elgin Baylor, and Thornton Humphries, Francis Saunders and Jim Harney also back as starters. There is great height and speed in reserve, and two newcomers, transferee Charlie Brown and Sophomore Don Ogorek add scoring power. The early schedule is tough but the Chieftains should be ready. MONTANA STATE'S first year as an independent finds the Bobcats strong up front with regulars Ted Carter and Jim Kelly, both 6 feet 7, and veterans Harold Gausted and Al Harris. This is a running team that breaks well. A veteran club returns at GONZAGA, but the story here is 7-foot-3 Jean Claude Lefebvre, tallest college player anywhere, but very green. If he learns fast, anything can happen. Speedy, goodshooting small men who fit into Coach Negratti's give-and-go style help PORTLAND overcome a weakness in size. They're Jim Armstrong, Wally Panel, Dick Jolley and Frank Rector. The upcoming height is welcome, but needs seasoning.

LAST SEASON'S RECORDS

	W	L		W	L		W	L		W	L
ARMY	7	13	FLORIDA STATE	9	17	MEMPHIS STATE	24	5	PORTLAND	18	12
BOSTON COLLEGE	13	12	FORDHAM	18	10	MIAMI (FLA.)	13	13	ST. BONAVENTURE	17	7
BOSTON UNIV.	12	11	GEORGETOWN	11	11	MONTANA STATE	12	13	ST. FRANCIS (N.Y.)	12	14
BUTLER	11	14	GONZAGA	11	16	NAVY	15	8	ST. FRANCIS (PA.)	12	12
CANISIUS	22	6	HOLY CROSS	11	12	NEW YORK UNIV.	9	13	ST JOHN'S	14	9
COLGATE	14	10	IONA	12	7	NIAGARA	12	13	SEATTLE	22	3
DAYTON	19	9	LOUISVILLE	21	5	NOTRE DAME	20	8	SETON HALL	17	10
DePAUL	8	14	LOYOLA (ILL.)	14	10	OKLAHOMA CITY	19	9	SYRACUSE	18	7
DETROIT	11	15	MANHATTAN	15	9	PENN STATE	15	10	VILLANOVA	10	15
DUQUESNE	18	7	MARQUETTE	10	15	PITTSBURGH	18	11	WASHINGTON (MO.)	12	9
									XAVIER (OHIO)	20	8



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SCOTCH with a History



photographed by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

Nothing Could Be Finer...

NO, NOTHING could be finer, as the old song has it, than to be in Carolina—in the morning or any time during the basketball season this winter. That's North Carolina, of course, and Chapel Hill specifically. The Tar Heels of Carolina were the undefeated national champions last season, and three of the five champs are back this year Tommy Kearns, Bob Cunningham and Pete Brennan. All three are shown at right between classes, well attended by Carolina coeds as befits their status of Big Men on Campus.

The principal reason why Carolina is such a fine place for basketball these days is the presence of a cheerful Irishman from New York named Frank McGuire. Coach McGuire has imbued his men above all with that primary ingredient of the true champion: poise. Last year, under the stress of a 31-game winning streak and with the national title at stake, they faced the awesome Wilt Chamberlain and his Kansas team in the final and never doubted they would win. As the speedy, puckish Kearns puts it: "Our attitude in a game is that we're better than you are and you've got to prove otherwise." It's an attitude that should help make Tommy Kearns & Co. the finest in the nation for the second year in a row.



GHOSTLY IMAGES of this time exposure shot show paths of Carolina's fast break as practiced by starting five on home court.

TAR HEEL PLAYERS and coeds relax in front of columned structure called The Well, a traditional campus meeting place.



ALL SMILES as they face a new season are Coach McGuire and Guard Tommy Kearns, Carolina's fine backcourt general. New Jerseyite Kearns is one of many Tar Heels drawn to UNC by McGuire's presence.

DIXIE'S YANKEE HERO

Coach Frank McGuire, formerly of Greenwich Village, has been enthusiastically adopted as North Carolina's very own, along with a team he imported from Greater New York

by GERALD HOLLAND

A LITTLE AFTER one o'clock in the morning on Sunday, March 24, 1957, a form of mass hysteria appeared to seize the citizens of North Carolina. In cities, towns and villages all across the state, people suddenly rushed out of their houses and began to dance in the streets. Yelling at the top of their lungs, they built bonfires in the public squares. School and firehouse bells rang out, and hastily assembled street bands blared rousing southern marches.

The excitement was greatest in the beautifully wooded town of Chapel Hill, where the biggest bonfire of all was ignited smack in the middle of Main Street. It was down this same Main Street that an especially jubilant man was seen to come riding through the thick of the traffic and the snake dancers. He stood out because he was riding, not inside an automobile, but on top of one. As he jumped up and down and shouted and waved his arms, the crowd recognized him and gave him a special cheer. He was the chancellor of the University of North Carolina.

What had inflamed the chancellor and his fellow citizens was something they had seen on their television screens a little earlier that night. It was one of the most exciting games in basketball history and in it the University of North Carolina Tar Heels had defeated the University of Kansas for their 32nd straight victory and the national collegiate championship.

Back home in North Carolina (the game had been televised from the Auditorium in Kansas City), the celebration went on through the night, and later that same Sunday more than 10,000 men, women and children descended upon the Raleigh-Durham airport to welcome the team home. And when the heroes came down the steps from the plane, the roar that went up from the 10,000 fairly crackled with Dixie's pride in its own.

Actually, however, the heroes hailed from no part of the South, but from Brooklyn, The Bronx and other points in Greater New York. They were coached by a man who was reared in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, the son (and 13th child) of a New York City traffic cop. All of them together, in strict terms of geographical origin, were as out of place in their University of North Carolina jackets as hush puppies on a dinner table in Boston.

The story of how North Carolina had wholeheartedly adopted this band of invaders out of the North is more than a story of the 32 games and the national championship they won. In large part, it is the story of the traffic cop's son, Dixie's favorite Yankee and college basketball's reigning coach of the year—Frank Joseph McGuire.

ONE EVENING, on the eve of the 1957–58 season (North Carolina was scheduled to open against Clemson this week), Frank McGuire sat at the head of the table in the dining nook of the McGuires' brick home on Oakwood Drive in Chapel Hill. Draining his cup of coffee, he set it down and turned to his wife, Pat, a tall, slender brunette who grew up in the Gramercy Park neighborhood of New York City.

"Pat," he said, "that was a delicious dinner."

"Thank you," said Pat McGuire.

"I don't like pork chops," said Carol Ann McGuire, 10, "with pineapple on top of them. I scraped it off."

"You missed the best part," said McGuire. He glanced at his wristwatch and looked at Carol Ann and then at Frankie, 6 years old, across the table. A third child, Patsy, 15, was away at boarding school in nearby Greensboro. Another member of the family, Mac, a boxer, sat solemnly in the doorway.

Frank McGuire got up and lifted Frankie to his shoulder and led the way into the den off the living room. The wall was filled with pictures and cartoons, including a copy

continued

DIXIE'S HERO

continued

of the celebrated one by Willard Mullin of the *New York World-Telegram & Sun* showing giant basketball players emerging from a New York subway stop on the North Carolina campus. After tuning in the television set and getting the children (and Mac) settled, McGuire walked back to the dining nook for a second cup of coffee.

"I love those horse operas," he said. "They may not be art, but I've never seen a bad guy get away yet." Husky, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, his reddish-brown hair thick and wavy at 42, McGuire himself looked like convincing casting for a Western. Except that he was scarcely dressed for the part. He wore a light gray tie against a dark gray suit, from a wardrobe that is by Brooklyn Clothier Abe Stark, who, in public life, is president of the New York City Council.



CROWD OF 10,000 turned out at airport to welcome the Tar Heels home from the victory over Kansas and Wilt Chamberlain in thrilling final of NCAA tournament.

McGuire looked up at the wall where a magnetic board marked in the dimensions of a basketball court hung like a decorative mural. It was there for a very practical purpose: frequently, late at night, McGuire and his assistant, James A. (Buck) Freeman (his coach during his playing days at St. John's University in Brooklyn), sit before the board and move the metal blocks about as they ponder stratagems for an impending game.

McGuire nodded at the board as he returned to the subject of the dinner-table conversation. He spoke softly, in New York accents, so softly that it seemed to be a conscious modulation of a voice that once was surely pitched to the decibels of New York streets and the waterfront where he worked as a boy during summer vacations.

"Of course," he said, "what happened last year couldn't happen again in a thousand years. There was something eerie about winning 32 straight. We won several games we should have lost, we got breaks that were out of this world. I thought sure we would lose at least four games we won and finally I almost hoped we could get beaten just to take the terrific pressure off the players. Well, not the players so much, because they kept cool even if I didn't. But the students and the alumni and the people generally were feeling the strain. Strangers would come up to me and slip me a nutmeg, a lucky coin or a rabbit's foot to carry in my pocket, or a man might beg me to wear the same sports jacket to every game. Students were growing beards, they counted their steps from one class to another so they would take just the same number every day. One student got the idea he would jinx us if he moved his car. So he let it stand where it was and collected parking tickets until the season was over."

He took a sip of coffee.

"Now there is no place to go but down," he said cheerfully. "And the trick is to go down gracefully. I hope we lose early in the season. That will take the pressure off and the team will be better for it."

"What game would you like to lose, Frank?" said Pat McGuire with a wink. "The Clemson game?"

"Well, no," said McGuire. "I don't want to lose any game specifically. The team will be trying to win them all, naturally. But the law of averages says we've got to lose sometime and I'm just saying that the sooner we lose, the better."

Pat McGuire cleared away the dinner plates. She called from the kitchen: "Remember the sportswriter who asked you if you thought you could win them all last year?"

McGuire rubbed his chin ruefully.

"Oh, I do remember," he said. "I told him that anybody who won them all would just have to be cheating."

He chuckled. "That sportswriter called me on that after the season. I played innocent and said, 'Did *I* say that?' "

He looked at his watch again.

"Speaking of pressure," he said, "I'll confess something about the kind of pressure I feel sometimes. I have this recurring dream, this kind of nightmare. I see us losing. And we just don't lose. We lose like nobody ever loses. Now we never scored less than 54 points in any game last season, and we got the 54 against Kansas for the championship. We won games by scores like 102 to 90, 95 to 75. We scored 90 points against Yale, 94 against Clemson, so on, so forth. But in this dream I have, what happens? The final gun goes off and the score comes over the loudspeakers, such and such team 106, North Carolina *nothing!*"

McGuire leaned across the table and tapped it with a finger for emphasis: "We don't score *anything*. We're shut out!"

He shuddered, closing his eyes and letting his head roll as if reeling from a blow. He opened his eyes and spread out his hands.

"Can you imagine anything like that?" he demanded. "And it's so real that I never can begin to relax on the

bench until we get our first point. Then I say to myself, 'Well, anyway, we won't be shut out.' "

He laughed at himself, looked at his wristwatch once more and got up from the table. It was time to go to the gymnasium.

The McGuires are a two-car family with a one-car garage. In the garage was one of the low-price three, but as he came out of the house and walked across the lawn, McGuire opened the door of a 1957 blue and white Cadillac. It was a gift last season (long before the Tar Heels became national champions) from students, alumni and other McGuire admirers in Chapel Hill, Durham and other parts of the state. Students—in the campaign that was organized by George Hogan, the travel agency man, and Obie Davis, the gasoline station proprietor—were not permitted to contribute more than a dollar, and most of the undergraduates, about a thousand altogether, gave quarters and half dollars.

(North Carolina newspaper editorials commented wryly on the McGuire Cadillac. Said the *Charlotte News:* "We certainly don't begrudge Mr. McGuire a single cylinder of his prize. He's a fine gentleman, a wonderful coach and deserves the recognition. We just wish that his less fortunate colleagues . . . could enjoy similar rewards. We understand Dr. James L. Godfrey is having an unusually good year in history, but not a whisper have we heard about outfitting him with a new car. . . .")

As he drove along the highway leading to the university gymnasium, McGuire pointed to a supermarket by the side of the road. "I drove up there in this car the other day and two kids watched me park. One of them said, 'This must be a rich guy.' The other kid looked at me and shook his head. He said, 'Nah, it's Coach McGuire.' "

McGuire's income, if it does not allow for Cadillacs, is upper bracket for his trade. It is guessed to be about $12,000 after five years at North Carolina. (He recently signed a new five-year contract.) He supplements his salary with fees paid to him as instructor at basketball clinics and summer camps.

McGuire entered the gymnasium building on the ground floor and stopped at the equipment room where John (Sarge) Keller was hanging up the blue blazers and gray flannels that are traveling mufti of the basketball players. McGuire inspected them, wondered whether university emblems might look better on the jackets than the initials, UNC. Sarge thought the initials were better identification and McGuire nodded. He looked around and said: "Sarge, if Buck and I could run our jobs as well as you run yours, we'd never have any worries."

He stopped at the trainer's room to say hello to Doc John Lacey, expressed the opinion, mildly, that trainers were more important to a team than coaches were. This somehow led to a discussion of athletic hypochondria, which, it developed, is more widespread than people think. McGuire was reminded of his great All-America of last season, Lennie Rosenbluth (now a pro with the Philadelphia Warriors), who, he said, was inclined to take a dim view of his health upon occasion and to deplore out-of-town eating arrangements. Once, said McGuire, the team bus rolled up to a roadside restaurant where reservations had been made. Several players expressed admiration for the looks of the place, but Lennie (said McGuire) remarked: "It looks to me like a great place to pick up a case of ptomaine." Another time, McGuire recalled, Lennie developed a cough which he cultivated almost lovingly. In the dressing room before a game with Wake Forest at Winston-Salem, he achieved all sorts of weird and piteous sound effects with the cough as McGuire sought to deliver last-minute instructions to the squad. Lennie coughed bass, tenor and several voices in between, until, at last, McGuire stopped and turned to him.

"Lennie," he said, "that is the worst cough I have ever heard. You're obviously dying. Now I don't want you to die anyplace but in Chapel Hill. Get dressed, Lennie, and we'll call off the game and drive you home." McGuire put an arm around Lennie and went on: "My boy, I can't promise you that you will live to see the old school again, but I do promise that you'll have the finest three-day Irish wake in the history of North Carolina."

Everybody, except Lennie, laughed, and finally Lennie did too. Then he went out on the court to score 30 points as the Tar Heels beat Wake Forest by a score of 69 to 64. He didn't cough again all evening.

McGUIRE went on to the dressing room and put on his blue sweater and light gray flannels and sneakers, chatting with the players as he dressed. After the players had gone up to the court, McGuire said: "Maybe those boys weren't the greatest team in the world last year, man for man. But they were the greatest at playing together.

continued

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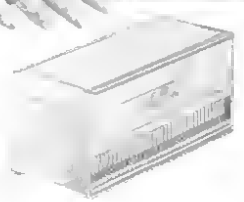
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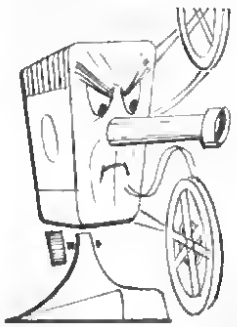
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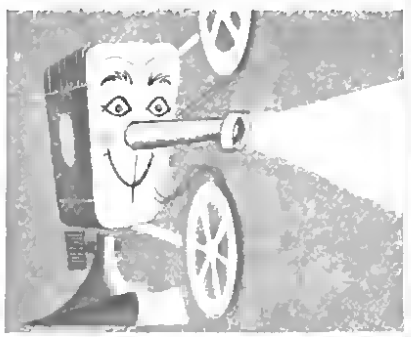


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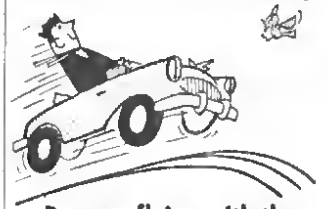


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DIXIE'S HERO

continued

They were a disciplined team. To play our kind of basketball, you've got to have discipline above everything else. Basically, we play the same kind of game that I was born to, that I learned from Buck Freeman at St. John's in Brooklyn. It's the New York, the metropolitan kind of game that concentrates on controlling the ball above everything else. One way of explaining it is to say that on offense we've got five forwards, on defense we've got five guards. We cherish that ball. We treat it like a gold piece. We take only the good shots and try to teach every boy to know his good shot.

"Controlling the ball is not freezing it. It's maneuvering for the right opportunity. Actually, we're not committed to the same degree of defensive play in every game. If an opponent is slow, we'll tend to run and shoot a bit. But against a team like North Carolina State two years ago we didn't dare do that. If we had they would have run us all the way back to New York. *Now against Kansas and Wilt Chamberlain*, I told the team they did not have to take a shot in the entire first half unless they were in position and Chamberlain was *not* under the basket. Eventually, we were able to draw Chamberlain out to where we wanted him to be."

McGuire started out of the dressing room and walked down the corridor to the steps that led up to the court.

"Basketball," he said, musing aloud, "is a game of mistakes. By controlling the ball you tend to eliminate some of the mistakes."

At the head of the stairs, he stopped and reflected a minute and then went on: "I was talking about discipline and what it meant to our style of playing this game. This discipline rules out the prima donnas and petty jealousies and animosities among the players. One time last year I sensed that there was something wrong among the players. I sent for Lennie Rosenbluth. I told him, 'Lennie, as captain, this is your responsibility. If anything is eating anybody on this team, you'd better call a meeting and thrash it out.' Well, Lennie called the meeting, and afterward he came to me and said, 'We talked things over, coach. You've got nothing to worry about now.'

"It's got to be that way. I've got to be happy when I go home from practice. We can't let one kid who is a pain in the neck spoil things for the rest of us. The players have to enjoy practice.

If there is bad feeling or just plain nerves under the pressure of a winning streak—or a losing streak—we've got to do something about it. Last season, at a time when the pressure was greatest, the team and Buck and I decided to bring a record player to the gym. We practiced with a colored ball to music —*Sweet Georgia Brown*. It gave us a lot of laughs. It loosened us up."

McGuire thrust his hands in his pockets and stared at the floor.

"It took me a long time to learn little things like that," he said, looking



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up again. "When I started out I was guilty of overcoaching. And I used to get so tightened up that I had a bad effect on the kids. I had a terrible temper. I made a lot of mistakes before I learned to control it."

He smiled at a memory.

"One time in New York, when I was coaching St. John's, I was driving to Madison Square Garden with one of my best friends, Tom Paprocki, the Associated Press cartoonist. A cab cut me off at a stop light and I yelled at the driver. At the next light he cut me off again and I threw open the door and started out to get him. Well, Paprocki grabbed me and dragged me back into the car. Tom's a big man and he can do it. Then he gave me an eating out like I've never had before or since. He said I was a hell of a poor excuse for a coach. He said if I wasn't able to control my temper any better than that I had no right to be handling a team of kids. He said if his kid was playing for me, he'd yank him off the team."

McGuire whistled and hunched his shoulders as if suddenly chilled.

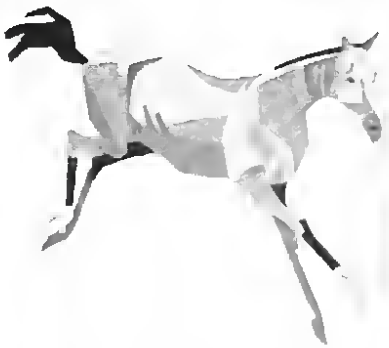
"I didn't speak to Tom the rest of the night. I didn't sleep the rest of the night either. But next day I called him and thanked him. He's still one of the best friends I've got."

McGuire walked across the gymnasium floor and stood watching his players. The national collegiate champions, with the exception of Lennie Rosenbluth, who had graduated, were peppering the basket from all angles. They were a handsome, confident-looking lot: Bob Cunningham of New York City, 6 feet 4; Pete Brennan of Brooklyn, 6 feet 6; Joe Quigg of Brooklyn (this was a few days before he broke his leg in practice, and was lost to the team for this season), 6 feet 9; Tommy Kearns of Bergenfield, N.J., the midget of the regulars, 5 feet 11.

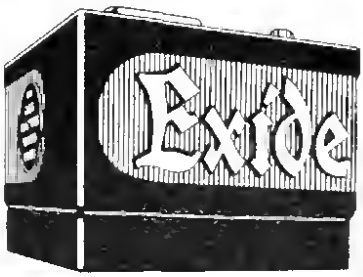
A STRONG New York-New Jersey flavor was assured for the 1957–58 squad. From last year's varsity squad, there were Danny Lotz of Northport, Long Island, 6 feet 7; Tony Radovich of Hoboken, N.J., 6 feet 2; Mike Steppe of New York City, 6 feet 3; Harvey Salz, Brooklyn, 6 feet 1. From last year's freshman team had come Ray Stanley of Brooklyn, 6 feet 4; John Crotty of Bayonne, N.J., 5 feet 11. North Carolina was not unrepresented: there were Gerhmann Holland of Beaufort, 6 feet 3; Roy Searcy of Draper, 6 feet 4; Grey Poole of Raleigh, 6 feet 5. From other areas there were Dick Kepley of Roanoke, Va., 6 feet 8; Wally Graham of Miami, 6 feet 1, and Lee Shaffer from Pittsburgh, 6 feet 7. Only three basketball scholarships were granted this year, two went to Brooklyn and one to New Jersey. Since Mc-

continued

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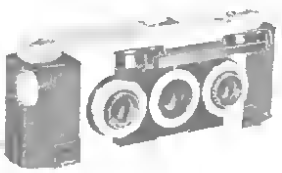
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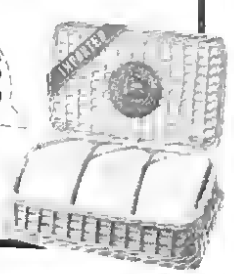
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DIXIE'S HERO

continued

Guire took over in 1952, scholarships have been offered to 18 North Carolina boys, but only five accepted them.

McGuire mused aloud: "Right now it looks like Kepley behind Quigg [this became the more likely with the later loss of the 6-foot-9 center], Crotty or Salz behind the backcourt men, Stanley as corner man, Shaffer behind Brennan, or maybe Shaffer will turn out to be a starter." (With a wealth of other material, McGuire will be able to vary his lineups, matching some opponents for height, others for speed.)

The national collegiate champions do not have exclusive use of the gymnasium unless, as happened last year, McGuire holds his practice sessions at night. This season he plans to practice during the afternoons, despite the fact that physical education classes and intramural team workouts will be going on in other parts of the gymnasium. Everyone agrees that a field house is a crying need at Chapel Hill, as things stand now, only about half the student body are admitted to any one game. McGuire himself would like to see a field house (like those pictured on pages 31–34) in which basketball would be just one of the activities that could be accommodated. All such ideas must await the appropriation of state funds for which, presumably, there are other and more urgent needs.

As McGuire stood watching his players, a spectator moved over to him and asked, "Coach, who was the greatest college player you ever saw?"

"Tom Gola of La Salle," McGuire said promptly.

"Gola, eh?" said the man.

Just then Lee Shaffer, looking like a tall Mickey Mantle, bounded up to McGuire to retrieve a ball.

"Lee," said McGuire, "I was just saying that Tom Gola was the greatest player I ever saw."

Shaffer looked at him wonderingly.

"You've got a chance to be as good as Tom Gola, Lee," said McGuire. He tapped his forehead. "As soon as you get a little more up here."

Shaffer grinned and dribbled away, with astonishing grace for his height and weight (215) at 18 years of age. He took a shot with the lazy-looking ease of perfect coordination. He was the leading scorer of last year's freshman team with an average of 22.1 points per game.

"Shaffer," said McGuire, "is a fine student. I was kidding him about something else. He came to me some time

ago and wanted my opinion of a car he was going to buy for $1,400. He claimed he had beaten the price down from $1,900. I took a look at it and told him I'd give him a 100 to 1 if he could go out and find a buyer for the car at $700. I doubt if it was worth that. I finally told him that if he wanted to make this ball club, he'd better wait until spring to get a car. He went along with the idea. Lee is very serious about making the team."

"Did you mean it," said the spectator, "when you said he had a good chance to be as good as Gola?"

McGuire nodded.

"Where do you rate Wilt Chamberlain?" the spectator asked.

"The greatest in college basketball today," said McGuire. "And second only to Gola among all the players I've ever seen. That's just my opinion."

THE spectator sauntered away and joined a group of onlookers that included (among others) a professor, a dentist, a veterinarian, a retired automobile dealer named Grady Pritchard, an alumnus and a member of the athletic committee that selected McGuire as coach in 1952. Pritchard was telling a story of his student days.

"I was in school," said Pritchard, a rugged-looking, gray-haired man, a native of North Carolina, "with Tom Wolfe, the writer. The reason he comes to mind is that Tom liked basketball and he certainly had the height for it. He went out for the team, but he was too frail. Stood 6 feet 6, but I don't think he weighed any more than 145 pounds."

"I thought he was a very heavy man," a man said.

"Oh, yes," said Pritchard, "he put on a lot of weight later on. I recall seeing him in New York years after we finished school and I wouldn't have known him. Weighed 300 pounds. I recall he was quite nervous too, and he said to me, 'Grady, let's go get a drink.' I said, 'Tom, that suits me, but I never knew you to take a drink in Chapel Hill.' Tom said, 'Oh, I never did in those days, Grady, but now I'm living on it.'"

"I wonder," said one of the group, "if Frank McGuire could have made a basketball player out of Tom Wolfe."

"I'm coming to that," said Grady Pritchard. "That's the point of the story. I was thinking of that very thing, how McGuire and Tom Wolfe would have gotten along together. They wouldn't have gotten along at all unless Tom Wolfe changed his ways."

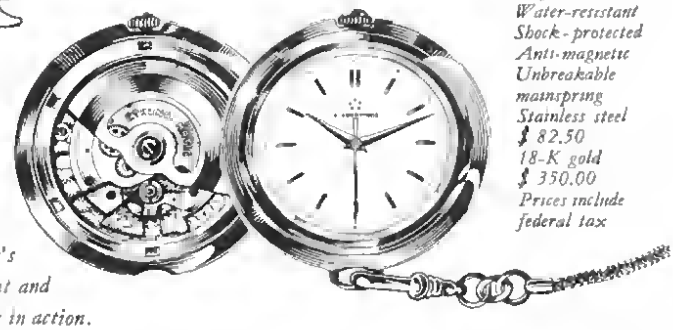
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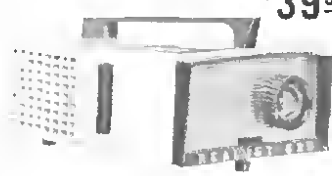


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DIXIE'S HERO

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"Why do you say that, Grady?" a man said.

"Tom Wolfe," said Grady slowly, "was a friendly fellow and everybody liked him. He'd wander around the campus after class and talk to people and then go down to town and talk some more and listen and then he'd stay up most of the night writing. But Tom had one fault. He was very untidy. He didn't care when he shaved and he'd wear a white shirt until it was coal black. One time, some of the students jumped him and stripped him naked and tore up his underwear so he'd have to change it."

The group laughed. "Tom Wolfe would have never made McGuire s team!" a man said. "Frank is a nut about personal neatness. Why, I've seen him chase a first-rate prospect out of his office for wearing a T shirt. And another time one of the players showed up for a game with a stubble of a beard. Frank wouldn't let him in uniform. The boy had to borrow a razor from the janitor."

Grady Pritchard held up a hand. "Now," he said, "as I see it, one of two things would have happened. Either Frank would have chased Tom Wolfe out of the gymnasium or he would have persuaded him to spruce up. Maybe Wolfe would have taken the advice and changed his ways entirely. Maybe changing his ways would have changed his personality. If that had happened maybe he would have gone into business in Asheville and never written a line."

The group nodded solemnly. It was not clear whether they were pondering basketball's loss or literature's gain.

At this moment, McGuire himself walked over to the group. He was frowning. He looked from one face to another and finally stared searchingly at the professor.

"Professor," he said, after a moment, "I'm worried. I don't know what I m going to do with the team this year. I can't figure out how to use the material I've got."

The professor rushed into the trap.

"Frank," he exclaimed, "I'll tell you *exactly* what to do. I've been studying the matter and I just don't see how you can pass up this boy Harvey Salz, as a starter. He's got everything, Frank; great ball handler, good shot, fine backcourt man, good team man; he'll fit in there just fine."

McGuire listened carefully The professor took a deep breath. "Now," he went on, "now I've been watching this boy Shaffer. A very good boy, Frank. Great coordination, but maybe a little heavy-handed. Very young, too, maybe he's not quite ready. But you've got a great prospect there if you handle him right. Now then, I'd string along with Pete Brennan, Bob Cunningham. . . ."

McGuire interrupted him. "Excuse me, professor," he said, "I think Buck wants me over there. But thanks a lot for those tips. They'll help me a lot. I'm very much obliged."

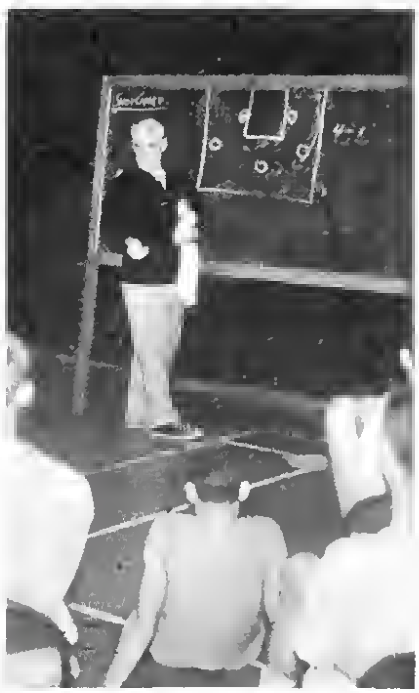
"Not at all, Frank," said the professor expansively. "When you have time, I have some more ideas." As McGuire hurried away, the professor looked around with obvious self-satisfaction. Nobody said anything.

After a minute, the professor rubbed his head. "Doggone it," he said, reddening, "do you think that fellow McGuire was pulling my leg?"

The group, chuckling over the incident, soon was in the midst of an impromptu symposium on McGuire, and from it some of the reasons for North Carolina's enthusiastic approval of him began to become apparent.

McGUIRE was no stranger to Chapel Hill when he took over as coach in 1952. He had been stationed at the university as an officer in the Navy's V-5 training program during the war and, characteristically, was soon on first-name speaking terms with the entire town. Through a friendship struck up with Y. Z. Cannon, the barber, he found out that the local high school needed some basketball coaching and volunteered his off-duty hours. After the war, his Carolina friends followed his career as coach at St. John's (his teams won 106 games, lost 36), and when Coach Tom Scott tendered his resignation at North Carolina, McGuire's name was on every list of candidates submitted to the athletic department. The offer was made, and McGuire, remembering the town affectionately, jumped at the chance to raise his children (especially Frankie, who has cerebral palsy) in a small and unhurried college community.

His first year was a great success with the alumni when his team managed to defeat North Carolina State, an arch rival. But at one point during his first year McGuire's material was so depleted by injuries that he had to order his student manager (who had never played anything but intramural basketball) into uniform and into the lineup for an important game. Gradually, however, his wide friendships began to turn up prospects. The celebrated Harry Gotkin of New York was particularly effective. (Says McGuire of Gotkin: "Harry calls me regularly every week. I've known him since I played with his brother, Java, at St. John's. Harry knows the kind of player I'm looking for. He was terribly anxious for me to make good down here. He works day and night scouting. Now, somewhere some amateur scout was quoted as saying he was paid for finding likely boys. Well, nobody ever got the price of an ice cream cone from me. Harry Gotkin is just plain crazy about basketball. He's neglected his own business with serious consequences, all because he runs around looking at high school and prep school games.")



BUCK FREEMAN, who coached McGuire as a player, now is his No 2 strategist.

One of the group said slowly and carefully:

"McGuire has dignity and humility. There are some greater charmers in coaching and in every other walk of life. But with a lot of them, it's an obvious act. With McGuire, it's as natural as breathing to be as polite and courteous to a janitor or a porter or a secretary or a waitress as he would be with the governor of the state. McGuire is completely unaffected. He's smooth. If he had come here as a Yankee blowhard, he wouldn't have lasted the first season."

Another man said: "McGuire is the most loyal friend a man could have.

One of his boyhood pals went wrong and was sent to prison. Frank went to visit him regularly once a month all during his term and never said a word about it. When he took the coaching job here and they asked him about picking an assistant, he insisted upon his old coach, Buck Freeman. Buck was having some lean days and had no prospects of a job anywhere. Frank told the university authorities that Buck was a basketball genius and he wanted him here even if he had to pay him out of his own pocket."

NEXT DAY Frank McGuire was at his desk early. He shares a small office in the gymnasium building with Buck Freeman, who not only serves as No. 2 strategist of the varsity but doubles as self-appointed file clerk and stenographer in handling the mail that pours in on McGuire (sample: a plea for advice from a father of a boy just dropped from his high school basketball squad and brooding over it). McGuire asked Freeman to direct practice that night because he had business in Durham and a later engagement to speak at a dinner of the Brotherhood of Temple Emanue. in Greensboro, 50 miles away.

In Durham, McGuire lunched with two old friends: George Hogan, the travel agency man, who until last year was secretary of the Educational Foundation, scholarship-fund-raising organization for the University of North Carolina, and Harry Rosenthal, the jeweler, who was so elated by last year's string of victories that he made a personal award to McGuire of an engraved wristwatch that told time with tiny diamonds instead of hands.

"Frank," said Rosenthal, "tell me this. Who's going to be your captain this season?"

"Harry," said McGuire, "that's been worrying me. Any one of the four starters from last year—Quigg, Brennan, Kearns, Cunningham—is entitled to the job. I just haven't figured it out. It's a tough one and I don't know just what to do."

After lunch, Rosenthal signaled the waitress. "I'll show you," he said to McGuire, "how much you amount to around here." He looked up at the girl. "Miss, do you know who this fellow is?" he said.

The waitress nodded. "Coach McGuire," she said.

Rosenthal puffed on his cigar and then looked up at her. "All right," he said, "that's correct. Now answer me this. Which would you rather have, a

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DIXIE'S HERO

continued

dollar tip or Coach McGuire's famous autograph?"

"Why," said the girl, "I'll take the dollar."

Rosenthal slapped the table. "You see what I mean?" he said to McGuire. "You may be hot stuff in Chapel Hill, but you don't amount to very much around here."

After lunch, McGuire stopped at the Immaculata grade school (attended by his daughter, Carol Ann) and prowled the corridors until he spotted Sister Mary Innocent, coach of the basketball team, teaching a class. She came out to greet him.

"How's the team look, Sister?" asked McGuire.

Sister Mary Innocent pursed her lips and replied with a professional air: "Hard to tell, coach. But I think we'll do all right. What we need most is a new basketball."

"I'll take care of it," said McGuire. "Have any of my boys been over to give you a hand?"

"Not yet, coach," said Sister Mary Innocent.

"I'll speak to them," said McGuire. "One or two of them will be over this week."

That evening, McGuire sat at the head table in the auditorium of Temple Emanuel and ate a pot roast dinner. He was reaching for seconds when he was introduced as the man who didn't need an introduction in North Carolina "any more than the President of the United States."

McGuire got up and stayed up for an hour and a half. He replayed the Kansas game for his rapt audience, detailing the final six seconds of the third overtime period in which Joe Quigg sank his two foul shots to put Carolina ahead 54-53 and Tommy Kearns saw two seconds left on the clock and threw the ball to the rafters, figuring it would take two seconds to go up and come back down.

He deprecated the role of the coach on the bench. "I was telling a meeting of 1,800 high school coaches out at Ohio State University last week," he said, "that I sometimes think the best thing I could do on the day of a game is stay home. That way I wouldn't communicate some of my own fears and worries to the players. When I was a player, I didn't know what fear was, but now I do. The thing I try to remember is to leave the players alone as much as possible during a game."

He waited an instant and then said slyly: "After all, I keep telling myself, they must be good or they wouldn't have scholarships."

He told about one of the games with Maryland last year. Maryland was well out in front with less than two minutes to go. And, being a team that holds the ball, it looked like a sure winner. McGuire called a time-out and told his players: "Our streak had to end sometime, and this looks like it. So, fellows, let's lose graciously. When the gun goes off, go right over and congratulate those Maryland boys."

McGuire shook his head sadly. "Our boys went right back and won that game in the last 60 seconds. That shows you how much attention they pay to the coach."

McGuire reminded his audience that North Carolina now held the national championship by one point, the margin of victory over Kansas.

"I was named Coach of the Year," he said, "because of that one point. I was invited to address clinics all over the country because of that one point. Ed Sullivan asked me to stand up at his television show because of that one point. I was invited to address the Executive Club of Charlotte the week after Ed Murrow was there and the week before a leading atomic scientist spoke." McGuire held up a finger. "One point," he said, "and the players and I don't ever forget that that's the difference between us and a lot of teams and a lot of coaches."

DRIVING back to Chapel Hill, McGuire listened to a question as to the secret of what was now clearly an extraordinary ability to get along with people.

"Well," he said, "I grew up on the sidewalks of New York and you had to get along with all kinds of people. You had to get along with them or fight them. We did considerable getting along and considerable fighting. But I must say, as kids, we never went in for any more deadly weapons than our own two fists. It was a good neighborhood to grow up in. Gene Tunney came from down the street and Carmine DeSapio, who runs Tammany Hall, was from the neighborhood. Most of the kids turned out well, but a few turned out not so well.

"A lot of kids from our neighborhood became policemen. If I hadn't gone in for athletics, I might have become a cop myself. I'm a police buff. I guess I know as many policemen as anybody in New York."

McGuire smiled.

"That reminds me of a story," he

said. "Whenever I'm connected with any game in Madison Square Garden, like the one recently when I coached the College All-Stars, I get an awful lot of calls for tickets from old friends of mine. None of them realizes how the requests pile up. But I try to take care of them. One time I had a lot of requests and I called up a ticket man I know at the Garden and told him I wanted 60 tickets, 30 on one side of the Garden and 30 on the other.

"He asked me to hold the phone and when he came back, he said, 'Frank, I can't split them up that way. But I can give you 60 on one side of the Garden, all of them together.' I told him that wouldn't do. He said, 'Why not? You still get 60 seats. What difference does it make if they're all together?'

"I told him. 'Jack,' I said, 'these are for friends of mine. Now half of my friends are cops and the other half are robbers. I can't have the cops and robbers sitting together!'"

The Cadillac turned in at a restaurant on the highway just outside of Chapel Hill.

"I'm hungry," said McGuire as he got out of the car. "I never did get seconds of that pot roast tonight."

In a booth inside the restaurant, McGuire studied the menu. Suddenly, he looked up and said: "It just came to me how I'll solve that problem of picking a captain this season. Instead of trying to settle on one of the men from last year's team, I'll make them all captains. That solves my problem. They can rotate."

The waitress was waiting for his order. McGuire smiled off into space, obviously pleased with his decision.

"What's it going to be, Coach McGuire?" the waitress said finally.

McGuire looked up at her. "What," he said, "do you hear from that husband of yours?"

The girl beamed. "He's being discharged from the service next month, Coach McGuire. He'll he flying home from Japan any day now."

"He's never seen the baby, has he?" said McGuire.

"No, sir," said the girl.

"Looks like quite a Christmas at your house," McGuire said.

"Oh, it certainly does, Coach McGuire," the girl said. "Now what are you going to eat? Barbecue? Country ham and grits? Southern fried chicken with some nice hot hush puppies?"

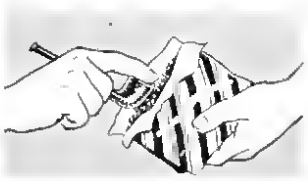
McGuire looked at the menu again.

"Why," he said, "I think I'll have the sirloin steak." He pointed to the menu. "This one here," he said. "The New York cut." END



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BASKETBALL'S

PAINTINGS AND TEXT BY RUSSELL HOBAN

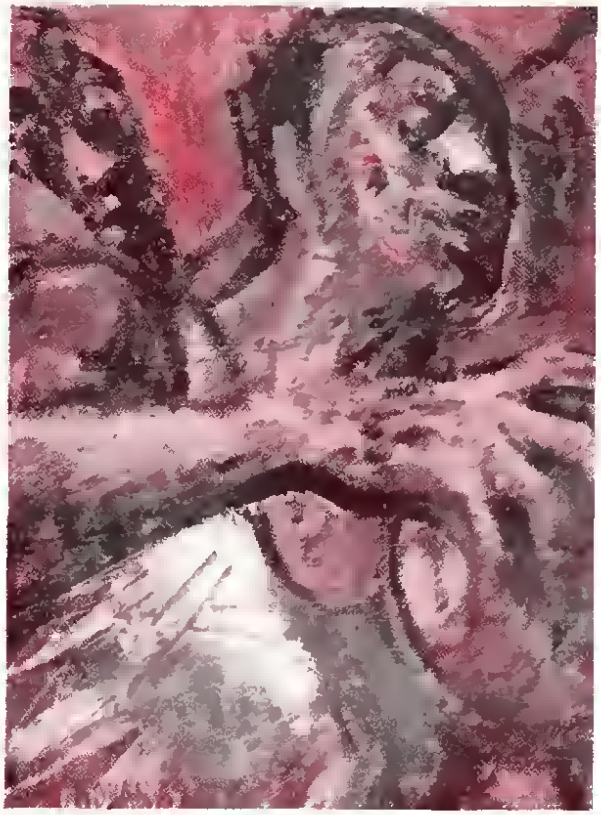


MOODS

THE BENCH

More than any other athletes, basketball players seem to be the occupants of their tall, graceful bodies; when they move down the floor in a galloping hurry of arms and legs, the heads of the players seem to be the calm, intelligent drivers of huge vehicles of attack and defense. When they sit motionless on the bench in their glittering jackets, their heads moving from side to side to follow the action, they seem more than ever the restless operators of their now immobile machines





CLOSEUP

If you concentrate your view, you can see the faces out of the context of the action—faces stark and dramatic, full of desperation, ambition, fear, hostility; faces out of a play by Sophocles—so concentrated are these men on the game that they play

THE BOARDS

The ball bounces off the backboard—and again and again the tall figures are tossed aloft like birds in an updraft until one last time the tall center leaves the floor, hangs motionless in the air for a stretched-out instant and sinks the game-winning basket

EMOCION

Hemingway speaks of the emoción *produced by the plastic entity of the* torero *close to the bull—a tight two-figure composition of life and death. Here we have a different sort of* emoción*—a kinetic joyfulness, an expansive feeling fighting a restraining one*









THE TRIUMPH

There is an echo in all of us: when the tangled struggle under the basket clears and suddenly there is the clean movement away and up, we too—all of us—soar up for a moment, beat gravity and the opposition and whatever else we fight against from day to day, and triumph heroically

THE AMERICAN GAME

continued from page 29

jarring note in the entire concept of the game and it is perhaps a tribute to man's respect for law and order that basketball players for more than half a century have managed to contain themselves as well as they have.

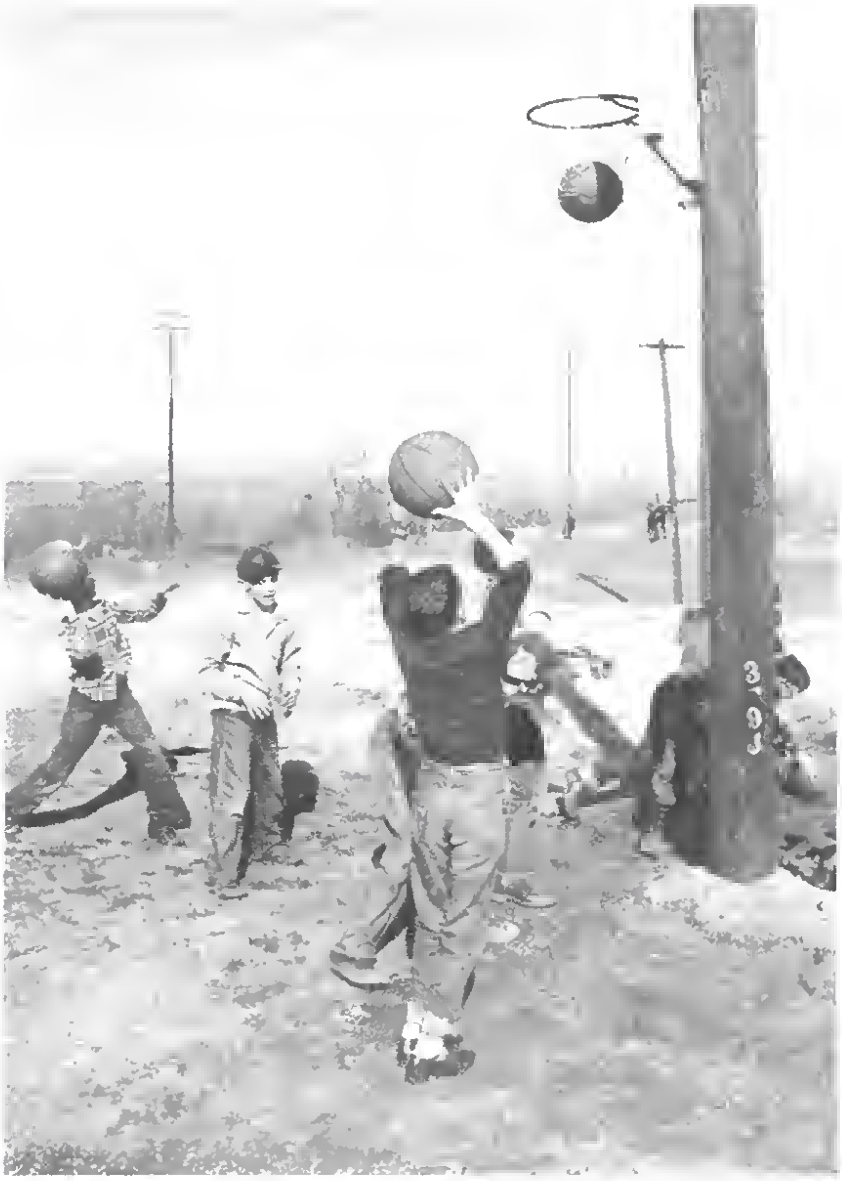
When Dr. Naismith was wondering where to hang his peach baskets, his first thought was to get them up high. "In order to avoid having the defense congregate around the goal," he wrote later, "it was placed above their heads, so that once the ball left the individual's hands, it was not likely to be interfered with." Little did he know how healthy the human race would become in the next few years or how tall some of its members would grow. The rim of a basket has always been 10 feet above the floor. Today there are a number of basketball players who can jump high enough to look it straight in the eye.

Critics say there are far too many who can do just that; the extremely tall player has turned the whole thing into a farce. This time, basketball men do not agree. They feel that height prevails, perhaps, but domination is something else, and that there will always be a place in the sport for the good little man. For every Mikan and Pettit and Russell, there is also a Cousy and a Sharman and a Slater Martin. Last year, alongside Chamberlain, SMU's Jim Krebs, Louisville's Charley Tyra and the other giants, the All-America selectors placed little Chet Forte, a deadly 5-foot 9-inch sharpshooter from Columbia, and Gary Thompson, the brilliant 5-foot 10-inch ball hawk from Iowa State. And this year, while some coaches bemoan the lack of a man like the 7-foot Chamberlain or Rice's 6-foot-10 Temple Tucker or 6-foot-9 Jack Parr of Kansas State, there are others who need backcourt help just as badly. They, in turn, gaze wistfully toward such supercharged shorties as Temple's Guy Rodgers, Don Hennon of Pitt, Charles Brown of Texas Western and Joe Stevens of Wichita. A good case in point is Kansas itself. Even with Chamberlain back, the Jayhawks are not expected to reach the NCAA finals again. Reason gone are the two good little guards, Maurice King and John Parker, who made the attack go.

No one close to the sport seems to worry much any more, however, about this rather academic question of domination by height. The game has advanced so much that to be merely very tall is no longer enough; even the big man must be a well-coordinated and agile athlete with a great deal of skill, and the advantage he gains is no longer due entirely to how many feet separate his cranium from the floor. The coaches themselves, who used to worry a great deal about all of this since they were never absolutely certain they weren't creating a Frankenstein, are now happy that everything has turned out so well. They have even grown fond of their towering infant. "It is the only sport," says Hank Iba of Oklahoma State, who has coached teams to victory in almost 600 games, "in which the really tall man can compete."

The best college teams in the nation this year will have tall men and short men and men in between. They will come from North Carolina and Kentucky in the South (*see* SCOUTING REPORTS *page 43*); Bradley, Kansas State and the Big Ten triumvirate of Michigan State, Indiana and Ohio State in the Midwest; Rice in the Southwest; Temple in the East; Utah in the Rocky Mountains; and San Francisco, Washington and Seattle on the West Coast. They may, of course, also come from somewhere else. Regardless of which school wins the NCAA's university division championship at season's end, however, the NCAA college division winner—considered too small to compete in the top class—will feel that it could whip the big boy if it had the chance. And the littlest champion of all, the NAIA winner, will be certain that it could beat them both.

With this spirit, college basketball gets under way once again. If you don't like whistle tooting or tall people, maybe it isn't for you. If you like color and excitement and skill and speed, join the crowd. There will be a big one. There always is. END



FUTURE ALL-AMERICAS SHARPEN THEIR AIM ON BASKET NAILED TO TELEPHONE POLE

AH, QUEL HOMME! OH, QUELS FEET!

The tallest man in American college basketball this year is a 7-foot-3 Frenchman from Paris who wears a size 17 shoe

by JERRY O'BRIEN



CENTER JEAN LEFEBVRE UNDER THE BASKET

THE TALLEST PLAYER in collegiate basketball hurried head and shoulders above the crowd through the halls of Gonzaga University in Spokane last week and ducked into the office of his French-speaking academic adviser to resume a debate on the Rabelais-Montaigne influence on the era of Francis Bacon.

Jean Claude Lefebvre (pronounced Luh-fay-vra) of France, who is 7 feet 3¼ inches tall and knows little English, has performed so well in this literary scrimmage that his campus stature is assured whether or not he ever dunks a basket.

"His knowledge and appreciation of literature," said the learned dean of faculties, the Rev. Clement H. Regimbal, S.J., "is quite extraordinary for a freshman student."

Much more extraordinary is Lefebvre's two-year evolution from the awkward, shy and sickly son of a farmer on the outskirts of Paris to the poised biggest-man-on-campus of a U.S. college.

His arrival in Spokane on Labor Day this year may well have given birth to a new dimension in basketball recruiting and brought an end to isolationist thinking among domestic proselyters.

Actually, it all began one spring day in 1955 when Lefebvre's 6-foot 6-inch father (his mother is 6 feet 3) sent him to a doctor in Paris for treatment of a sore knee.

The doctor diagnosed the ailment as minor but, before he released his patient, he put in a telephone call to an old friend, Robert Busnel, who was coach of the French National Basketball team. Busnel hurried over, gazed fondly at Lefebvre's tremendous size and asked simply: "Would you like to play basketball?" He got a simple answer: "Yes."

Busnel worked for hours every day with his giant, who had to learn the game from the ground up. He found in Lefebvre a pupil so willing he fell exhausted after practice but came back for more. His feet, bound tightly in shoes too small, were bloodied and covered with blisters.

While Lefebvre fell in love with the game, he wasn't the valued asset he might have been. Busnel took him aside each day, begged him to play close to the basket and use his height. Then Lefebvre gave him his problem.

"You do not know, Monsieur, what it is to be too tall, do you?"

Busnel worked almost tenderly with big Lefebvre after that, gradually convincing him that he was no freak, but a fine athlete with a God-given advantage that could be used in basketball for the greater honor and glory of Jean Claude, his family and the Republic of France.

Basketball has become big time on the continent, and Lefebvre made France a contender in the international European matches. He was featured in big picture spreads in French magazines and was interviewed and profiled in Parisian newspapers before the French army caught him in the draft, then let him go for lack of a uniform that was large enough.

Lefebvre became a tower of strength on the French National team and scored 45 points in one game, but was bottled up last year in a 64–62 loss to Czechoslovakia.

It was during a tournament in Holland that a ubiquitous, globe-trotting basketball addict named James McGregor spotted Lefebvre. At one time a coach at Spokane's Whitworth College, McGregor decided Lefebvre was just the man for Coach Thor Henry Anderson of Gonzaga. This was not as logical as it might at first appear. Anderson and McGregor were rivals of long standing, the trouble stemming from a time when the aggressive McGregor tried to recruit Jerry Vermillion, Anderson's top scorer, right out of the Gonzaga gymnasium during a freshman game.

Recruiting, it would seem, is in McGregor's blood, just as adventure was in Richard Halliburton's or romance in Ava Gardner's. Indeed it was on his ability as a recruiter that the intense 5-foot-8 ex-track man from the University of California built an enviable reputation as head coach at Whitworth.

In western basketball, Whitworth, a little Presbyterian school of 900 students, was only slightly better known than McGregor, when, at 32, he mapped a campaign to advertise them both in a hurry.

continued

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QUEL HOMME!

continued

He started recruiting in half a dozen states, organized an athletic fund-raising club, lined up a barnstorming tour of California, brought in a Hawaiian team with a heavy guarantee, signed to play in the Islands the following season and laid plans for Whitworth games in Madison Square Garden and Convention Hall in Philadelphia.

To get a 6-foot-10 center from California, he brought the boy's widowed mother and two brothers to Spokane, got the Kiwanians to find them a house and helped with the bills.



CELEBRATED GONZAGANS Lefebvre and Bing Crosby shake hands on college steps.

McGregor started getting results. His team the first year was the best in Whitworth history. He won 22 games the next season, reaching the quarter-finals of the national small college tournament in Kansas City.

To fascinated sportswriters, he became known as "Jolly Jim," a remarkable personality, with a slow wit to charm doting parents of tall boys who would like to play big-time college basketball.

But Whitworth, though tagging along and happy with success, was beginning to run out of breath and asked McGregor to slow down. The school said it couldn't afford the barnstorming, ordered him to hold individual traveling expenses to $7 a day and started a reappraisal of scholarship benefits for McGregor's gangly imports. Then, only about 500 people showed up for the Hawaii game on the campus and the school was stuck for much of the $2,500 guarantee. Whitworth prepared to fire Jolly Jim.

McGregor, however, struck first. In a letter of resignation he blamed "de-emphasis." He turned it in just eight hours before the area's sportswriters picked him "Coach of the Year."

McGregor left town in the spring of *1953, to go to work for an airline* promoting tourist trade to Japan. It was during this tour of duty that the ever-restless McGregor lined up a basketball tour to the Far East. He offered it first to Anderson, who turned it down with an "I don't know about you, Jim. I can see us coming back in a rowboat." The University of Oregon went instead and came home happy, safe and solvent in a four-engined airliner.

McGregor next popped up in Italy, where he signed on as coach of the Italian National team. He learned three new languages and soon became known as a leader in European basketball. In his spare time, he flitted back and forth through the Iron Curtain, gave clinics and wrote letters back to Spokane from Africa, South America, Warsaw and Istanbul.

Anderson, his old antagonist, was on the mailing list and sometimes even wrote back. He had learned to forgive McGregor's aggressiveness, which is not remarkably charitable of him when you take into account McGregor's international epistolary style. One letter from Russia ended with a startling p.s.: "If you can find someone at Gonzaga who speaks Russian, I can get you a 7-foot-6 Ukrainian."

Anderson, now full of respect for McGregor, could find no Russians around Gonzaga, but he was ready with eight French linguists when McGregor wrote about a 7-foot-3 Parisian.

With Anderson's ready assent, the persuasive McGregor went to work on Lefebvre and Coach Busnel. Lefebvre forthwith decided he would like to go to the U.S. for college. Busnel, eying the 1960 Olympics, was just as certain the experience would be good for Lefebvre and the training helpful for France.

Anderson took it from there and negotiated for the next six months. He lined up a French professor at Gonzaga as his prime diplomat and stayed awake until 3 a.m. for long distance calls from Paris. A friend put up $771 for a round-trip plane ticket, and it was fired off airmail to France. The

American embassy gave Lefebvre a four-year student visa, and finally he was off. Anderson scarcely slept a wink for the next 36 hours.

He called Thomas Bradley, a New York trucking executive and a Gonzaga regent, to make contact at Idlewild. Bradley dispatched an aide, Thomas Griffin, who took Lefebvre away from possible sales talks by anyone else.

Anderson, who stands 6-feet-6 himself, was popeyed when his French recruit stepped off the plane at Spokane. He hustled him home and secured him in a basement room. Registration at Gonzaga, and permanent possession, was still three weeks away.

With Lefebvre safely asleep in a special 7-foot 8-inch bed downstairs, Anderson went to work. He called Babe Brown, the athletic director at the College of Idaho in Caldwell, and lined up another game for December 2 to open the season at home in Spokane.

Then he pulled five scheduled games out of the 1,500-seat Gonzaga gymnasium and booked them into the Spokane Coliseum, which accommodates 7,500 for basketball

Chores done, he gazed fondly back on Lefebvre, who came with embroidered pajamas and wash towels, a modest but well-tailored wardrobe and nine words of English. He also arrived with a pair of size 17 basketball shoes that were too small.

There was more civic interest in Gonzaga basketball in the next few weeks of September than all of last season, when the team won 11 of 27 games, drew skimpy crowds and hardly raised a murmur among the students.

The *Spokane Chronicle* greeted Lefebvre's arrival warmly in a lead editorial, whistled at his tremendous size with a "Golly, *Quel Homme!*" A clothier wanted to outfit him, and Playfair track hegged Lefebvre to crown the winning horse of a feature race. In the last season, Anderson sold fewer than 300 season tickets. He is now banking on at least 1,000 at $7.50 each.

As both coach and promoter, Anderson ensconced big Lefebvre in a room in a campus dormitory with Norman Gillette, the new 5-foot-8 athletic news director whose credentials include B's in high school French.

Then he helped Lefebvre line up his freshman course: English I (with a tutor); the French theater since 1930 (with a French-speaking teacher); the history of French literature, and Racine's tragedies (with the same teacher), and four hours of physical education (with Coach Anderson).

Lefebvre quickly bought himself a Larousse French-English dictionary, four bottles of shaving lotion, a camera and a notebook to take down play patterns from Anderson's blackboard.

He gets $10 a week on a campus job (one of his tasks is installing high-hanging library shelves), in addition to the standard Gonzaga scholarship of board, room and tuition. He came without cost and no under-the-table payments. In return, even before firing a shot at a Gonzaga foe, he has given the school one of its most intriguing athletic heroes without an inch of goon on an outsized frame. When he has a better grasp of English, Lefebvre intends to switch to a business course. He will study the export-import trade,

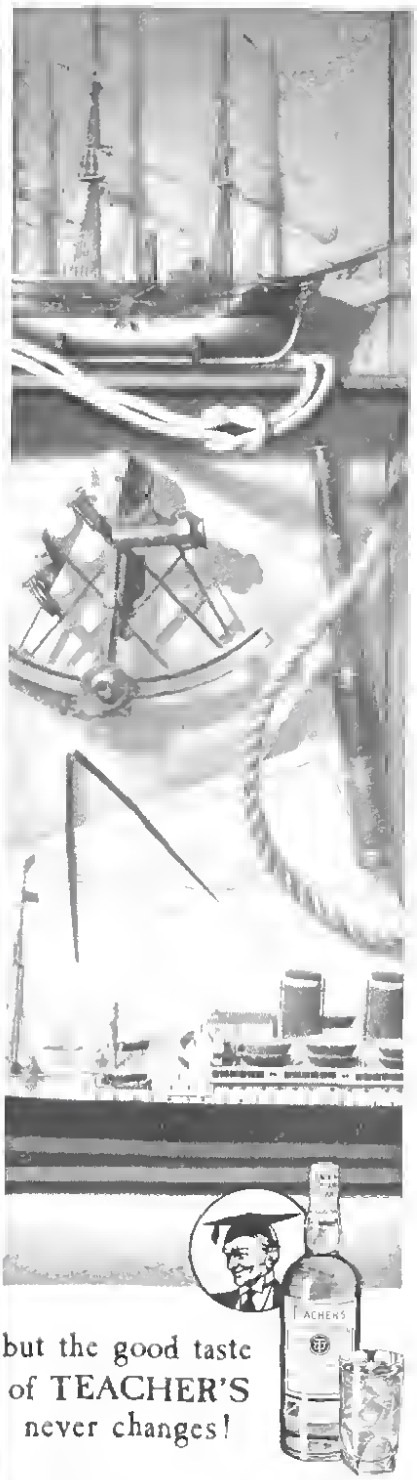
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MEN RESPONSIBLE for bringing Lefebvre to U.S. are International Recruiter James McGregor (*left*), now coaching in Turkey, and Gonzaga Coach T. H. (Hank) Anderson.

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QUEL HOMME!

continued

which he hopes eventually to enter.

Almost lost in the Gonzaga glee over its recruiting coup is the fact that Lefebvre plays pretty good basketball. He can move, shoots well and is learning to lift his 280 pounds off the floor for rebounds. After six weeks of practice, Anderson feels Lefebvre's rough edges are beginning to smooth over.

"He has done very, very well," he said. "I'm more than pleased with his offense. He'll hit 12 of 16 shots in close in a tough scrimmage and is learning to pivot off the screen. He must learn to be more aggressive on rebounds, and he has to get back faster on defense. Moving back seems hard on his toes and soles.

"Right now, I'm concerned about his feet. He has size 17 shoes with the toes cut out. We need a size 19 and they don't have them. A Spokane shoe man has promised to provide at least an oxford-type shoe with a sponge sole. A sporting goods dealer said he'd get me something, although it may be a Primo Carnera-type boxing shoe that will need building up."

Lefebvre's feet slow him down after 30 or 40 minutes of scrimmage but not until he has whipped in a dozen book shots or dunks on rebounds.

"His hook shot is real good for a big man," Anderson says, "but he needs experience. He really needs experience on rebounds. He can't understand yet how friendly teammates can rough him up on a scrap for the ball during scrimmage. He thinks they should be his friends. He'll learn."

Coach Anderson intends to use Lefebvre in a 1-3-1 offense. "It's something I picked up from Hank Iba of Oklahoma A&M at a coaching clinic," he said. "You'd call it a high and low post, with big Jean and low man near the basket and the others out front. They'll weave and try to hit Jean, then screen for him for a hook or expect a pass back out for a routine close shot. Lefebvre has become a team man, he's passing out real well when he doesn't have a shot. He passes back even when he does and he peaks over the defense real well, too."

Lefebvre seems better than average with his favorite *shot en suspension*, a one-handed jump shot from 25 feet away. His hook shots come equally well off either hand, but he is terrible on free throws.

Lefebvre shoots so well from outside that one day he told Anderson he wanted to play back as a guard. The coach hustled him into a dark room and brought out old movies of Oklahoma A&M's Bob Kurland, another 7-footer.

"That's where I want you to play, and that's the way I want you to play it," he argued, with hands going and pigeon French strained to the limit.

A major impasse might have developed had not Anderson called in some of his French professorial help. After a full hour's session they divined what was wrong. Lefebvre had decided that in playing center he was taking advantage of his height. He wanted to make the team on his ability alone

Richie Williams, a 5-foot-8, 135-pound junior college transfer from Vallejo, Calif., has become Lefebvre's closest campus friend. Williams speaks no French, but both boys get along well together in the languages they both understand—basketball and the ballroom.

Williams, a classy dancer, has taught Lefebvre the basic steps of "the bug and the bop" and coached him through one dancing date with a 5-foot 9-inch coed. He almost stopped the show.

"This Lefebvre," an excited alumnus told the Rev. John P. Leary, S.J., education dean, "is the greatest thing that ever happened to Gonzaga—including Bing Crosby." Crosby, a member of the class of 1924, is the college's most celebrated graduate and its most faithful benefactor.

Father Leary agrees but also urges moderation, as does Coach Anderson, who is worried about Lefebvre's effectiveness in the new 12-foot lane designed to neutralize big men. Anderson points out that Lefebvre has played basketball for only two years, he is 20 and has four to go at Gonzaga, where freshmen are permitted to play on the varsity. Even so, Anderson can't resist a wistful dream or two: "He could be the greatest basketball player in the world," he has been heard to remark.

McGregor is now director of student activities at Robert College in Istanbul, Turkey and won't see Lefebvre play his first U.S. games. But Anderson will keep him informed because Jolly Jim has become a one-man steering committee for Gonzaga in a basketball land untouched before.

Only last month, a brief McGregor letter stirred the Anderson imagination to even greater heights.

"I have found," McGregor wrote, "a 6-foot-10 kid in Greece who is only 16 and still growing. He should be ready for export soon."

In a moment, Anderson knew half a dozen classical Greek scholars among the Jesuit priests. END

YESTERDAY

ONE HAND BEHIND HIS BACK

Hank Luisetti came out of the West to New York 21 years ago, and basketball has never been the same game since

by LES WOODCOCK

CHAUVINISTIC NEW YORKERS had gathered early. It was December 29, 1936, the touring Stanford Indians were in town and a lesson was about to be administered. Cutting through the heavy, smoke-laden atmosphere of brilliantly lighted Madison Square Garden, the Long Island University basketball team charged out onto the floor to the accompaniment of a tremendous roar that swept the arena. The champions were ready to operate.

Excitement had been building up for weeks. For the past year reports had filtered across the Rockies from California that this Stanford team was no ordinary group of players. The late city editions of New York papers had dutifully recorded its deeds in short, one-paragraph stories which generally ended with the startling and somewhat cryptic note: "Hank Luisetti, forward, scored 22 points." Nobody playing in those days ever scored 22 points against good competition, much less did it with regularity.

The well-guarded scepticism of New Yorkers was tempered by a natural curiosity. Besides, two nights before, Stanford had beaten a strong Temple team in Philadelphia, with Luisetti scoring 14 points.

The team obviously had something, but it was going to need a lot more than that if it was to stay on the same court with LIU. Over a two-year period, beginning in the middle of the 1934–35 season, Coach Clair Bee's tall, poised Blackbirds had won an unprecedented 43 consecutive games against the best teams in the nation. They were slick ball handlers. They could shoot from the outside to open up their opponents' defenses, and when they had succeeded in doing that they could pass them dizzy under the basket. They were fiery, tenacious defenders.



HARD-DRIVING HANK, one of the game's great dribblers, hustles up court with ball.

The game had hardly begun when LIU scored. Stanford tied the score, but an LIU foul shot gave the New Yorkers the lead again. It appeared but a matter of time before another Far West wonder team would meekly fold up against the proved superiority of the East.

Then things began to happen. Stanford, perhaps a bit stage-struck at the outset, settled down and began to play its own brand of basketball which had been only rumored in the East but never seen. The style, it soon turned out, was revolutionary. In pained, partisan disbelief, the crowd of 17,623 watched the metamorphosis of a game. As everybody had always known, the *only* way to shoot a basketball from

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BEHIND HIS BACK

continued

the outside was with two hands. Stanford shot with one. Tight control of the ball was the *only* way to control the outcome of a ball game. You worked the ball around deliberately, passed in and out, waiting, if necessary, as long as two minutes for the one clear shot under the basket. The men from Stanford pushed shots up from the corner, hooked the ball off their ears and, in general, performed with an unorthodoxy that would have got them benched for good had they been eastern players.

But they were Westerners and they were the dedicated prophets of a new style. Led by the tall, dark-haired Angelo Henry (Hank) Luisetti, who ranged all over the court that night, Stanford pulled away steadily to an almost unbelievable 45-31 win. The long reign of LIU was over but, more significantly, so was eastern-style basketball. Modern basketball had come to replace it.

The architect was Luisetti. As great a floor man as he was a shot, he set up most of his team's play with electrifying dribbling and passing. But his real contribution was his shooting. Instead of setting himself for the obligatory two-hander, Luisetti pushed the ball softly toward the basket with one hand while on the run. To everyone's surprise, the ball usually went in. An awed *New York Times* man wrote: "His shots would have been deemed foolhardy if attempted by any other player, but with Luisetti heaving, these were accepted by the crowd."

West Coast fans had known all about Hank Luisetti long before he startled the East. As a freshman at Stanford, his one-handed push shot, which he had first used in high school, had developed into a potent scoring weapon. Over one weekend, in two games, Luisetti threw in 70 points, a fantastic total for the mid-'30s. As a sophomore his point total jumped to 416 and he was named to his first of three successive All-America teams. Some experts still consider him one of the great ball handlers of all time. Years before the Cousy era, Luisetti came up with the behind-the-back dribble and used it on occasion when hemmed in by double teaming.

If Luisetti had any weakness as a basketball player, it was a reluctance to shoot more often. One night in his senior year Luisetti's teammates refused to let him pass off. Stanford beat Duquesne 92-27, and Luisetti set a new collegiate scoring record of 50 points. By the time he played his last college game in 1938, Luisetti had totaled more points than any other major college player before him.

Luisetti's fame was so great when he finished at Stanford that he was starred in a movie titled *Campus Confessions*. Other than Betty Grable's legs, the picture had nothing to recommend it. Indeed, the AAU thought so little of it that a year after it had suspended Luisetti for professionalism it reconsidered and declared him an amateur.

Today, although he never made a name for himself as an actor (he is an automobile salesman in San Francisco), Hank Luisetti's place in basketball history is secure. His scoring records have long since been eclipsed, but today's 100-point team totals derive at least in part from that memorable evening 21 years ago when a talented young man visited Madison Square Garden and turned basketball upside down with, figuratively, one hand tied behind his back. END



BEHIND-THE-BACK DRIBBLE DEVELOPED BY LUISETTI WAS A COLLEGE SENSATION IN 1935

Figures That Tell a Story

The perennial hot debate about which conference plays the best brand of basketball is analyzed in a set of charts specially prepared for the partisan fans

CONFERENCE RECORDS, 1956-57

One excellent test of comparative conference strength is the won-lost record that the teams compile against nonconference opponents. The flaw in this test, however, is the fact that each conference's outside schedule differs in quality of opposition. To balance the first test, therefore, it is necessary to compare it with the conference's record against the top 20 teams in the country, according to the final ratings of the Associated Press poll. Below are both of these cumulative records for the 1956–57 basketball season.

CONFERENCE	VERSUS NONCONF. WON-LOST	PCT.	VERSUS TOP 20 WON-LOST
Big Seven (Eight)	45–16	.738	7– 9
Atlantic Coast	58–21	.734	5– 3
Southeastern	80–32	.714	2–12
Big Ten	49–35	.583	8–12
Southwest	39–28	.582	3– 8
West Coast	52–39	.571	6–14
Missouri Valley	54–44	.551	6–15
Ivy	43–37	.538	0– 4
Ohio Valley	44–39	.530	1–13
Pacific Coast	44–39	.530	2– 5
Rocky Mountain	39–38	.506	1– 1
Yankee	41–41	.500	0– 0
Mid-American	38–41	.481	0– 4
Border	37–45	.451	0– 8
Skyline	37–51	.420	3–20
Southern	38–63	.376	0– 9

TOP TEN RATINGS, 1949-57

The AP ratings, which have been in operation for nine full seasons, show that both the Southeastern and Big Ten conferences have each placed teams among the top 10 in the year's final poll no less than 12 times. But the SEC's claim to over-all strength is weakened by the fact that Kentucky alone has accounted for eight of these listings.

CONFERENCE	TIMES RATED IN TOP TEN	CONFERENCE	TIMES RATED IN TOP TEN	CONFERENCE	TIMES RATED IN TOP TEN	CONFERENCE	TIMES RATED IN TOP TEN
Southeastern	12	Big Eight	5	Ohio Valley	3	Southern	2
Big Ten	12	Atlantic Coast	5	West Coast	2	Ivy	1
Missouri Valley	11	Pacific Coast	5	Southwest	2	Skyline	1

THE NCAA TOURNAMENT, 1948-57

The chart below takes into account all games played by the representatives of each major conference in each of the last 10 NCAA championships. It appears that the West Coast and Middle Atlantic conferences have the best claim to over-all strength, but it should also be pointed out that San Francisco posted a 12–1 record for the WCAC over the last three years, while LaSalle totaled 9–1 for the Mid-Atlantic in '54 and '55.

CONFERENCE	YEARS	WON-LOST	PLACE OF FINISH 1ST	2ND	3RD	4TH
West Coast	7	18–6	2	0	1	1
Mid-Atlantic	5	14–6	1	1	1	0
Big Ten	10	22–11	1	1	3	2
Big Seven	8	18–9	1	3	1	1
Southeastern	9	16–8	3	0	0	1
Atlantic Coast	8	12–8	1	0	1	0
Pacific Coast	10	12–14	0	0	1	2
Southwest	10	11–13	0	1	0	2
Missouri Valley[1]	9	10–12	0	2	0	1
Ohio Valley	3	2–3	0	0	0	0
Rocky Mountain	5	3–6	0	0	0	0
Ivy	7	4–9	0	0	0	0
Skyline	10	6–15	0	0	0	0
Yankee	5	1–5	0	0	0	0
Southern	4	0–4	0	0	0	0
Mid-American	5	0–5	0	0	0	0
Border[2]	7	0–8	0	0	0	0

[1] *Oklahoma State, though now a member of the Big Eight conference, is included in the Missouri Valley compilation, contributing a 6–5 record, including one runner-up and one fourth place finish. Not included with the Missouri Valley total in the record of Bradley in the 1954 and 1955 tournaments, when it was not a conference member. Bradley's record for those two years was 6–2, including one second-place finish.*

[2] *Texas Tech, though now a member of the Southwest Conference, is included in the Border Conference total, contributing a 0–1 record*

CONTINUED

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THE BEST FROM EACH CONFERENCE

Listed below are the teams that posted the best won and lost records of their conferences against outside opponents during the 1956–57 season. North Carolina, rated the top team in the country and winner of the NCAA title, also compiled the finest nonconference record.

TEAM AND CONFERENCE	WON-LOST
North Carolina (ACC)	13–0
Wake Forest (ACC)	9–0
Tennessee (SEC)	8–0
Iowa State (Big 8)	8–0
Columbia (Ivy)	9–1
UCLA (Pacific Coast)	9–1
Purdue (Big Ten)	7–1
Illinois (Big Ten)	7–1
Bradley (Missouri Valley)	13–2
Vermont (Yankee)	12–3
TCU (Southwest)	8–2
Tenn. Tech (Ohio Valley)	8–2
Idaho State (Rocky Mountain)	13–4
Fresno State (WCAC)	9–3
Ohio (Mid-American)	8–3
Wash. & Lee (Southern)	8–3
Utah (Skyline)	9–4
Hardin-Simmons (Border)	10–6

IF THE STATISTICS on these pages give a good indication of which conferences are the strongest, they also demonstrate that some are surprisingly weak, namely the Southern and the Skyline. The current Southern Conference membership has not won an NCAA tournament game in any of the last 10 years, has put only two among the top 10 and last year showed up badly against nonconference opponents in general (38–63) and the best 20 in particular (0–9). The Skyline was 37–51 against only fair outside competition, a dismal 3–20 against the best and shows no strength whatsoever in the AP poll or the NCAA tourney. Another surprise is how badly the Southeastern, with three teams among the top 15, did against the best of the rest in the nation (2–12).

Rating very high on the basis of good showings in all categories is the Big Seven. The fact that almost one-third of its outside games were against the very best indicates a strong schedule; its 45–16 record (best in the nation) indicates a strong league. But each reader should judge for himself on the basis of the facts. That is exactly what we suggest you do. END



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THE 24-SECOND RULE

Do Colleges Need It?

ONE OF THE MOST debated questions in college basketball today is whether the colleges should adopt some form of the 24-second rule used by the pros. This sets a time limit on shooting; if a team doesn't shoot within 24 seconds, it loses possession of the ball. Here, on opposite sides of the controversy which is argued at every annual coaches' convention, are two of the leading spokesmen: Coaches Ken Norton of Manhattan and Lou Rossini of Columbia.

NORTON: The college game has now come to the point where we must have a time limit to eliminate the farcical, no-action type of ball. Present rules permit this stalling, and we have appealed to the ethics of the coaching profession to no avail. We're supposed to be teaching competitive action. Too often now the offensive team stands around and the defensive team stands around.

ROSSINI: The type of deep freeze or staller that you're referring to has only happened in a few games, actually. . . .

NORTON: A few games is too many.

ROSSINI: Well, I think the cases we're discussing occur toward the end of a game with a close or tie score. One team has possession and the other is back in a pocket. It's the duty of the defensive team—and I think it's excellent strategy—to go out and get the ball.

NORTON: That's another point. You're bringing up tactics at the end of a game. Here's what I mean: one team has a defensive approach, but the opposing coach feels he's going to play his own game, so he gets the ball right off the opening tap and holds it. Both coaches get stubborn. And you have people reading newspapers and throwing out pennies and the kids on the floor are sitting on the ball or something like that.

ROSSINI: Well, it's possible, but I don't think that kind of thing has been happening enough for us to get alarmed. I feel that college youngsters are not capable of playing a 24-second game and getting good percentage shots off—the type they've been used to up to this point. There would be too many shots that a coach would wince at. We'd be rushing the players.

NORTON: Now, Lou, you know our own coaches' Research Committee has gone into the figures on that. They have discovered that 97% of the time in college games the ball is shot or it changes hands within 12 seconds, and the majority of the time within six seconds. And some coaches offer this as an argument why we don't need a time limit. That's just *my* point—a time limit wouldn't affect the 97% but it *would* eliminate the 3%, which I think is hurting the game. It would curb those coaches who are teaching the stall.

ROSSINI: Kenny, there are always side effects of a rule change that you can't see at the time it's made. If we have a time limit, you're going to find the kids tensing up in the last few seconds. As a coach I really feel deeply about this. I don't want a youngster to say to me, "Coach, I know that was a bad shot. But I felt the time was running out and that's the reason I took it." I don't see *any* excuse for a bad shot. But that's what will happen with your rule.

NORTON: But the statistics show that they're already shooting within 12 seconds. . . .

ROSSINI: Yes, but there's nothing rushing them to shoot, now.

NORTON: Lou, I think it's a weak argument. Look, I was so much in favor of a time limit that the coaches asked me to try it in one of our games. O.K. I brought the 24-second clock up to our gym to prove to my boys they had plenty of time to do what they'd always done within 24 seconds. That's a long time *if* you go about your business and try to score. We tried patterns and they had no trouble. Now the game itself. The record shows there were only two or three 24-second violations. Now here's what I *will* go along with. I did find that when my boys went through a play pattern and it didn't work, they didn't think they had time to start over again and they took some bad shots. But, don't forget, it was the first game they played under the rule.

ROSSINI: I'm always ready to admit the possibility of new rules to better the game. But we have to ask do we really need this one and what will be its effect. Don't forget we now have rules that may solve the problem. For example, say my team is playing Manhattan. My team is ahead and has the ball. If Manhattan doesn't come out and try to get the ball, the referee will warn them, and if that doesn't work he'll call a technical foul against them. And if my team doesn't make the initial thrust, the referee will take the ball away and give it to Manhattan.

NORTON: Yes, we are just one step short of a time limit now. But those rules aren't enough. You can still put two teams in a telephone booth, and if they don't want to play ball, the rules permit them to do just that. Those new rules may work, and I hope they do. But how is the official going to judge? Suppose a team takes the technical foul and then drops back again? Some coaches tell youngsters it's better to get beat without playing than to go out and try to beat the other guys. That's the philosophy in a lot of cases.

ROSSINI: I just don't think that a team will say, "Go ahead and call a technical foul." The coach won't let them do that. The defensive team will become a little more aggressive and the offensive team will be forced to circulate.

NORTON: Well, they tried that technical-foul rule in the high schools of Illinois last year and it worked. But I wonder whether the problem with the college coaches is going to be as easily solved as it was with the high schools. I can't see any other real answer than the time limit.

ROSSINI: Here's another thing. With a time limit, ideas on defense will change. You could see the zone defense in every game. And in coaching, I'm not going to say we will change in every area, but we'll have to spend a great deal more time on shooting and fast breaks and less on pattern play. In the limited time I have for coaching, that's what I'd have to do.

NO: *"College players would tense up in the last few seconds. It would tend to rush the game, lead to poor shots and to poor basketball."—Columbia Coach Lou Rossini*

YES: *"Today, you can put two teams in a telephone booth, and if they didn't want to play ball, the rules permit them to do just that."—Manhattan Coach Ken Norton*





NORTON: What difference does it make whether you fast-break or zone or spend more time on the things you mention?

ROSSINI: I think it would definitely be bad for the game.

NORTON: I say it would be good for the game.

ROSSINI: Kenny, if bad shots are taken, it's definitely bad.

NORTON: I can't go along. The same statements were made before we put in the 10-second rule to reduce the area where a team can hold the ball. They said a lot of teams were going to be penalized on the time, on getting the ball over the line, and so on. Today they don't even think about it.

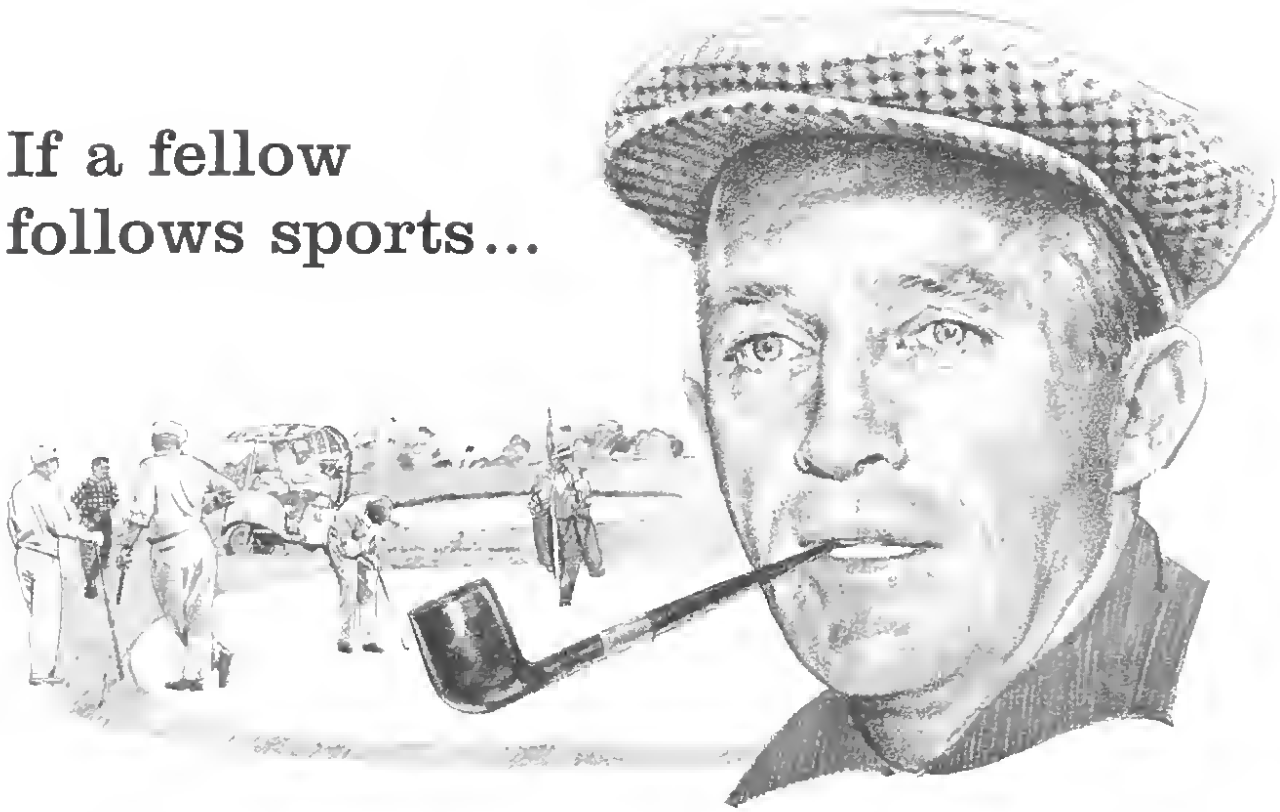
ROSSINI: I still say a time limit would detract from the importance of coaching. And, with the same point in mind, I think the stronger teams will do much better. The weaker teams wouldn't have a chance to play possession ball in the crucial points of a game as they do now.

NORTON: Let's get back to the zone-defense argument. I don't understand the objections to it, except that if you use a certain type of offense against it the result is a dull game to watch and to play. But that type of attack is now old-fashioned against a zone. We're learning more about how to attack the zone because we see it so often now. The more you move and cut against a zone, the more you cut down its effectiveness. So I'm not worried about that possible effect of a time limit.

ROSSINI: Well, *you* may not be bothered by zones, but I wonder how the spectators will like it. You'll certainly see more of it. It stands to reason the defensive team will go back into a zone and dare the other fellows to take the long shot. You've got to consider all the possible effects of a major rule change like this, though the best argument against it is still the fact that it will rush the game, lead to poor shots, to poor basketball. Let's give the new rules a chance first.

NORTON: Some coaches feel that a time limit will take away some of the control they have over strategy—you know, holding the ball as long as you can because the other team can't score while you have it. Well, *you can* abuse that privilege and a time limit would put an end to that, and that's why I'm for it. END

If a fellow follows sports...



"There has never been the slightest confusion about where Bing Crosby stands," wrote Herbert Warren Wind in 1956. "He is, in his attitude toward sports, what you might call the amateur's amateur: he loves to play them (and plays them well), he loves to talk them (and talks them whenever he can)."

For two decades now one of the true high points of the winter golf season has been "The Crosby," the tournament Bing sponsors each January over the classic courses on California's Monterey Peninsula.

I remember when Westbrook Pegler was a sportswriter and when the Rices and Runyons made a suspenseful yarn out of every sports event. The *Police Gazette* was practically my primer. And not because of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties either. I *was* too young for that.

But in recent years I've thought I might have noticed a detectable decline in the dramatic quality of our sports writing. The color, the imaginative writing, and the picturesque nomenclature didn't seem as rich as they used to be.

Then someone got an inspiration—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Here I find what I've been missing—stories of all our national and sectional sports events, not only written in the old tradition, but accompanied by pictures wisely chosen and harmoniously laid out.

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Bing Crosby



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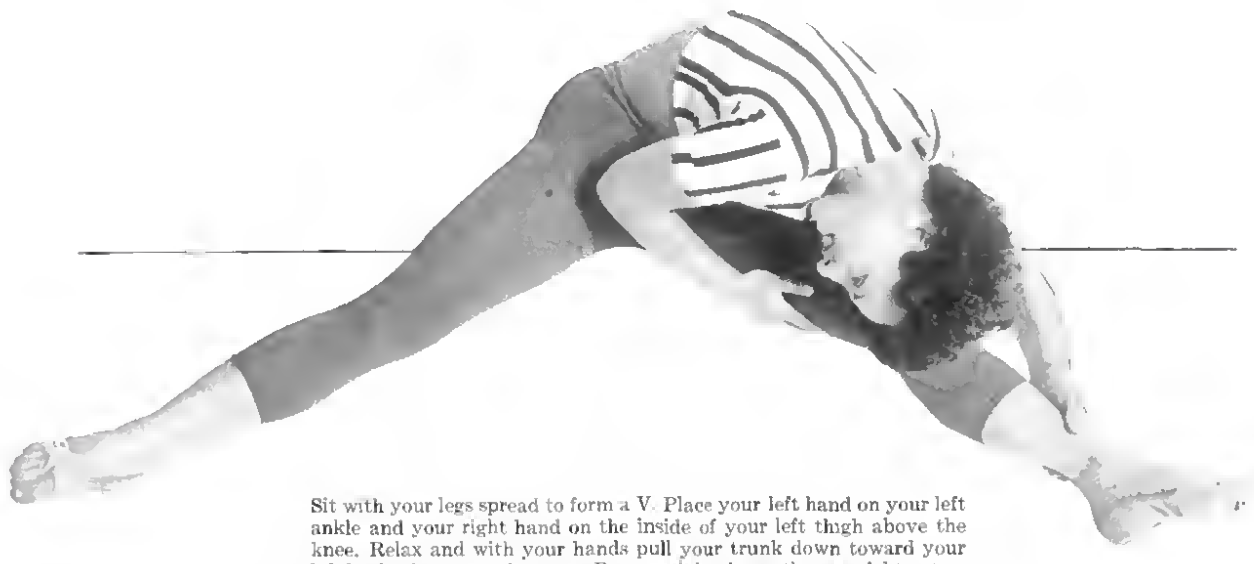
BONNIE PRUDDEN

22

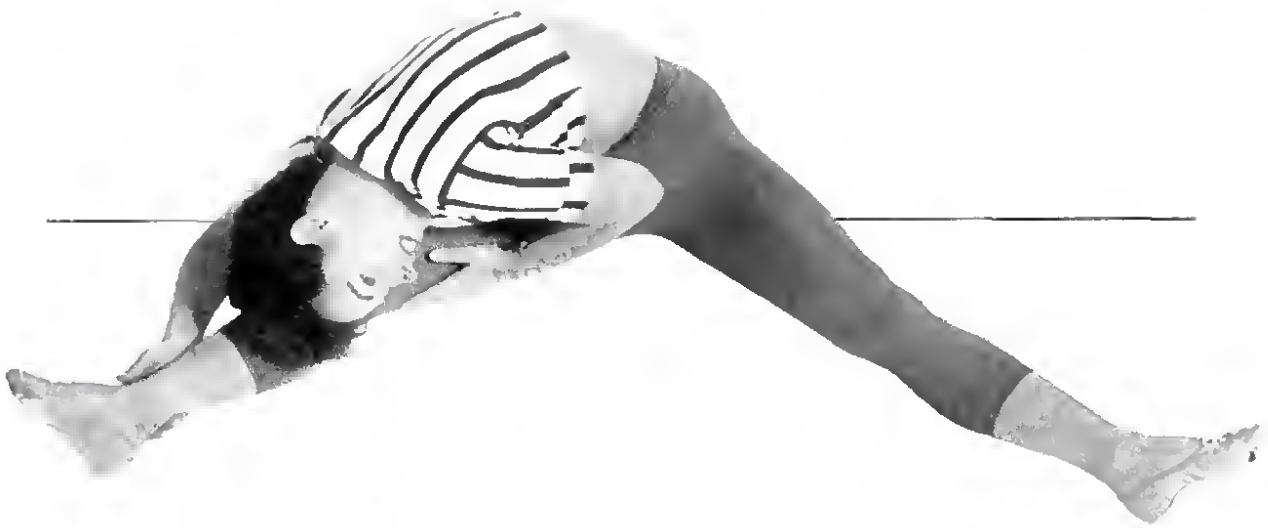
This exercise helps you retain or recapture the flexibility of youth

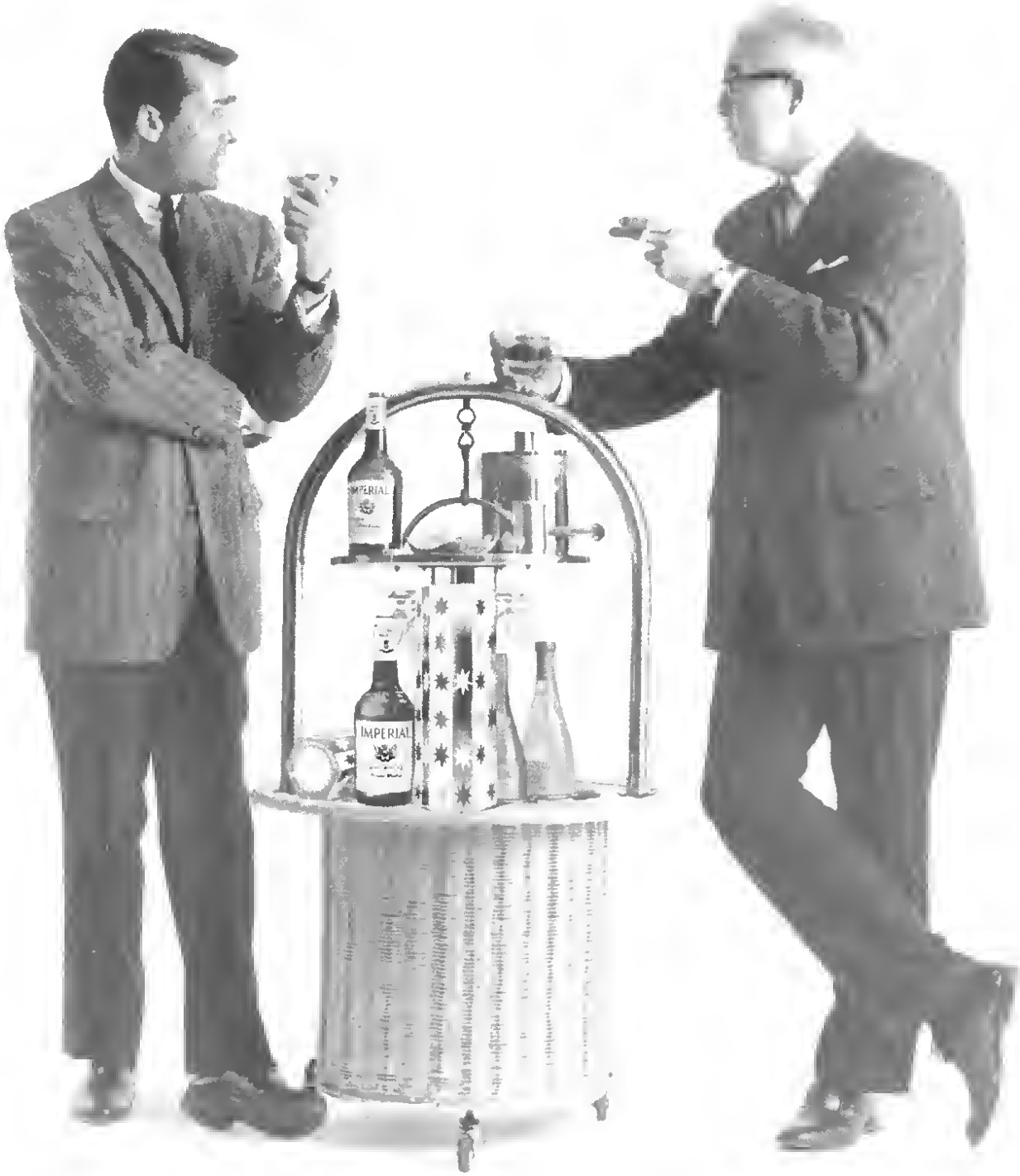
The flexibility exercise designed and demonstrated here by Bonnie is the forerunner of more intricate movements that you will be learning in the next few weeks. Before you can attempt the ones that will follow, you must master this simple exercise. The important thing to remember here is that your hands should do the work, pulling your body toward your leg, which must be held straight. This exercise helps you avoid backache and tension. Men, who are less flexible than women, will find it more difficult to do.

Bonnie Prudden appears on NBC's Dave Garroway show every Thursday



Sit with your legs spread to form a V. Place your left hand on your left ankle and your right hand on the inside of your left thigh above the knee. Relax and with your hands pull your trunk down toward your left leg in short, easy bounces. Bounce eight times, then straighten to a sitting position and repeat eight times with the other leg. Do four sets.





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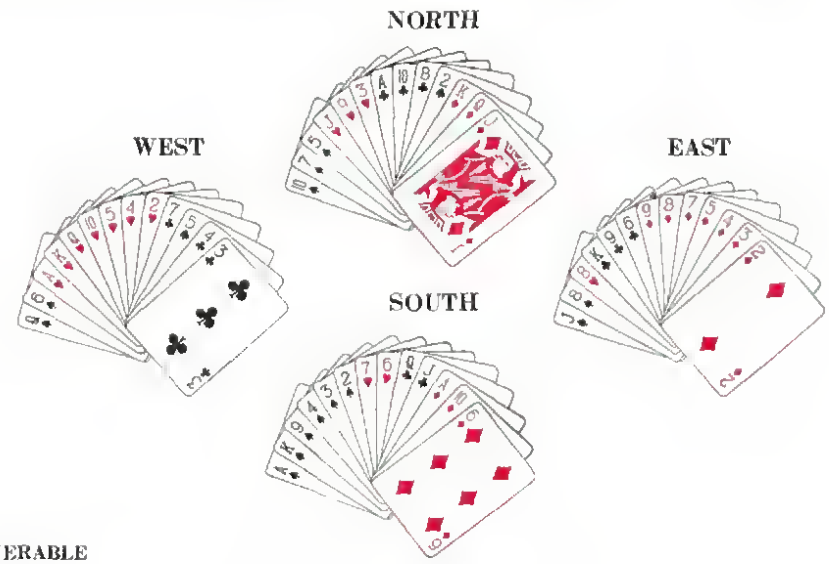
CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

THE GREATEST CRIME IN BRIDGE

TRADITIONALLY, the most heinous crime in bridge is to trump partner's ace. A tolerant expert, however, is inclined to regard this mortifying lapse as a minor misdemeanor, punishable by no more than a rap on the knuckles with a brass ruler just to insure that partner stays awake during the next few deals.

The capital offense, in the expert's judgment, is failure to trump partner's high card when doing so might save the day. East narrowly escaped arraignment for this misdeed in the curious deal set forth below. It was only by trumping partner's ace that he was able to redeem himself.



BOTH SIDES VULNERABLE

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	3 ♥	3 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

West hoped his partner might be able to trump the very first heart and be inspired to return a diamond, so he led the queen of hearts instead of the king. At the next trick, West was tempted to lead a low heart but feared that this might present declarer with a vital trick, so he continued by playing the heart king.

This reversal of the usual order of play should have alerted East to the expediency of trumping the trick and making the desired return of a diamond. But East remained blissfully unaware of his obligation and discarded the deuce of diamonds. Next, since he had to protect East's natural trump trick if that player happened to hold three spades including the jack, West led the ace of hearts.

Suddenly a great light dawned. East realized that his partner had wanted him to trump the previous leads, so he tried to make up for lost time by trumping this one. Fortunately, he elected to ruff with the jack of spades—the uppercut play. Normally, South could have evaded the uppercut by discarding his losing club. Recognizing the danger of a ruff, however, declarer covered with the spade king. This promoted West's queen into a third trick for the defenders. When East also collected a trick with the king of clubs the contract was torpedoed—thanks to East's commission of "the greatest crime in bridge."

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do you think that old-time, low-scoring basketball—before Hank Luisetti popularized the one-hand jump shot—was a better and more interesting game than it is today?*

JOE LAPCHICK



Basketball coach
St. John's University
New York

Equally so. I was the tallest player, 6 feet 5 inches, with the original Celtics, a team so strong that it was broken up by the league itself, in 1927. We played a tight possession game with tremendous emphasis on defense. When we were on tour, fans came hundreds of miles to see us play.

MEL NUTCHINS



New York
Knickerbockers

It's a much harder game, but we like it better because the spectators like it better. Let's face it. We play for the fans. The old game was set and shoot or shoot and run. I wouldn't blame the fans for booing if we tried that today. They won't take anything less than the best.

BOB COUSY



Boston Celtics

Today's game is better for the spectators. I like it better too, because I've always enjoyed a fast running game. It's true that the high scores seem strange to oldtimers, but that doesn't mean that we're short on team work or defense. The bigger men in the game have stepped up the offense.

JERRY BERNS



Partner-Owner of Jack and Charlie's "21"
New York City

Yes. Overofficiating has taken the defense out of basketball. The game has changed into a contest of basket shooting—you shoot and then I shoot. The team with the most accurate shooters usually wins. The only defense against the jump shot is considered a foul by the officials.

EO NICKEY



St. Louis University
Past president
Natl. Assn.
Basketball Coaches

Yes. I favor more conservative offensive play. Our offense is built on control and we are definitely opposed to a helter-skelter type of play. One of the most serious objections to today's game is the emphasis on height, which often means a run-and-shoot, shoot-and run game, to which I am opposed.

HANK LUISETTI



San Francisco
Chevrolet dealer

No. The kids today are better shooters. Instead of two or three sharpshooters, all five are good, but I don't like the bonus shot on personal fouls. Eliminating it would cut 20 points off the score. Incidentally, I didn't invent the jump shot; I just did a lot of one-hand shooting.

PAUL ARIZIN



Philadelphia Warriors

I like this game fine. Can you imagine what would happen if all of a sudden we went back to the old style of play? The action would be so much slower that it would be almost boring for the fans, and our crowds would be cut in half. Sure it's harder on the players. So what? We like it.

FRED J. BOWMAN



President, Wilson
Sporting Goods Co.
River Grove, Ill.

No, although it did feature more team work, particularly in the offensive patterns. Hank Iba of Oklahoma A&M, one of the nation's most successful coaches, still teaches old-style basketball. However, today's spectacular scoring, brilliant passing and speed appeals more to the spectator.

PAT NARMON



Sports editor
Cincinnati Post

No. Back in the old days basketball didn't draw good crowds. The crowds are bigger and more enthusiastic today because the game is faster and more spectacular. When the old-timers got the lead in a game, they'd freeze the ball and the game became a bore. I saw a game that ended with a 3-1 score.

JOAN CRAWFORD



West Los Angeles
Movie Star

No. From the spectator's point of view, today's game is much better, although much harder on the players. It particularly appeals to young boys the ages of my children. Any sport that appeals as strongly to spectators as basketball does today will be a success, but it must be full of action.

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

MVP: DISAGREEMENT

Sirs:

I would like to protest violently the American League's Most Valuable Player pick for 1957. Regardless of how these writers feel about Ted Williams the man, the award should be made on ability alone. A 39-year-old man who wins his fifth batting title and hits 34 home runs deserves recognition. Was the MVP vote a popularity contest or an award for over-all ability? I feel that a new system of voting should be put into effect, or at least get rid of some of the prejudiced members of the MVP committee. This isn't the first time that Williams has missed out on the award because some "writers" couldn't bear to think that a man would stand up to their criticism and speak his mind. This is the only way they could get back at him.

ART OSOFSKY

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Just as the fans made a farce of the All-Star Game, two sportswriters have made a shambles of the MVP award.

If ever in the history of baseball one man has carried his team the way Ted Williams *did this past season I cannot think* of the year or the man. It is sad that a few biased people can ruin such a wonderful tradition as the MVP award and take away from one of the world's greatest athletes an honor he so richly deserved. Had the voting been up to the players I would bet my last dime that Ted would have won by a two-to-one margin.

DICK LUDINGTON

Syracuse, New York

Sirs:

As a loyal Williams supporter I will readily admit that his manners have often not been sportsmanlike. However, I feel that this has no place in deciding his value as a ballplayer.

BARTLETT RHOADES

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

The recent vote for the MVP shows just cause for an understanding as to what a MVP is and to whom he is valuable—the press or baseball.

Obviously, from comments of players (including Mantle and Sievers), Ted Williams was a "cinch" for the title but, because there is a select group of pseudo-baseball intelligentsia who don't care for Mr. Williams, he doesn't receive what is rightfully his.

I cannot understand why baseball writers enjoy such a vaunted position in a game which probably none have ever played. They are set apart from fan and player alike, and with a few lines on a typewriter make or break a player.

B. A. WAGNER

Hyattsville, Md.

Sirs:

The writers who gave Williams 9th- and 10th-place votes should be challenged and asked to come forward and support their decision. I am willing to bet they haven't the guts to admit it in the face of adverse public opinion.

RANDALL B. HAYDON

Amherst, Mass.

● The Most Valuable Player is selected by the Baseball Writers Association of America. Three writers from each of the eight major league cities do the voting, which is secret to avoid hometown pressures. The winner is the player with the most cumulative points, 14 for a first place to one point for a 10th. Players are judged on their performances during the regular season only—the World Series is unofficial. This year's vote brings up another pertinent point, which was raised in print by the *Washington Post's* Bob Addie, a member of this year's voting committee: Just what does "most valuable" mean? "That term 'most valuable,'" says Addie, "still needs considerable clarification. Is a player most valuable only because the rest of his mates are talented enough to win the pennant or gain a first-division berth? That must be the answer because Sievers is the only man from a second-division club who finished in the first 10. I would assume 'most valuable' to mean what it implies—that a man literally is the most valuable to his team. So we get Sievers as most valuable to Washington, Williams for Boston, etc. Once this process of elimination is reached, we match one most valuable candidate against the others." Hence, as you can see, Mr. Addie is proposing that the most valuable player in the league be chosen from the eight men who *are* judged the most valuable to their teams. A logical idea. The members of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's baseball staff, Robert Creamer, Roy Terrell, Les Woodcock and Walter Bingham, are not members of the Baseball Writers Association and did not vote. Their choice for the most valuable player in the American League is Ted Williams and in the National League Stan Musial. Thus they disagree completely with the Baseball Writers committee which chose Mickey Mantle and Hank Aaron as the two major league Most Valuable Players.—ED.

BASKETBALL: A REAL MAJOR LEAGUE

Sirs:

I am writing you concerning the new franchises in the National Basketball Association (SI, Nov. 4). Maurice Podoloff wants to make the NBA "a real major league," and he wants to do it by putting his present teams in "major cities." In doing this he is depriving the smaller cities of their teams and keeping many eager promoters from starting teams which would add color and interest to the league. When asked why he does not admit the big cities with teams of their own, he says that the supply of player material from the colleges itself would not be experienced enough to maintain the standard of play prevalent in the NBA. Nor is the supply of veterans adequate enough to stock any new teams. I have an alternate solution: Why not let each new team in the NBA have its choice of the top college draft choices in the year that they form their club? Then let them play one or two years with a full schedule against regular NBA competition. These games would not count toward the standings. After this trial *period*, they would enter the league as full-fledged members. Wouldn't this solve the problem of experience for the college players?

JOHN FREDENBURG

Cato, N.Y.

● It would take a team composed of college All-Americas a long, long time to do well against NBA pro teams, and the cities which were supporting those All-America groups would lose heart and interest. In addition, Mr. Fredenburg's scheme would penalize the present NBA clubs by depriving them of new talent. Finally, the best way for All-Americas to develop into really good pro players is to play on the same teams with established pros.

As for "depriving the smaller cities," they simply cannot give major league basketball adequate financial support. There is also the problem of a place to play with a good enough floor and enough seats to accommodate large crowds. Few smaller cities (few big ones for that matter) have such places. No one would think of proposing major league baseball for a small town. The same reasons apply to major league basketball.—ED.

FIELD TRIALS: WELCOMED AND WARNED

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has done a particular service in explaining the value of the retrieving breeds in both game conservation and adding to the enjoyment of hunting. The same may be said of your description of the complementary sport of field trials.

I was pleased to see you encourage the individual sportsman to train his or her own dog. The wins and places in stiff competition will not come as easily or frequently to the amateur as to the professional handler, but the gratification is greatly heightened when they do. An imperviousness to snow, sleet, hurricane and heat is almost as necessary as a good dog. Also, the newcomer will be bewildered by the apparent oblivion to the world around us while the trial is running and the complete preoccupation with dog work and dog talk.

An instance of this occurred when the wife of a well-known field trialer, after two hours at her first trial, was heard to whisper to a friend, "Let's get out of here before we either get wormed or bred."

MRS. GEORGE H. FLINN JR.

Greenwich, Conn.

PAT ON THE BACK



Kenneth May

BASKETBALL'S FLYING QUEENS

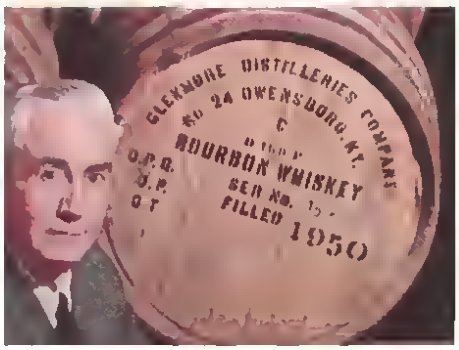
The world of girls' basketball has never, until now, seen anything like this attractive winning crew—the Hutcherson Flying Queens of little Wayland College in Plainview, Texas. Descending from the skies in Beecheraft Bonanzas (hence the "Flying") to meet their hapless opponents, the team has won 104 consecutive games and four straight national women's Amateur Athletic Union titles. To keep to their schedule in the South and West and occasionally in Mexico, the team is ferried in planes provided by Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hutcherson, Plainview ranchers who foot the bills for the Queens' expenses. Headed for more titles, with three replacements for graduated members of last year's champions, the '57 '58 team members are (*above, front row, left to right*) Jan Wiginton, Patsy Neal, Peggy Alexander, Carla Lowry, Margaret Odom; (*back row*) Carolyn Miller, Joyce Kite, Louise Short, Judy Bugher, Kaye Garms, Belva Ramsey and Mora Poff. Louise Short and Kaye Garms have been selected for this year's All-America team.


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